TALES OF A VOYAGER

TO THE

ARCTIC OCEAN.

620

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."
Shakspeare.

VOL. III.

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THE THIRD VOLUME.

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TALES OF A VOYAGER.

THE VOYAGE,

CONTINUED.

In quitting the highest range of fishing-ground, the vessels take a westerly course, which brings them obliquely from about 80° to about 75°; nor is it possible for them to make the Westland, or Greenland, at an equally high latitude with the Eastland, or Spitzbergen. The ocean is generally free from ice along all the shores of this desolate island, but the coasts of the opposite continent, (more probably Archipelago,) are ever crowded with innumerable fields and loose clusters of frozen water. It is there that most of the misfortunes happen, which usually accumulate on the records of the arctic fishery, and it was there that, late in this year, several ships, among others the Baffin, the Trafalgar, and the Dundee, were

nearly lost; and in that neighbourhood the unfortunate King George was last seen, still gathering fresh miseries, till some unknown catastrophe terminated its career. Alas, poor Proven! again do I offer a tribute of regret that you, who generously braved the superstitions of the amphibious herd of mankind, to console the friends of a departed ship-mate, by depositing his corpse within the earth of his native country, should have been destined to perish fearfully, amidst the desolation of an icy shipwreck. Little dream the gay revellers, who tread with security over lawn or carpet, that, while they are joyfully basking in sunshine and smiles, hundreds are struggling with death, armed in his wildest terrors; and scarcely can those who have suffered the rage of the ocean, and shrunk beneath the blast, conceive the horrors added to the tempest by the crash of vast fields of ice, meeting in headlong fury, and crushing every smaller body to atoms. The sound is hideous —appalling—inexpressibly dreadful—but the sight of these huge masses, whirling round, like solid clouds upon a fluid sky, deforming and overwhelming each other in blind wantonness of destruction, is sublimely, though perilously, grand. Never can man feel himself so much

a mere speck in the face of creation, as when he beholds its savage features convulsed with wrath and violence. He shrinks into himself, to find that he is a powerless passive being, exposed to the irresistible fury of contending elements; that nature, who smiled a goddess, now grins a fiend; and that the slightest touch of her finger, the smallest turn of an angry iceberg, can annihilate his earthly existence. But let me not wander—"Nunc est bibendum," sayeth my old playmate, Horace, for the slight difference of eighteen hundred years in our ages did not prevent our often making merry together, and though, being on shipboard, I cannot say with propriety the rest of his sentence, I can convert his fancy for *fêtes champetres* into a delight unknown to him, and substitute *nunc est fumandum* in place of his fidgetty predilection. Well, then, now is the time for smoking and drinking, and now was the time that it took place; for, after the vital questions of whale taking and ice navigation had been settled, a proposal was made from the chair, to dispose of certain rations of hung beef and pancakes, (it happening to be Saturday night); and there came likewise, as counsel and comforters to the solid parties, had up for

judgment, several very fluent and flippant creatures, enrobed in bottles and black jacks, the whole of which were laid upon the table.

A fair round party of jovial fellows encircled these things of life, resolved that none of them should escape, and my note-book bears witness to the variety of anecdotes which were related during this session. Many, or almost all of them, related to persons who would not thank me for publishing their adventures, nor do I intend divulging either the follies or the harmless scrapes of any individual, who might feel annoyed by seeing his acts and deeds in print. I shall, therefore, only select one or two trifles, to give the reader more specimens of our mode of whiling away our hours of ease.

The conversation had for some time dwelt on the subject of sea-horses, and one of the guests gave an account of his alarm on first beholding a morse, when he commenced his career in the Greenland seas. He had watched a flock of roaches settle, as he fancied, behind a hummock, near the edge of a plain of ice, and, his ship being fast, he took a gun and crept along over the floe, with the intention of shooting a supper for himself. He was then a lad, and 'quite green' to the objects of the arctic ocean, so that when

he reached the hummock, and climbed slowly up it, and beheld, instead of some twenty little birds, the head and tusks of a huge walrus, raised up and turned towards him, at the distance of two yards beneath his eye, his soul died away within him, and he slipped over the hillock of ice, down against the monster, screaming horribly with terror. The great brute, no less scared than the boy, gave itself one of its usual clumsy rolls, and plunged off the flaw edge into the water, bestowing an unintended blow, with its hind flipper, on the side of its enemy's head, and causing such an astounding splash and commotion in the sea, that the youth scarcely knew whether he was carried away by the gigantic animal or not. This anecdote led the way to hundreds more on the subject of alarm, among which, the following was told by the surgeon of the D——, who had accompanied his captain, to spend the evening on board the Leviathan, He was a very intelligent young follower of Esculapius, and had collected many rarities in these regions, which he displayed to William and me, when we repaid his visit on the following morning.

THE ASSASSINS.

"There are many who have heard of the dangers of the metropolis, and some who have experienced them; but few, I believe, have actually suffered so much from ignorance in the ways of London as I have. The scenes I witnessed, and the risks through which I passed, on the very first night of my arrival, have made an impression on my memory that nothing can eradicate; and should I live to that age when all but the deepest infixed images forsake the mind, the impression that will remain longest on mine, will be that of the horrors I then endured.

"I was born, and resided till my twenty first year, in the county of Sussex, where I served my time to my father; and, having never seen the metropolis, I accepted with joy an invitation from my brother, who lived in Westminster, to

spend a month with him, previous to my walking the hospitals. I accordingly took a seat in the coach, that passed through our village, and set forth, on the twenty-third of December, with all the joyful anticipations of a youth who knew that a few hours would gratify one of his most ardent wishes; for the desire of seeing London, at that time, amounted in my breast to little less than a passion. Little did I think, when I cheerfully bade adieu to my paternal roof, and to my affectionate relations, on that morning, that ere midnight I should—but let me not anticipate.

"Evening closed over our route, long ere we reached the environs of London, thus depriving me of much of the enjoyment I had expected, in contemplating the gradual accumulation of houses, the concentration of fabric, if I may employ such an expression, from the single edifices and straggling villages in the outskirts, to the dense masses of building that form the nucleus of the metropolis. It had also another, and a still more painful effect, the coach whirled rapidly through innumerable dark or dimly lighted streets, and it was in vain that I attempted to inspect them; the celerity of the movement, the obscurity of some places, the

sepulchral gloom of the road lamps, the occasional burst of light from the door of a butcher's shop, or a coal-shed, the compound confusion of sounds, all that I saw, heard, and imagined, so bewildered my mind and amazed my understanding, that I felt as if suffering under the influence of a feverish dream. At length the vehicle stopped at the door of the Elephant and Castle, and here the confusion of my feelings was redoubled by the rapid passage of stages darting along, in all directions, with the speed of comets, the thundering of mail-coach bugles, the yell of drivers, watermen, and waiters, and the glare of lights that glanced and glittered from windows, carriages, and gas-lamps. A stranger, just set down at the door of a London inn, feels like a being isolated in the midst of society. He sees around him innumerable busy, knowing, faces, all apparently active, and all acting with full perception; some assisting their country friends, others, with the confidence of Londoners, helping themselves, while he alone stands cold, cheerless and diffident, without one person to extend the hand of kindness to him, and too ignorant in the ways of the place to know how to remedy the inconveniences he suffers; and if he has been forewarned of the

dangers of such a situation, his terrors are redoubled by the reflection, that should any one offer to aid or direct him, that apparent friend is probably a villain, who, under the garb of kindness, wishes to prey upon him. Few spirits are so bold or so confident as not to sink under such an accumulation. Mine, I own, gave way, and I remained standing outside the door, till the stage by which I had arrived, drove off, and even then I watched it gradually mingling with the gloom, till I could see it no longer. I felt as if the only friend I possessed in the world was gone; but, arousing myself, I walked into the parlour of the inn. My brother had promised to meet me on my arrival; I had looked around in vain for him in the crowd, and here, of course, I expected to see him, but here he was not to be found. I resolved, therefore, to wait for him, and ordered a glass of brandy and water, both to supply my waste of animal spirits, and to while away the time till my brother arrived. It was near nine o'clock when I entered the room; the minutes passed tardily along, and I endeavoured in vain to converse with several persons who occupied the surrounding boxes; either my uneasiness would not allow me to keep up the dialogue, or they were too much intent on their

own affairs to talk with a stranger. Ten o'clock came—my glass had been long exhausted, and now my uneasiness had arrived at such a height, that even brandy and water ceased to produce an enlivening or steadying effect. I could not conceive why my brother did not come; a thousand reasons for alarm presented themselves to my mind; and by degrees I began to yield to the wildest and most improbable fancies. One by one the company in the room dropped off, and I was left alone. The rattling of coaches, and other sounds without, had gradually ceased, and a solemn silence, only broken by the harsh tones of the watchman, succeeded. I now became seriously alarmed; solitude was painful to me, although I had not known the beings who were lately my companions, and I felt relieved when I saw a stranger enter the room. He was a stout, squat, thick-set man; his dark red face seemed to tell of peril and adventure; and his eye, glancing rapidly, yet steadily, from beneath his thick and overhanging brow, evinced at once both cunning and resolution. His dress, as far as I could see, consisted of a loose and thick great-coat of coarse cloth, gray trowsers, and boots, and his neck was enveloped in a profusion of wrappers and

comforters; his hat was covered with an oilskin, and set sideways on his head, and in his hand he bore a stick, that might with little exaggeration have been termed a club. He walked into the room, and talked to the waiter, with an air of authority that seemed more like the absolute manner of one who knew he could command, than the confidence of a mere stranger, and he was obeyed with a degree of readiness that seemed to arise as much from fear as from any other motive. Still there was a species of familiarity between them, that did not accord with the imperiousness of the one, or the submission of the other, and they talked and jested, at times, as if upon a perfect equality, while at others, the stranger resumed his superiority, and the waiter his humility.

"At length, however, the waiter was called away, and the stranger, addressing himself to me, made some common-place observation on the weather, and then asked if I was not from Sussex. I replied, I was—he then asked my name and residence, and made many other inquiries; to all of which I answered candidly, perhaps led on by the love of speaking of my country and my friends, although I thought, at the time, that I was acting improperly in acknowledging

these circumstances to a stranger; for I had always heard of the danger of suffering any person in London to know one's affairs. In the midst of our conversation, the clock struck eleven. I resolved to wait no longer, and, calling the waiter, I asked him to procure me a hackney-coach. I thought I perceived a look of intelligence pass between him and the stranger, and, in an instant, he returned with the information that there was not one on the stand. This intelligence staggered me, and I was hastily debating whether I should sleep at the inn, when the stranger, in his authoritative manner, inquired where I wished to go. Although I had previously resolved not to let him know the abode of my brother, I was thrown off my guard by the suddenness of this question, and I replied, incautiously, to Westminster.

"'Then the best thing you can do,' said he, 'is to go up to the Three Stags. You will find coaches on the stand there.'

"'Ay,' replied I, 'but I do not know the way to the Three Stags.'

"'You can easily find it,' said the stranger, 'for you have only to follow your nose. I suppose you will be able to find which way your nose points, when you go out of this door.'

"'Still,' said I, 'I would rather wait till a coach can be procured.'

"'Oh! if you are afraid to go alone, you had better stay,' replied he, with a sneer and a glance of irony, as I then thought, at the waiter, to whom he muttered something in a whisper, of which the words 'Johnny Raw' alone met my ear.

"This stung me to the soul. The idea of looking little in the eyes of a stranger, who looked so big, and of the waiter, who seemed to enter into his feelings, overcame my prudence, and listening only to the suggestions of my vanity, I resolved to shew them both that I was not afraid to go alone, and that I knew how to follow my nose. I, therefore, inquired the way, bade them good night, and dashed across the road, determined to run every hazard, rather than remain any longer in a place where my courage was suspected.

"For some time I proceeded easily enough, the lights about the houses being sufficient to direct me, although a great deal of snow had fallen since I entered the inn; but these gradually diminished, and by the time I got to the Philanthropic Society's Chapel, (which, indeed, I did not then know), I began to wish I had endured

the ridicule of the stranger, rather than expose myself to the dangers of the night in an unknown road.

"Those who recollect the place where I then was, will remember that, at the time when my adventures occurred, the ground opposite the new Bedlam was covered with ruins of miserable huts, that the road was broken up, and that there were scarcely any lamps to guide the wanderer, and, in addition to all this, I was a stranger, ignorant of the place to which I was going, journeying on the snow, and, from that very circumstance, unable to discover whether I was in or out of the road. I was obliged to proceed darkling along; not a human being did I meet, to direct or cheer me; and the ground was so uneven, that I began to fear that I had missed the way, and got into some deserted and dangerous place. At length, walking on what appeared to me to be a path, I missed my footing, and slipped down the edge of a bank. In my fall I threw a little portmanteau, which I carried in my hand, to a considerable distance, and I was obliged to search long before I could find it. I then endeavoured to recover my original situation; but in the gloom I took the wrong side of the trench, and lost myself

entirely, though I wandered on, still believing myself in the road, till I found myself in the midst of the ruins. I became now completely bewildered, and ten thousand painful images chased each other across my mind. I who, but a few hours before, had been in the midst of my family and friends, and far removed from the very idea of danger, was now wandering in a place I knew not, but which I had always heard described as the haunt of the vilest characters that infest the metropolis, without a chance of extricating myself, and without seeing a human being to direct me!

"The cold was intense, and, in addition to my miseries, snow began to fall; not, indeed, in that dull, heavy, silent manner that seems as if about to fill up every cavity, and reduce the surface of the earth to a level plain, but in a driving and sleeting shower, which at once causes pain and confusion to the traveller. I had strayed till my strength and courage were rapidly failing—not a little diminished by my own want of warmth; and, finding that my exertions only tended to bewilder me, I resolved to rest, and chose a situation under the shelter of some walls, which yet retained the remains of a roof. Here, seated on a confused mass of brick-

rubbish, my head leaning on my hand, I gave way to gloomy ideas. I believe I should have become benumbed by the cold, but I was aroused by the deep and heavy sound of a sonorous bell, rolling past me on the breeze. I started, and counted the strokes—it was midnight. I was listening to the reverberations of the last tones of the bell, amid the sullen echoes of the place, when other sounds came upon my ear—I started,—the sound drew near, and I could distinguish several speakers conversing together, in low quick whispers. Impelled by an irresistible curiosity, I gently raised myself, and beheld, through a crevice in the ruined wall that sheltered me, four men, one of whom was leading a horse. One of these men seemed wounded or dying, he walked or limped between the other two, who had passed his arms over their shoulders, round their necks, while both of them grasped him round the middle with one of their arms. He seemed suffering the extreme of weakness, and moving along mechanically, and without effort. Still he appeared inclined to offer resistance to those who led him, and at times they were actually obliged to employ all their strength to force him forward. A low moaning sound occasionally escaped him, which his com-

panions vainly endeavoured to stifle, by blows, abuse, and commands of silence, enforced by blasphemies. I listened with the most profound attention as they passed, in hopes of hearing something that might explain this mysterious appearance, but I could not gather enough to verify any of the conjectures that already occupied my mind. The man who led the horse was somewhat behind the rest; he spoke, but the wind rushing along the walls prevented my catching his words.—But I distinctly heard the answer.

"'Oh, d—n him!' cried one of those who led the wounded man, 'we are just at the end of our journey, and then we'll stick a knife into him, and put him out of his misery!'

"Put him out of his misery! Was it possible I beheld a human being going to be murdered, and had not power to save him! I was so horror-struck at the idea, that, before I could recover my senses, the party had passed, and I could hear no more. I sat for a few moments in a state of mind that cannot be described. It seemed as if the current of my blood was turning and concentrating about my heart. I breathed fully and slowly, my sinews became tense and rigid. I felt a degree of resolution

rush through my frame, to which I had hitherto been a stranger; all ideas of fear and peril quitted me; and I determined to follow and rescue the victim. I silently quitted the hovel, and crept along beneath the ruins, and in the traces of the murderers. The snow, which had drifted and accumulated about the walls, deadened the sound of my footsteps, and I still saw the assassins before me. Suddenly they all stopped.—Now, thought I, they have arrived at a place where they may perpetrate their black designs unseen. I raised my voice, and rushed forward, with my travelling trunk uplifted, for a weapon. The blast whistled fiercely in my face, as I darted along; the snow fell now in a heavy and continued shower, and whirled around in the wind, as it eddied through the ruins. Blinded and confused by the storm, and the ardour of my feelings, I rushed carelessly forward, and stumbling over a mass of earth, pitched headlong into a deep cavity, half filled with drifted snow.

"For a moment I was so confused by my fall, and by the snow which rolled down in masses upon me, that I lay as if insensible; but, after several struggles, I arose, and looked around for the strangers. They were gone—it was in

vain that I cast my eyes in every direction, and observed every path-way and open gap in the ruins. I could not discover the least trace of them, and I almost began to doubt the reality of what I had witnessed. After a moment's consideration, I reflected that it was probable the murderers had heard my outcry, and had concealed themselves; that they had not seen me I thought was evident, by their not having attacked me. Thus far I hoped I had saved the unfortunate wretch, but much remained to do, in order to preserve him. This I determined to effect. I again strode forward, resolved to observe the footsteps of the assassins in the snow, and to track them to their retreat. I rushed up to the place where I had lost sight of them. It was near the front of one of the largest buildings in the ruins, and the only one that still retained any thing of its original form. A large door, or gate, met my view, and within this, no doubt, it was, that the ruffians had concealed themselves. For a moment I hesitated whether I should knock for admittance, but I reflected, that by doing so, I should but expose myself to certain destruction, and I determined to investigate the building, in hopes of discover-

ing some other entrance. I had proceeded to the back of the edifice, when a singular appearance beneath my feet arrested my attention, and what were my feelings, when I stooped to examine it, upon beholding a small stream of blood run oozing and coagulating among the snow, issuing apparently from some hole or crevice in the walls! The certainty of murder, most foul and cold-blooded murder, burst upon my mind—my brain whirled—my eyes grew dim—I staggered—and felt myself arrested by the grasp of a hand, which held me with the power of a giant. I struggled vainly to free myself. 'Come, come, young man, be still,' exclaimed a voice, which I instantly recognized as belonging to the stranger whom I had seen in the inn parlour—'I must examine you a little.'

"'Unhand me,' I exclaimed, 'or——'

"'Come, no nonsense,' interrupted the stranger, 'or I have something here that will soon put a little reason into you,' and as he spoke he produced a pistol, which he pointed at my breast. 'Tell me, I say,' continued he, 'who you are, and what you do here?'

"'You know who I am,' said I, for during

this brief time I had somewhat recovered from my surprise; 'and as for my being here you know, I dare say, that I have lost my way.'

"'Ay, ay, many a one loses his way here,' said the stranger, chuckling with the malicious irony of a demon. 'I find a way for many a fellow who has lost his road.—But, as for my knowing you—I certainly do know a good many—but I do not recollect you—though I dare say we shall become better acquainted presently.'

"There was something so bitter, so sarcastic, in the taunts of this man, that I could have raved with vexation; and, indeed, my feelings were so painful, that they required no aggravation from his insolence. I had evidently fallen into the clutches of a gang of assassins—this being was one of them—their spy, who, in confederacy with the waiter at the inn, watched and misdirected strangers. He had, doubtless, persuaded me to quit the tavern, in the idea that I should fall into an ambuscade; but his fellow murderers had missed me, being, probably, too intent on the capture of the other victim—he whom I had seen a prisoner, and whose blood now ran curdling beneath my feet.

"While these feelings had been passing

through my mind there had been an awful pause —the stranger suddenly broke it. 'Why,' exclaimed he, 'I think you are the young Sussex cove I spoke to in the parlour of the Elephant and Castle to-night?'

"'You know I am,' said I.

"'And what the devil do you do wandering about here, at this time of night?' cried he; 'I thought you had been fast asleep an hour ago.'

"'Yes, asleep in a grave amid these ruins,' thought I.

"'Come, come,' continued he, 'I will put you in a place where there shall be no danger of your losing yourself.'

"Alarmed as I was, I determined to follow the stranger, who now began to move forward; for I knew I could run no greater risk in any other situation, and I was eager to get away from this scene of blood; besides, I was aware that the further the stranger got from his confederates, the more chance I should have of escape, or resistance, when we came to a mortal struggle. The ruffian walked rapidly forward through a series of ruins, and through ways dark, broken, and indistinct, and so utterly confused by a thick coating of snow, and by

the shower that was still falling, that I felt more than ever bewildered. At length, we arrived at what appeared to be a smoother and more open space, but the snow fell so thickly, and the wind swept it so violently against my face, that I could distinguish nothing except the square dark figure of my guide. After proceeding a short way, the stranger suddenly stopped, and, laying one hand upon my collar, extended the other.

"Gentlemen, perhaps you expect some terrible catastrophe—some dismal, dreadful, horrid, blood-thirsty tragedy, as your penny story books have it—you are mistaken—nothing of the kind ensued, and, thanks to the perfection of story-telling in this illuminated age, custom does not oblige me to forge a horrible termination to my adventure—for, certes, you must have observed that the most fashionable story-tellers have a knack of leaving off when they should relate the catastrophe of their tale. Not but what I allow this to be a clever method, for your denouements are plaguy difficult things to manage, and nine times out of ten the only mystery that is unravelled is, that the story-teller is an ass.—But I leave this, and all other

considerations, to the contemplation of tale-makers, and hasten to conclude my story.

"The stranger, as I have said, laid one hand upon my collar, and extended the other, exclaiming at the same time, in a voice of thunder, 'Hoy, Jarvy, pull up here!' A strange rumbling sound followed this invocation, of which I could comprehend nothing—I gazed in amazement, doubting how to act, and supposing that my treacherous guide was giving some signal to his confederates, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw a coach gradually emerging through the gloom and the snow. 'Now, Jarvy,' cried my guide, 'run to the Three Stags, and get us a drop of something short, my young friend here is almost frozen, I'll let down the steps.' He accompanied these words with the proper action, and handed me into the coach.

"'For Heaven's sake,' exclaimed I, in astonishment, 'tell me who are you?'

"'I,' said the stranger, 'I am the sergeant of the night.'

"'And who are those vile men?—what place was that where I met you?'

"'A gang of knackers, to be sure, and the place was their slaughter-house.'

"'Well, but who was he whom they led or dragged forward, and who seemed so unwilling to go?'

"'He! an idle fellow, who had been getting drunk, because holiday time is coming on.'

"At this moment the coachman arrived with a small measure of spirits, and I was not a little relieved by his presence; for I began to feel myself very ridiculous, and I was so frozen that I really wanted a cordial to revive me. I, therefore, drank the health of my guide, who refused to allow me to pay for the liquor, gave my brother's address to the driver, and was quickly put down at his residence. I found the family in great uneasiness on my account. My brother had been out when my letter arrived, announcing my intention to be in town that night. He had not returned till near eleven o'clock; he had then gone to the Elephant and Castle, to look for me, and not finding me there, was extremely alarmed at my absence. My arrival reassured him, —late as it was, we sat down to a good supper, that had been provided for me, and spent the greatest part of the night in laughing at my adventures."

Although all our guests had expressed con-

siderable pleasure at the commencement and during the progress of this tale, none seemed satisfied with its conclusion. To have gratified them, the hero ought at least to have been robbed and murdered, and many did not scruple to hint their opinion to the relator. He, however, although he confessed that his adventure might have been more interesting if it had had a tragical conclusion, obstinately maintained, that the termination it really had was the best of all possible terminations, and so firmly was he fixed in this opinion, that no arguments could make any impression upon him.

"We feel so ridiculous" said Captain M——, "when we have been frightened by what ought to have caused us no alarm."

"I certainly felt ridiculous, enough," said Mr. K——, "when I was talking to the sergeant of the night, at the door of the hackney coach; but I might have felt still more so, if I had had my throat cut, as you seem to think I ought to have had, for the sake of a catastrophe to my story."

"You have no occasion, Mr. K——," observed Captain Shafton, "to be ashamed of your terrors, for had there been real danger, it could

not have presented itself under more suspicious appearances. The greatest alarm," continued our worthy commander, "that I ever experienced, was when first I heard that Mr. Woolcraft's house was in flames, as I have related to you," (looking at William and me;) "but I was once seriously frightened without much cause for apprehension. You most of you know, I dare say, that ships are haunted by ghosts as well as houses, and that many sailors are too timid to sleep alone in a vessel, who would not fear to face a bear on the ice."

"Sam R——g for one," said Captain M——; "he was once second mate of the R———, and has now some sort of a birth about the docks."

"Know him well," cried Captain P———, "but never heard he was afraid of ghosts."

"I have been told a story about him and a spirit," said Captain Shafton, which you shall hear some day. I will now relate a ghost adventure of my own; but first fill your pipes. Boy, hand round the tobacco." Whilst 'boy Jem' offered the fragrant weed to those who loved to inhale its burning breath, I mended my pen for a tale of a marine apparition, a spiritual visitant with which I was not well

acquainted; and, after pipes had been filled, horns replenished, and 'twelve twelve footers,' drunk devoutly by all present, our captain began.

A VISION OF LUCIFER.

"On my return from my first voyage I had no inclination to live ashore, for I had quarrelled with every body in London, and near it, and I gladly accepted an offer made me by the captain of an East Indian free trader, lying in the river, to sleep in his ship, and take charge of her. This, you know, is a practice with ship-owners when in port; and the captain being proprietor of the Marvel bid me live at his expence, although I would willingly have been content with the lodging. One reason for his liberality was, his wish to retain me as his watchman; for, from a story having got afloat that the Marvel was haunted, it would have been difficult to procure a trusty fellow to look after her; and even then he might run away, in case any rogue should personate a ghost to alarm him.

"I was aware of the report gone abroad about the spirit of the mate, who hanged himself in a fit of phrenzy, appearing to those who slept on board; but I was not in a humour to care about goblins, nor even Beelzebub himself: at least so I thought. I accordingly took possession of the ship, and established myself in the cabin, where I lived like a hermit, upon what I found in the store-room. I was, indeed, some such a recluse as the rat who retired into a hollow cheese, to avoid the temptations of the world, for I had wherewith, in a fluid as well as a solid shape, to content any lover of good things; but I should have been satisfied with a biscuit and a slice of bacon, had not these luxuries offered themselves to my hand.

"For the first week of my residence in the Marvel, no signs of supernatural visitors were given, although I once or twice fancied I heard footsteps, or something like them, traversing betwixt decks; but then I was satisfied that if any feet caused these sounds, they could not be the feet of ghosts, who walk not, but glide along without noise, and I always convinced myself that it was nothing real, by going towards the place whenever my fancy startled my ears. Besides, I always took such care to

fasten down the hatches and the companion door, that I was certain no one could get down below, without giving me sufficient notice of his intentions. The middle of the second week arrived, and found me laughing at the fears of others, and free from any of my own, when one night I was awakened by a strange sensation, as if of a cold hand laid upon my face; and as my consciousness increased, I was almost certain I felt it distinctly withdrawn. I fancied, too, that I heard a faint gliding sound rustle across the state-room, and die away beyond the bulk-head that formed the end of it, and I strained my eyes in that direction, through the intense darkness, to try if I could distinguish any object. My belief was that somebody had entered the ship, and laid his hand on my face, in search of plunder, not knowing that any one slept aboard; but on turning out and examining the door, I found it fastened on the inside, as I had left it; and on going out into the cabin, every thing was in its place, for I struck a light on purpose to be certain.

"During the interval of a week, I was disturbed from my sleep three times in a similar manner, and always without further elucidation of the cause. Once I thought I heard a kind of

tittering whisper uttered, as the cold hand was passed across my face, but I could distinguish no words, and I vainly endeavoured to grasp hold of any thing that might be near, by extending my arms round about my bed. I attempted to account for the annoyance, by supposing a mouse or a rat paid me a visit, for there were several holes by which they could enter, although there was nothing in the state-room to tempt their appetites. Still, there was something in the application of the touch, not like the patting of a rat's paws, for though the feet of those vermin are very cold, they are but small, and could not have conveyed the sensation of a broad heavy hand laid over my eyes, which was the feeling I experienced. Besides, I more than once perceived the withdrawing of the strange limb, and, from several little circumstances, I deduced that the whole arm was placed on my pillow, and suddenly snatched away. Without being superstitious, I naturally began to grow curious, as well as somewhat uneasy about this nocturnal visitation, and I endeavoured to keep awake for two or three hours after retiring to bed, in hopes of gaining some clue to the mystery. I could not well doubt that it was something real, but I could ascribe no cause for its

reality, and I was averse to suppose the hand of the suicide mate's ghost was pressed upon my face, especially as it was too heavy for a spirit to be lawfully possessed of. While I continued awake, I burned a light, which I extinguished when about to resign my senses to forgetfulness, for fear of accident; and I was never disturbed while I kept watch, although I maintained it long past the usual hour of the visit; but, as soon as I was asleep, which was immediately after I put out my candle, the cold chilly touch weighed for a moment on my eyelids, and glanced off when I awoke, followed by the same deadened rustling sound, and the half-whispered titter.

"At length, being resolved neither to give way to the insidious suggestions of superstition, which occasionally crept into my mind, nor to endure the repeated breaking of my rest, the only comfort I at that time enjoyed, I conceived several plans for the detection of the intruder, and the first I put in practice was this.

"In order to render myself watchful, I spent the whole of one afternoon in trying to sleep, and by means of darkening the cabin, I did sleep for several hours. At bed time I placed a candle in a dark lanthorn, which I concealed by my bed-

side, so that not one ray of light emanated from it; and I turned in, determined to lie awake all night. However, in spite of my resolution, I dropped into a doze a little before midnight, so strong is the force of habit, as well of the body as of the mind. I did not, however, sleep as soundly as if I had not reposed in the evening, and I was aroused by an indistinct sound, which came from some part of the ship, close to the cabin. Those who have sat up late, and slept in their chair, and awoke suddenly in the dead of the night, may have occasionally experienced a confused, depressed, half superstitious state of ideas, upon first breaking from their slumber, and finding themselves left in the dark by their expended lamp; cold, cheerless, and scarcely conscious of their exact situation. Such were my feelings upon being disturbed from my sleep, heightened by various attendant circumstances, such as the expected visit of a ghost, and the beating of the rising tide at the sides of the ship, which rocked and pitched slightly under the influence of a high wind. It was a cold November's night, and I had not yet got warm in bed. I had refrained from taking my evening's glass of grog, that I might lie awake, and a thousand nameless uncomfortable feelings harassed me,

without any specific distress, or pain, or assignable cause. In fact, to use a common phrase, I awoke in 'the horrors,' and the certainty of having heard an unaccountable sound near me did not dispel them. I resolved, however, neither to move nor to draw breath audibly, that I might run the better chance of entrapping the troublesome spirit, and indeed I felt a disposition to breathe short and lie still, which was very favourable to my purpose. In spite of one's reason, there is a tendency in the human mind to foster and encourage fancies of supernatural agency, and I perceived it in mine. I felt chilled throughout, and timid, though determined not to be so, and I was holding my teeth close, that they might not chatter, when suddenly the cold damp heavy touch of something like a naked arm was placed across my open eyes, which, upon my shrinking involuntarily, was as suddenly withdrawn. Summoning my courage, I shook off a tremor that seized my frame, and bolting upright in bed laid hold of my dark lanthorn, and turned it so as to throw a blaze of light over the state-room; and you may judge of my terror when I beheld, not a ghost, nor a thief, but a tall, dark coloured serpent standing nearly erect by my bedside, with its eyes brightly gleaming from a

head frightful and appalling beyond description. Never in my life had I seen such a fearful object, for to the usual hideous and disgusting aspect of a snake, were added features peculiarly its own, and which almost led me to believe that Satan himself was present before me, in the guise of this hateful reptile. The light of my lanthorn, increased in brightness by a polished steel reflector, fell in a glare upon the devilish apparition, and I discerned distinctly that its mouth was wide open, armed with large crooked fangs, and furnished with a long tongue, that vibrated menacingly beyond its jaws. Its head was rather small, but, on either side, its neck was swollen out to an immense size, inflated, as I imagined, with poison, which it was about to inject into my veins, when it should spring and seize hold of me; but what seemed more horrible than all its other deformities, was, that in this bloated mass, which bolstered around its collar, were things which appeared like two wide eyes, in addition to the small ones in its head; and this sight almost convinced me that the monster could only be some diabolical spirit, for I knew that no animals but insects have more than a pair of visual organs. In a state of mingled awe, doubt, and utter dismay, I remained holding my lanthorn, and staring at the dire countenance of the

serpent, which all the while stood erect, waving its body in the manner of a rope shaken at one end, while its tongue played around its lips, its eyes glittered, and its scales gleamed. I felt, or fancied that I felt, as if fascinated by its glance, and began to give myself up for lost; for I had heard of the power of fascination possessed by snakes, which deprives the victim of the energy to escape or defend itself. Besides, this creature, serpent, or devil, was not a small enemy of the kind, for it stood nearly four feet from the floor, which, as my bed was fixed down low, brought its head nearly level with my face; and my fear of moving, lest I should provoke it to dart upon me, held me in a state of stillness as complete as if I had been rivetted by the hateful influence of which I was so much afraid. Had it not been for an innate disbelief of the existence of goblins, I should probably have spoken to the dragon who kept me thus at bay, for it had all the characteristics of a demon, as far as the imagination could array an evil spirit in a visible form; but either scepticism or terror kept my tongue quiet, and, while neither of us seemed disposed to do otherwise than stare at each other, my candle, which was nearly burnt out, sunk into the socket, and the flame expired.

"All my horrors before this moment were nothing to what seized me when I found myself exposed, in darkness, to the venomous fury of an unknown, though undoubtedly a dangerous, serpent. A long hiss, which it uttered, and which I deemed preparatory to its springing at me, wound up my feelings to a pitch of desperation, and, having nothing else at hand, I dashed my dark lanthorn to the place where it had stood when the light was extinguished. Whether my missile struck the reptile or fiend, I know not, but a horrible hissing filled the state-room, and a rattling and groping noise succeeded, and in a short time I heard my enemy behind the bulkhead, retreating swiftly, as its repeated sibilations indicated by their growing less audible.

"Bathed in a cold sweat, and stiffened with fear as I was, I leaped out of bed as soon as I was assured that the devil was at some distance, and I ran stumbling upon deck as fast as I could, where I remained till daylight. I then called a boat and went ashore, to relate my adventure to the captain.

"Captain Y——— heard my relation with great attention, and with a little indication of doubt, till it was nearly ended; but when I came to describe the visage of the apparition,

he fell into such a choking fit of laughter, that I fancied he would have expired in an agony of mirth. At length, he became calmer, and, while he wiped tears of merriment from his eyes, he told me he believed my vision of Lucifer was nothing else than a large Cobra de Capello, which had belonged to the mate who killed himself aboard the ship. 'The mate,' added he, 'was the last person who occupied the state-room, for, being disposed to be solitary, he volunteered to reside in the Marvel, as you have done. This serpent he bought of some jugglers in India, who used to exhibit several of the kind to the sailors, and it became his favourite pet, as he was always inclined to singularity of habits and likings. Its visits to you, I dare say, were only the continuance of a custom he had taught it of warming itself in his bed, when it was chilly; and had you received it kindly, instead of staring it out of countenance, you would have found it a very amusing companion.'

"'But,' cried I, in astonishment, 'the Cobra de Capello is a most poisonous serpent!'

"'So it is,' replied my friend; 'but the Indian snake-charmers take out their fangs, before they teach them to dance, and this had doubtlessly undergone that operation. What you

took for rage and menace, was only one of the tricks of dancing it had been taught by its first masters, and it was exhibiting its accomplishments before you, to induce you to take it into bed, when you threw the lanthorn at it. I have seen it do the same thing twenty times by my poor mate's bedside, when it wanted him to let it creep between the blankets.'

"This explanation was sufficient, and I could have laughed as loudly as my companion at my own terrors, had not the horror with which the supposed diabolical serpent had inspired me, still dwelt in my mind;—even now, when I see a snake, I feel some slight renewal of my fears, though I smile to think of the delusion that occasioned them."

Here Captain Shafton's anecdote ended, and one of our guests observed, that it was strange that, after the mate's death, the Cobra should have been left at large in the ship.

"I made that remark to my friend," replied Captain Shafton, "and he accounted for it by saying, that it was left at first to kill rats and mice, on which it chiefly subsisted, and at length was forgotten."

The subject of alarms continued the theme of our discourses for some time longer, and

many tales were told, highly interesting to those who heard them. One of the most novel to me was the following, related by my friend Ridgway, who introduced it when the conversation was upon the timidity acquired by many persons while children, from their nurses and others giving them false impressions of fearful objects, and on the force of first impressions in general.

"We are, perhaps, more influenced than we imagine by trifling observances," said Ridgway; "and, indeed, our first impressions, which are generally the most lasting, are all founded upon them. I allude to the impression a stranger makes upon us when first introduced. On that occasion we seldom have any other than minute data, yet how often does the opinion we then form of him influence our conduct towards him all our lives, and how generally is that opinion correct."

"Still," said Captain Shafton, "these minute observations may be carried too far. I recollect a lady, who used always to form her opinion of gentlemen, when first she saw them, by looking at their hats and shoes. A neat sleek furred hat, and a shining shoe with a smart riband, were certain passports to her favour; yet I hope you will allow, that a man might

possess many virtues, whose hat and shoes were not quite so glossy as those which, in the opinion of my friend, entitled the wearers to be considered as men of sense and honour;—and, indeed, many of the most dangerous characters are conspicuous for the brilliancy of those parts of their apparel."

THE GOVERNESS.

"The lady you mention," said Mr. Ridgway, "did not form her opinion to any good purpose, yet she brings to my mind another lady, who, by similar minute observances, preserved her property from being plundered, and perhaps saved her life. This lady, indeed, had reasons for being attentive to trifles, that do not fall to the share of every woman. She was proprietor of a fashionable boarding school, at the west end of the town, and the very genius of primness and preciseness and propriety, seemed to have taken possession of her. Although she was celebrated for forming the manners of her pupils, her own manners were somewhat singular. She might safely have defied the most minute observer to discover in them any thing inelegant, or ungraceful, yet the only feeling inspired by her grace and elegance was a wish

to avoid her. She certainly carried the art of being politely disagreeable to the greatest possible height. To return to my tale, however—she was a most attentive observer of trifles. The empress who decided on the characters of three young princesses from the manner in which they got out of a carriage, did not draw her conclusions from circumstances half so minute as did our worthy governess, who, had she committed her theories of judging of mankind to paper, might have composed a treatise which would have rivalled in bulk that of Lavater, and have been full as much to the purpose as his rambling tomes on physiognomy—I say it would have rivalled him, but, perhaps, it would have far exceeded him, inasmuch as physiognomy, and every thing else treated by that whimsical philosopher, was included in her systems, together with ten thousand other matters, not noticed, or only slightly touched upon, by him. She could decide upon a character from the manner in which a single hair was arranged, a pin inserted, or a bonnet tied; a shoe-string spoke volumes to her; and she could have composed a series of lectures for every day in the year, Sundays included, on the manner in which muffs, cloaks, and pelisses ought to be worn, in order to show

that the wearer was possessed of good sense and good breeding.

"This penetrating dame had a footman, whose person, manners, dress, and address, must have been squared according to the nicest rules, for he had been twelve years in her employment; and yet, during that astonishing period of service, she had never discovered in him any indication of impropriety. This phœnix of footmen, however, after the time I have mentioned, fell sick; and no great wonder, for surely living so long in the service of such a mistress, was enough to sicken any one. As he was a great favourite, he was allowed to go for a month into the country, to visit his relations, and so recover his health; and a new footman was hired, to supply his place during his absence. Now, whether our governess did not think it necessary to examine her new domestic very minutely, as he came for so short a time, whether she was satisfied with the testimony of those who recommended him, or whether she was off her guard, as the wisest of us sometimes are, I know not, nor did she ever choose to explain; but certain it is, that this new retainer was not exactly such a character as he ought to have been. He was, however, apparently a very good servant, performed his duty regularly, and three weeks glided on with-

out the absent favourite being very particularly missed. The fourth week arrived, and on the evening of the first day our governess was seated in her parlour, deeply intent on some new enactments in her code of propriety, which she intended to promulgate in her school, when next it assembled, (for the event I am about to mention took place in the midst of the holidays,) when her meditations were suddenly interrupted by the rattle of a carriage in the street, and by the long rolling knock of a fashionable footman at the door. In an instant, a lady, fashionably habited, was introduced, and the governess rose to receive her. Now it unfortunately happened, that the approach of evening rendered the room almost too dark for her to see her visitor sufficiently to form her usual infallible decision. She could distinguish, indeed, that the stranger was of the middle size, with coarse and swarthy features, and that she was dressed rather in a gaudy than an elegant manner; her language, too, was not the most polished; the tone of her voice was not altogether as sweet as it ought to have been; and, although she lisped, still she did not clip her words to the fashionable standard; but, then, she stated that she had just arrived from Russia, and our governess fancied that all her defects tallied very well with the manners of a

Russian bred Englishwoman. I should have told you that, when this lady was ushered in, the governess had ordered candles, but the footman forgot or neglected to bring them; and when the governess rang, and repeated her command, the stranger begged that lights might be deferred as long as possible, because 'de glare of tandlth alwayth madthe her eyth ache,' an assertion which the governess set down to the score of Russian affectation. She bore patiently, however, all these aberrations from politeness, for the conversation of the stranger, rude and unpolished as it was, was highly interesting, as it related to nothing less than four of her daughters, whom she intended to place forthwith at the school. With all the solicitude of a fond mother, she inquired into the studies, the amusements, and the accommodations of the pupils; but at length, declaring herself fully satisfied with all other particulars, she expressed a wish to see the sleeping rooms, 'ath she wath a hooge admirether of airy bedthroomths.' These of course could not be viewed without light. Candles were accordingly brought, and the governess rose, to accompany the stranger to the upper part of her mansion. Now, however, that a light was admitted, she resolved to inspect, at her leisure, the person of her visitor,

and, pretending to recollect some point which had not been discussed, she reseated herself, and renewed the conversation. The stranger, although she expressed a wish for dispatch, seated herself also, and, forgetting her hurry in the ardour of the discourse, crossed one of her legs over the other, like a person putting herself fully at her ease. Here was a breach of propriety, scarcely to be expected, even from a Russian. Our governess was absolutely shocked at it, and she began to doubt whether she ought to admit into her establishment the daughters of a woman who could be guilty of so flagrant an offence. It spoke of such horrid vulgarity! She examined her visitor most minutely, from the summit of the highest feather of her bonnet, descending gradually till she reached her ancle; and here she saw a sight, which not only convinced her of the low breeding of the stranger, but which also froze her blood with horror; for she discovered the bottom of a pair of trousers, peeping from beneath the deep flounce of her gown of yellow China-crape.

"All other ideas now gave place to terror in the mind of our governess, yet still she retained some degree of coolness, and, eager to assemble all her household around her, she rung the bell

violently, and it was immediately answered by the footman.

"'John, send up the chambermaid.'

"'She has just stept out, ma'am.'

"'Then send up the housemaid.'

"'Ma'am, she wentout with the chambermaid.'

"'The cook,' cried the governess, 'the laundry maid.'.

"'They went out this afternoon, and are not come back,' replied the footman.

"Our governess now gave herself up for lost; she saw that her footman was in league with her visitor, and in the agony of terror forgetting altogether her elegancies, and delicacies, and proprieties, she rushed to the window, opened it, thrust herself half through it, and bellowed "murder!" in a tone that might not have disgraced a fish-woman. The pretended lady and the footman now found they were discovered, and endeavoured to drag her away; but, luckily, her outcry had been heard by some persons in the street, and the coachman, who still remained with his carriage at the door, gave a signal, which his comrades within understood, for after bestowing a few hearty curses and some kicks on the governess, and snatching two or three articles of plate from the side-board, they darted

from the house, and escaped; for in the confusion of the moment, nobody thought of stopping them, nor could the governess issue any commands to that purpose, as she was found in a swoon by those who ran into the house.

"Thus you see, gentlemen," continued Ridgway, resuming the argument this story had been intended to illustrate, "that even over-nicety of observation may be of occasional service, since through its means our governess defeated a deep-laid plot to murder her; for when the female servants returned, it was discovered that the footman had contrived to dispatch them all on different errands; and it is evident, from the desire expressed by the pretended lady to see the bed-rooms, that his object was to draw the governess to a distant part of the house, from whence her cries could not reach the ears of the passengers in the street. In addition to this, you will remark, that being holiday time none of the pupils were present, and the teachers were away, to spend the vacation with their relatives."

620.

THE VOYAGE,

CONTINUED.

"This plot was certainly well contrived, and brought to maturity," said Captain A———, "and nothing but the fortunate chance of its being directed against a close observer of minute deviations from decorum prevented murder, for I have no doubt the villains would have silenced the lady with a few desperate blows on the head, had they decoyed her up stairs."

"Their inclination to treat her so may be seen from the kicks they bestowed upon her at parting," observed William; "besides, they would probably have acted on the highwayman's maxim, of dead men telling no tales."

"That is a proverb," said Mr. B———, "like several others, not only superficial, but opposed by others of greater authority in the

records of experience. Dead men generally prove as good witnesses against their slayers as if they could survive and identify them. "Blood will have blood," says one apophthegm, and "murder will out," cries another, and we ever find that, from some circumstance taking place during the deed, or arising from it, the clue of guilt is fixed to the steps of the assassin, by which he is at length traced to his destruction. I dare say, if an average were taken of the numbers of murders, whose authors have been convicted on certain evidence of their crime, and of robberies, whose perpetrators have been detected, it would be found that a greater portion of men guilty of bloodshed have been brought to justice than of highwaymen or housebreakers. It is a mistaken notion that death, by destroying the verbal evidence of a principal witness to an evil deed, deadens the scent of justice. It only serves to excite and invigorate the pursuit, while it fastens indelible stains on the mistaken wretch, by which, like Cain, he is known to all men, though he escapes not like the first born of Adam."

"I am of your opinion, Mr. B———," said Captain Shafton, "that few murderers escape, while many robbers go at large, who, had they attempted to drown their guilt in blood, would

only have deepened its dye, and have rendered it more fatally conspicuous. The cry of murder among men, is like the scream of hatred among birds, at the appearance of an owl. All the feathered tribes sally forth, and unite to assail the nocturnal assassin; and the tide of humanity in every bosom sets strongly against the escape of the homicide; every feeling is a wave that rises to oppose his progress; he becomes like a shipwrecked mariner, alone on an ocean of angry billows;—heaven is dark above him, and lashes him with the withering blasts of conscience; his fears for his present safety form a troubled sea, on which he cannot rest, and which leads him from his home and from his former companions; and he avoids society, as the sailor is compelled to avoid the shore, lest he should perish against the rocks of the very land, which before was his only place of security and comfort".

While we were thus discoursing, and imbibing wisdom, grog, and smoke, basking round a comfortable fire, and forgetting that we were encircled by fields of ice in the midst of the arctic ocean, a clear voice sung down the companion hatch, "Sir! there are some brownies going to take to the water."

"Lower down a boat," was the reply, "and load two guns, and see that there is a sharp lance or two in readiness." Then, turning to his friends, Captain Shafton asked, which of us had any inclination for the chase.

"I have," was quickly uttered by me, and echoed by William; but the impulse seemed not to pass further round the circle.

"You are right to be of the party, doctor," said our commander. "You'll get out of the habit of killing, unless we afford you a few opportunities of following your lawful calling."

"Allow me, Sir," replied William, "to try my skill upon you, and you shall quickly see that I am too well grounded in my art to fail, although I have not brought any one to death's door for these six weeks."

"That's a long while, my good Sir," said Mr. B———, "for a doctor to have missed his aim, as bad as not striking a fish during the same period."

"'Tis no fault of mine, I assure you," replied my friend; "I have watched long, like a spider for a fly, with my poison ready to infuse into my victim, but no being weary of his life has come within my reach."

"Then make haste," cried Shafton, "and try

your skill upon the bears, or they will be gone; but take care that you do not get within their reach, unless you are tired of your existence, for they have a summary way of doctoring a patient."

Ridgway, who had started up upon the first intelligence of the "brownies," having equipped himself, we left the cabin, and descending into the boat, pushed off with the rapidity of huntsmen hurrying 'in at the death.'

I do not know in what manner the influence of the sea induces carelessness of danger, and heedlessness of cruelty, but I am certain that he who dwells long upon the ocean will acquire both. To inflict death, while at home, on the most noxious vermin, had always been to me a painful exertion of superior power, but now I joined eagerly in the intention of slaughtering animals, harmless in their behaviour towards me, and which it was scarcely possible could ever cause injury to any one. In England I had never failed to guard against exposing myself to the overt perils of life, but now I rushed into the presence of wild beasts, ferocious when assailed, and powerful in avenging their wrongs, without one feeling of restraint from fear or prudence. It is true, that the

chace of bears, while swimming, is divested of the greater part of the hazard which attends the pursuit of them when on the ice; but as the risk is diminished more by the distrust of the animal in its own powers, when in the water, than by the increased advantages of its enemies, so when, instead of flying before them, the savage monster chooses to assail its assailants, it reduces them to a situation more fearful, perhaps, than exposure to its wrath on a floe. This situation is more fearful, because when a bear attacks a boat, he, unless fortunately slain in the onset, inevitably compels the crew to throw themselves into the sea, and should he then become the pursuer, no man could grapple with him in an element almost his own.

I can calculate such probabilities now, but no such ideas entered into my head as I glided rapidly towards the bears, which I could perceive through my glass urging their way amid the waves in angry haste, at the distance of half a mile from the Leviathan, occasionally turning round their pointed heads to watch our movements, and drawing apart their black lips, into grins of ire and defiance. They were three in number, and their object in having taken to

the water appeared to be, to gain an opposite promontory of ice, without the toil of travelling round the large bay, that formed the western extremity of the lake in which we were enclosed. Our crew pronounced them to be two old ones, of large size, and a half grown cub; but to me they seemed scarcely superior in bulk to great Newfoundland dogs, which animals they much resemble about the head and neck, although, but for the difference of countenance and eye, I should say they bore as much likeness to a sheep as any other beast; but who can believe that a polar bear can approach in similitude to the emblem of timidity and gentleness? As we drew close to our quarry, this fancy of mine was strengthened, by beholding their long whitish shaggy locks, floating and waving through the blue fluid, in which they swam like fleeces bathing in a clear stream for the hand of the sheep-shearer; but I could now perceive, that the bodies which wore them were as large as those of small cows, and when they shot round red gleaming glances of menace towards us, and sent forth deep harsh bellows from their well fanged jaws, the character of the wild beast of prey grew too strong to allow of any redeeming associations.

I now prepared to take a sure aim at the largest of the bears, which swam last of the three, but Mr. Ridgway advised me not to discharge my piece yet, observing that if he could succeed in spearing them all, he should obtain the advantage of preserving the skins unhurt. How the wound of a lance was to be less detrimental than that of a bullet, I did not at first comprehend, and, as I conceived it much less hazardous to maim the ferocious brutes before we approached them, than to attack them in the midst of their strength, I began to think the mate rather more rash than prudent. However, Ridgway, with the confidence of experience, and the courage natural to him, ordered the boat to be pulled up against the brownie closest to us, which happened to be the female, and as it neared her he stood up with the lance in his hand. A tremendous roar was uttered by the savage beast when she found her enemies gaining upon her, which her companions echoed; but they all still kept struggling to exceed the speed of the skiff, though, had they turned to assail us, they must have put us to flight.

"Give way there, give way, my lads," cried the mate to his men, who seemed somewhat appalled by three pair of grinning jaws, now

repeatedly extended towards them, bristling with long white teeth, and 'blaring out" loudly with rage. "Bear a hand, my hearties—give way," and a few good strokes brought us close upon the back of the female, who, finding it impossible to escape, flung herself suddenly round, and seemed about to fix her paws upon the gunnel of the boat, when the mate placed the point of his lance coolly upon her breast, and thrust it deeply into her body. A furious yell of pain and passion marked the suffering and the wrath of the she bear, and she caught the fatal weapon in her teeth, as if about to wrench the iron-work from the stock; but in a few moments her head dropped upon the water, her paws sunk down by her side, and a convulsive quiver shook through her whole frame; she uttered another, though less violent, outcry, and ceased to move. It is an erroneous opinion prevalent among Greenlanders, and adopted, I find, by Captain Lyon, that the carcasses of bears sink when left dead in the water. The body of this brownie floated, and I have since seen six lying on the surface of the sea together, without the least signs of disposition to go down. Nevertheless, there are few, even of the oldest whale-fishers, who seem aware of

the truth, and Ridgway was the only one whom I have heard assert it. He did more than merely make the assertion, for, finding the mother had expired, he left the body to sink or swim, bid the men row after the others, who had taken advantage of the contest, and had made off to some distance.

In this rencontre, and in several others, at which I was afterwards present, I observed none of those traits of affection between the parent bears and their cubs, related so pathetically by many navigators. Sauve qui peut, seemed to be the maxim with both mother and child, and I have generally seen the oldest get fastest out of danger, because it was most capable of flight, while the young ones were left to receive the first strokes of the spear. Once I witnessed maternal attention from an old bear towards her offspring, but that was not during a time of peril; and in the course of my voyage I shall relate an adventure, which occurred to Mr. Taylor, mate of the Dundee, when the mother lost her life in defence of her whelp; but before my own eyes no instances of devotion to the welfare of their young were ever exhibited by the brownies we encountered. This apathy may, perhaps, be attributable to the cubs which we attacked having

outgrown the period of solicitude for their welfare appointed by nature, for they were none of them very young; but since they were not old enough to take care of themselves, as may be inferred from their still following their dams, it is reasonable to suppose that the impulse to defend them assigned to the parent would not yet have expired. No doubt it was my terrible presence which deranged the instinct of these loving brutes, and in full confidence of my formidable exterior, (I do not say my inward man inspired me with such valour), I felt the boat advance towards the great male bear without a tremor. This huge creature was of no very amiable countenance, when regarded at only a short distance from the rage of his flippers, and he widened his mouth and blared out so as to show his gape, and the fangs that armed it, in any but an inviting manner. By the side of him swam the young bear, so white, so fat, so meek in its expression of feature, and so mild in the softened roar that it uttered, as if in faint echo of the deep bray of its parent, that I felt my newly acquired hardness of heart relent at the idea of its being sacrificed for the sake of its skin. I expressed to William my dislike of the fate that awaited it, and the mate said that he would

take it on board alive; but how that was to be accomplished, I did not then comprehend.

Meanwhile we came so near to the old brownie, that he deemed it proper to look to his safety, and fairly turned himself round to receive us, grinning horribly, with his teeth clenched, and holding one of his paws above the water, as if ready to discharge a blow upon the first offender. His eyes, red, like those of all white animals, now glowed with increased fire, and flashes of anger seemed to shoot from beneath his contracted brow. A more terrible menace never sat upon the face of a created being, and I almost instinctively levelled my gun, in apprehension lest the lance should fail; for these weapons are formed of such ductile metal that they bend against very slight resistance, and, during contests with bears and whales, require occasionally an adroit stroke upon the surface of the water to restore them to straightness. I presented my gun, and Mr. Ridgway pointed his lance, William stood ready with his piece, in case I should miss my aim, and all was breathless silence, for another pull of the oars would have brought us aboard of the truculent monster, and have decided the possession of the boat; when the wily savage, watching his proper distance, plunged

his head beneath the waves, threw up his heels, and disappeared. Ridgway, who saw his intention the moment it was conceived, cried "fire," and I pulled my trigger, but the old brute was gone, and my ball struck the little baby bear in the ear, and laid it dead in an instant. It died without a groan on its own part, but with several on ours, for we had all fixed our hearts on making it a playmate for the rest of the voyage; and as if the parent had been to blame, in diving from before it, so as to expose it to the shot intended for himself, we looked around quite enraged, for the re-appearance of his ferocious head above the surface, determined to slay him by any means in our power.

In a short time the old brownie appeared, at about twenty yards on the other side of our boat, for he had taken his course right under it, and cunningly enough, too, since we were at first between him and the floe, whereas he had now got between us and the ice, besides having made some way towards it. It was now a doubtful point whether we should be able to overtake the artful rogue, who kept pulling away at a great rate from us, stretching out his neck to blare from time to time, and casting a look round, to see how well he kept us at a

distance. The wind, too, now began to rise, and from a gentle 'catspaw' wrinkling the face of the blue deep, it had become a breeze, setting directly in our teeth, and raising up the water into rough billows, which increased the difficulty of tugging against it. But William, who had not discharged his piece, now stood up, and taking the best level he could over the harpoon meek, fired, and the 'lucky' ball entered the shoulder of the astounded animal, who stopping short slung himself about, then attempted again to dive, but failed, and uttering a hoarse yell resumed his flight.

The futile efforts of brownie to outstrip the velocity of the boat, now only served to shew that his powers were greatly diminished, and that he must fall a prey to the enemies from whom, with a spirit unsubdued by the difficulties of his progress, he struggled to escape. We quickly gained upon him, and prepared to put an end to his life, in a manner different from that which had finished the existence of his companions. This was accomplished by forming a running knot on the tow-line, which is an appendage to every boat, and by throwing the noose over his head, as the 'lasso' is thrown by the South Americans. On coming up with

the bear, however, he shewed no disposition to indulge us with letting himself be strangled, and behaved quite contrary to the Turkish etiquette when the bowstring is to be applied. Instead of bowing his head in acquiescence, and blaring out his assent, he vigorously resisted the proper fall of the rope, with the paw which still remained serviceable, and bit in two the blade of an oar, which was held towards him to distract his attention; singing out, likewise, in such a tremendous style, as made his last moments known to every person capable of hearing within the boundaries of our lake. Brownie at bay was really a grand object, and the flashes of fire that started from his heated eyes, gave to his savage scowl a virulence of wrath, inexpressible, perhaps, by any animal but the polar bear. Nor did the deadly gape of his small black muzzle want anything but more extent, to render it as formidable as the gulph of a lion's jaws, for there might be seen curved fangs of ivory on either side, both above and below, which threatened a dreadful grasp to the first object on which they could fix themselves; and that their possessor meditated some such revenge for his expected death, might be guessed from the glances he occasionally threw

at his assailants, as if about to spring forward and fasten his teeth upon one of them. Finding our quarry so well able to prevent the use of the rope, Mr. Ridgway endeavoured to get a fair thrust at his breast, in which a wound is always mortal, and I offered my gun at his head; but we neither of us succeeded, the mate failing through the adroitness of the bear, and I through the fault of the Greenland atmosphere, which generally prevents three attempts out of four at discharging a fowling-piece from taking place. I, therefore, admonish all those who take to heart the disappointment of snapping their locks in vain, to carry with them percussion guns, for they will be most woefully mortified with flint and steel.

We were thus engaged, when a shower of sleet and snow came pelting down in our faces, and concealed at once from our eyes the sky, the floes, and the ships; and brownie, thinking this a favourable opening for his escape, turned about and attempted to make off. Unlucky manœuvre! He had scarcely given three strokes with his legs when the mate's lasso fell cleverly round his neck, and the rope was drawn swiftly through the ring at the boat's nose. One short though vehement outcry

rushed from his throat, as it closed for ever, and in a few moments he was dead by the side of the stem.

We now made the best of our way after the bodies of the other two, which we had left to float, till we could pick them up; but from the thickness of the fall of snow, and the increasing roughness of the weather, it was some time before we could discover and secure them. Having at length succeeded, from the ceasing of the shower, we cast our eyes around to look for the Leviathan, and beheld her at some distance, with the 'bucket' to the mizen mast head, as a signal for us to come aboard. This bucket is a globe of canvas, like a small balloon, and is used for the purpose to which I now saw it applied; nor was it run up too soon, for we could perceive great alterations taking place in the dispositions of the ice, while loud sudden noises, like the splitting of vast masses of rock, mingled with the rush of the wind and the turbulence of the waves.

"We shall have a storm, Sir," said the boat-steerer, who stood behind me; "and if our old girl gets a few more such blows as that which shook down some of her pointers 'tother day, why 'tis all davy with us, says I."

"Pull away, pull away there, boys," cried the mate, "or by blazes we shall get behind the lighter.—Doctor, and you, first lieutenant, take the tarpaulin off the fore-decks, and bend it to two boat-hooks.—There, that's right! lash it on! pull taut! There's clever lads! And now set your sail up, and hold it fast—Excuse my freedom, gentlemen."

Most willing were William and I to excuse freedom which gave us so much pleasure; especially when taken by Ridgway, and we rigged a sail out of the tarpaulin, and kept it elevated at the fore part of the boat, with more goodwill than dexterity.

We were additionally gratified in finding that this contrivance greatly accelerated the progress of the bark, and having taken the carcass of the youngest bear aboard, we towed along the others at a swift yet easy rate. Meanwhile, it became very evident, that important changes in the situations of the floes were about to occur; the lines of the flaw edges, which formed the ancient confines of the 'hole of water,' became new to us; 'bights and hummocks,' the positions of which were before familiar to our sight, were now lost or moving about in disorder; and harsh crashes, or sounds

of plunging icebergs, broke upon the ear, like presages of future evil.

"I do wish we were aboard, Sir," muttered our loquacious boat-steerer, "for they will have need of hands, and we shall want a more secure bottom than that in which we now float."

"I do not know which is most secure, John Ball," replied the mate. "And I'd have you get your bag filled as soon as you go aboard, lest you should not have time when the nip comes."

"Now you seek to frighten me, Mr. Ridgway," said John Ball; "but I'm not afraid of a little cracking ice, not I; though I must say, this look out is not so good as I could wish it."

"May be not," answered Mr. Ridgway; "but look to your oar; and do you, my lads, give way, like noble fellows. Pull, John Hunter, as if you were just hove in sight of Balta Sound, on board your own smart cazy, with six months pay in your pouch. Take fair strokes, Wallie, my chiel—Bear a hand, you Nickie Tadpole, or whatever else your name may be, or you'll get your ell cut off. Never care for looking at the flaws, you loon—they'll not run you down, I guess.

By the time we arrived alongside of the Levi-

athan all her ordinary sails had been set, and our boat and our bears were hoisted up without delay. All hands were upon deck, and on going below, I found that every guest had vanished. Jem, the cabin boy, was stowing away horns and black jacks, with a blunt visage, and, on inquiry, I learnt that Captain Shafton was in the 'crow's nest.'

"There is some danger at hand," observed I to William, "and I think we had better take Ridgway's joke in earnest, and collect our most valuable effects, and put them into our bags."

"I think so too," replied my friend; "so here goes my case of instruments for a foundation."

"And there my case of manuscripts," added I, "for my beginning;" and thus we continued emptying our boxes till we had filled our sacks, which we deposited on our beds, and went upon deck, to observe what was going forward.

It is easy to read in the countenances of most men when the fear of danger is in their hearts, and we saw various readings of the degree of our peril on many faces. On those of the officers, indeed, we beheld nothing but energy and

resolution; but it is not from the features of those habituated to disguise their feelings, that we may expect silent intelligence of what is passing within. Nevertheless, we allowed for the exaggerating imaginations of the men—less capable as they must be of estimating the real state of our situation; but even then we saw enough to assure us that we were in great jeopardy, and we needed no other addition to the novelty of our circumstances to make them intensely interesting. That we might keep out of the way of the crew passing and repassing on the deck, and yet command a view of the motions of the ice, and the working of the vessel, we stationed ourselves in one of the upper quarter boats, ready with our pocket telescopes to catch glimpses of every occurrence. From hence we saw that our lake existed no longer, that its boundaries were broken up, and scattered around, in various and still varying directions; and that, though there were many 'leads,' 'lanes," or passages, between the fields of ice, none of them were practicable, either from their narrowness, or from the dangerous nature of the closing masses that formed their sides. The stiffness of the breeze, which might almost be called a gale, and the roughness

of the sea, which swelled into larger billows than I had expected to have met in the placid northwater, were also sources of impediment to the escape of the ship from her surrounding enemies, and I confess I looked on with a sort of hopeless curiosity, with regard to the measures that were to extricate us from our difficulty.

At various points might be seen the several other vessels, which but so lately had been our companions, all with their sails set, and their decks manned, ready to take advantage of the first opening among the ice; and I bade them mentally farewell, in that tone of feeling that may dwell in the midst of friends parting before battle, to take their stations in that field from which few of them are to return. I must not, however, have it supposed that I was either melancholy or fearful, but one cannot look upon the probability of approaching destruction, either to one's friends or oneself, without a sensation of sadness and regret. The events of the next hour tended greatly to increase these sentiments. In about ten minutes, the yards, which had been hove aback, were hauled forwards, and braced up, and the Leviathan darted off like a hawk let loose upon its prey. A short time brought us to a confused pack of loose

pieces of ice, floating in turbulent agitation between two large floes, which lay on either side beyond them; but as there was nothing but icy fields and bergs to be seen right a head, I was at a loss to conceive why we quitted a clear space, and entered among a wilderness of fragments, the passage through which would only bring us deeper within the bosom of the desert of flaws, which stretched out in boundless extent before us. Nevertheless, I observed that the other ships began to take a course much similar to ours, and I set myself to discover the motive on which they acted, and was puzzling myself and William most confoundedly with wise conjectures, when I heard Shipley say to the mate, "They are closing rapidly, and unless we get beyond that point we shall be caught." This hint set me upon the right scent, and I soon afterwards noticed that the two immense fields of ice, which had formed the northern and southern boundaries of our lake, were approaching towards each other, while the smaller packed ice, which had served before to keep them apart, was breaking up, and no longer offered any resistance to their junction. This at once explained that we were in danger of being nipped between the edges of the floes, when they should

close, and that, unless we could force our way through the loose masses, which crowded the outlets at either end, we should inevitably be crushed to pieces.

There can be no danger more great, no difficulty more perplexing, than that of commanding the motions of a vessel among a crowd of giant rocks of ice, all driving and whirling each other around, in blind and unintelligible tumult. To him who can abstract his attention from personal hazard, the sight is supremely grand; and to those who regard it as the prospect of approaching destruction, it must be deeply awful; but to the man who feels the weight of responsibility for the lives and fortune of many of his fellow creatures, attached to the solicitude which naturally arises in his bosom for his own safety, the state of anxiety and excitement into which he is brought must be painfully acute. Yet, though I surmised and concluded that Captain Shafton's station was now one of the least enviable, and expected to behold some of the agitation on his countenance, which must doubtlessly have disturbed his breast, I discerned in him but little difference of demeanour, and none of look. His promptitude, activity, and decision, seemed redoubled, and his commands were uttered with

more than usual authority. He saw every thing, and provided against every mischance, and seemed to comprehend at one glance the value and bearing of every variation of position that was taking place in the moving masses before him; and I noticed that his confidence of manner, and quickness in adopting his measures, inspired all his shipmates with reliance and energy. And here, as I have spoken freely of the characters of British seamen while at their ease, I will give my observations on their behaviour when surrounded with perils, and looking shipwreck in the face. My belief then is, that no sense of fear, no calculation of consequences, unnerves their limbs, or withers up their resolution. Bold, tractable, and unsparing in labour, they urge on their forces to gain the object in view, with the most obedient willingness, and the most reckless daring, unchecked by the suggestions of selfishness, and unintimidated by the proximity of destruction. Submission, alacrity, and pertinacity of purpose, dwelling in minds that knew not how to shrink, and in bodies that scarcely seemed to feel, were the prevailing qualities of those sailors I saw before me, and I doubt not that those I have not seen would exhibit the same merits under similar circumstances. But a truce to reflections—

In sooth, there was little time for such quiet exercise of the faculties, at the period of which I am now speaking. With something like a press of sail, we bore down upon the wreck of ice that encumbered the passage, through which we hoped to penetrate, and ran the stem of our vessel boldly up against a large wedge-shaped plain, which blocked up the mouth of the channel. This was, indeed, somewhat of a desperate remedy, but there was no other attainable, and the skill of our commander obviated effects which would have proved fatal without his expedients. A loud crash followed this assault, caused by the sudden breaking athwart of the field against which we struck, and a succession of fainter reports spread through the shattered troop, which occupied the sea beyond. The Leviathan retreated, forced back by the rebound of the blow she had given, and in the meanwhile the divided ice parted, and opened a space between its halves, wide enough to admit the ship. Into this gulph we then drove with our sails filled with wind, but as we entered the jaws of the ice, "shiver the main yard," was the command, and the mainyard shivered in the breeze. This manœuvre diminished the impetus of our course, by lessening the impelling power,

and we encountered a block of ice, lying at the extremity of the chasm, with less violence than before.

Ten or twelve men now descended upon the contiguous masses, and carried out warps and ice anchors, while a heavy piece of iron, suspended from the end of the bowsprit, was let fall with repeated strokes upon the impediment in our front. These yielded, and all hands on board repeated a measure I have before described, of runing aft with the warps, to draw the vessel forward. This was a time in which I could not remain an idle spectator. With my friend William I quitted my watch tower, and volunteered my hands and strength, which were gladly accepted. During this work of hauling on board, the men on the ice were engaged in forcing apart with poles the pieces which obstructed our progress, and what with 'boring' by pressure of canvass, 'thumping' from the bowsprit, dragging with warps, and dividing with hand-spikes, we contrived to get some way through the closely packed shoal of fragments, which held us in confinement.

We had not, however, gotten half way to the point beyond which we should have been in safety, when a tremendous explosion among the ice behind us attracted our anxious attention. On

looking back, we soon perceived the cause, the most distant extremities of the two mighty floes had come in contact, and one of them had been rent asunder. A dread commotion was raised all around by this occurrence; a thousand crackling and reverberating echoes ran wildly through the floes on every side; the sea, rough before, now became tempestuously swoln by the shock, and the fragments through which we had passed were driven along upon us with threatening violence. The wind, as if roused by the thunder of the contending flaws, grew more boisterous, and most of our sails were quickly clewed up to avoid its effects. But when the onset of the billows, covered with icy battering-rams, burst against us, I, and I believe every one else in the ship, gave the vessel up for lost. We were taken as if a vortex had opened beneath our keel, and were swung round so instantaneously, that many of us were thrown down, while the others only kept their feet by clinging to whatever was at hand. Our first impulse was to endeavour to save ourselves by leaping upon the ice; but when we looked over the rough trees, and saw the fragments wheeling round, and rising over each other in every direction, we hesitated to take a step so hasty and unpromising. We

were further checked by observing those of our men, who had been sent upon the patches, to fasten the warps, and use the poles, running about in dismay, and falling down at every instant, from the concussions which their floats of ice received, and we were encouraged to remain by the mate, who, having gone down below, returned to tell us that no water had found its way into the ship. To convince themselves, several, who feared to examine the well, lest they should be taken by surprise by another convulsion of the ice, while engaged beneath the decks, set on the pumps, and brought up a full stream! Dismay spread over many a face at this destruction of our new-born hope; but Ridgway reassured us, by proving that what we beheld was no more than the usual quantity of water, which entered through the undiscovered leak, since we had received the violent shock sometime back; and having taken the carpenter and boatswain down with him, to sound the well, this statement was found correct.

While we were thus employing a momentary truce, which the sudden quiescence of the floes allowed, a new concentration of force was gathering around us, which shortly afterwards burst into action like an earthquake. The surface of

the sea, for miles on every side, became concealed with the masses of ice, which the wind had brought together, excepting a portion of 'the hole' in which we had lately ranged in safety. Turning from the pump, I cast my eyes over this expanse and saw it in a state of quietude, as if its impulse of commotion were expended; but as I gazed along the vast remaining floe, which had shattered its opponent in the onset, a long, hideous, wandering crash, like an irregular discharge of many small cannon, issued from its surface, and ten thousand minor cracks extended in all directions as if to the horizon. The ship immediately began to reel, and my attention was so absorbed by the convulsion going on before me, that I recollect merely laying hold of a rope, and continuing to stare at the icy plain. As I looked, I next beheld large masses of the broken flaws raise their thick edges above the surface of those pieces contiguous to them, upon which the body of ice beyond immediately pressing forward, reared them up suddenly into the air, when they remained fixed. This effect of pressure occurred in many places around, adding fresh noises to the multiplicated crashes which rose and died away on every side; but I was not allowed much time for contemplating

them. As I stood still looking at the contention of water, wind, and icy fragments, I observed the whole surfaces of the flaws before me move forward, and an instantaneous lift of the Leviathan succeeded. A loud crash reverberated through her interior, as if her timbers had yielded, and several voices cried out, "she is nipped! she is lost!" while most of the crew laid hold of their bags, which were all upon deck, and sprang to the rough trees. But, while several were actually in the chains, about to leap upon the ice, a sudden reaction among the fragments, or perhaps a cessation of the pressure, took place, and the floes that lay around us separated with a clattering din, like the fall of an immense pile of stones. The ship sunk down into the water, and floated upright, and in three minutes there were a hundred yards of clear water around her. This dissolution of contact was universal, for almost every piece broke apart from its neighbour, and the sea appeared between them. Our first object was to look out for the poor fellows who had been exposed on the floating ice, to the dangers of the struggle, and we observed them all safe, though on several pieces in different positions about us. We then began to lower away a boat, for the purpose of fetching them aboard, although

the turbulence of the waves and wind was excessive, and threatened to stave it against the fragments; but while we were thus engaged, the captain called out that the ice was again setting together; and we could perceive the truth of this information, by the disappearance of the little lanes of water between the shattered floes. We now gave up our hopes of security, and prepared to quit the vessel, when the 'nip' was given, for we did not doubt that the ice would go through her sides with acquired force: but to our great delight, we perceived it close with a gentle union, free from any loud crashes like the former explosions; while it was evident that the wind, which but a minute before raged violently, was now rapidly falling. To crown our satisfaction, the fragments were borne quietly up against the sides of the Leviathan without much pressure; and though we became beset, a situation hateful to whale-catchers, we were freed from the fear of losing our vessel, and perhaps our lives.

Such is a slight sketch of an event, which threatened to destroy, in a few moments, man and the proudest of his works. In no situation can the slight tenure of existence be so strikingly demonstrated as on the troubled waters of the

deep, nor can the nothingness of human invention, the futility of its long laboured productions, look more humiliating in the eyes of the lord of the creation, than when he hastens to abandon the masterpiece of his hands to the fury of the elements, happy if he can desert it before it involve him in its own destruction.

It will readily be supposed by the reader, that I have given but an abstract of my feelings and remarks on this, as well as on many other occasions, and he will, perhaps, congratulate himself that I have not delivered my teeming note books of the whole of their contents. "Thank heaven!" he will exclaim, "since this small portion of the narrative is so tedious and ungratifying, that the author has not tasked us with a full and particular account of his wanderings and adventures. It would have required more time to get through them than was spent in the voyage, and more patience to endure them than would suffice to make a saint."

Well, then, since the reader chooses to use me so ungratefully, I will trouble him no more with my beauties of ice, and my perils of ocean, my labyrinths of wisdom, and my delightful 'cabinet,' and being beset in latitude 76° 17' on the seventh of June, I will put myself on short

allowance of loquacity, and close my lips in silence.

Yet, can I refrain from saying a few words of the other vessels, which were in company with us, and, like ourselves, encountered the horrors of expected shipwreck? Certainly not; but I shall briefly state, that of five which had insinuated themselves into the 'hole of water,' three were carried through the shattered ice out to sea, by fortunate revolutions of the fragments, while the others underwent the same fate as ourselves, and were frozen up at different points from the Leviathan. I was happy to observe, that one of these unfortunates was 'the Dutchman,' for I had set my heart on going on board a Dutch whaler, and to have been disappointed, on the eve of gratification, would have been woeful indeed; nor was I sorry that the second was the D——, with whose officers I was on familiar terms. To me being beset was an event of much contentment, since I had greatly desired to remain for some time stationary near a floe, and a more complete mode of gratifying my inclination could not have occurred.

During the night, or that period which was night elsewhere, the pieces of ice that environed us became frozen together, forming one vast

field or island, of about six miles in length, and four and a half in breadth, diversified with numerous hummocks and elevations of every description. As is the case with all floes, the surface was extremely irregular, and unfit to traverse, offering to the feet endless ridges, hollows, rifts, projections, and other kinds of irregularities and impediments. In two days, however, a deep fall of snow remedied this evil in appearance, by levelling every irregularity on the face of the plain; yet, in reality, a march of a few fathoms along the face of the flaw became less practicable than before. At every step the adventurer sunk up to his knees in some hidden depression, or was rolled at his length over some little declivity, and buried at its base beneath the snow, or he found himself stuck fast in a hole, from which he was compelled to beg assistance to be extricated. It afforded fine sport to the 'old hands,' to point out to the 'green men' a seal, lying at some distance on the ice, having ascended through an aperture to bask in the sun-shine, and to persuade the novice to set off in pursuit of it. Ignorant of the manner in which the animal had arrived so far from the sea, the dupe flies off, boat-hook in hand, to slay it, certain that it cannot escape him in the chase;

but when, after affording occasion for roars of laughter to all who witness his numerous tumbles, floorings, and summersets, he reaches the black bladdernose, which, with head erect, and outstretched snout, has been gazing at his approach, and prepares to strike it with his weapon, the sly brute gives a wild snort, flings itself round, and goes 'tail up' through its narrow passage, to his utter surprise and disappointment.

Nevertheless, the mate, together with William and myself, resolved to make an expedition to the 'Dutchman,' lying N. E. about half a mile from our ship, as well to see what was worth seeing, as to invite the skipper to spend an evening in our cabin. When beset, the Greenlanders are necessarily without sufficient employment to occupy their time, and they rejoice if another vessel shares their misfortune, that it may afford them companions for their idle hours.

Running in a sack, or blindfolded over a ploughed field, might in some degree compare with the labour of our progression on this hard service, but the slipperiness added to the roughness of the surface could only belong to ice. Many a hard encounter with concealed blocks and sharp edges, on which I continually fell, marked my skin with bruises, during our jour-

ney; but the novelty of the promenade, and the mirth it afforded, softened the blows enough to make them tolerable. We found Mynheer ——, the skipper, willing to oblige us with his society, to which he added the company of his 'doctor,' by request; a request cordially acceded to by all, for there seemed something original in the deportment of this worthy son of Esculapius, which promised to afford us entertainment.

I could hardly help smiling, at beholding the Dutchman, and recollecting the appellation of skipper bestowed upon him by our crew. Not that the word was misapplied, as it signifies nothing but the captain of a ship; but I could not help giving it another signification, and thinking that I never saw a man less calculated to skip than this jolly Hollander, who certainly impressed no idea of agility upon the senses, either while in motion, or as he sat imprisoned in a wide arm-chair, which to him appeared, not a strait jacket, but an *accommodation* equally as straitening to the part to which it was applied. But Mynheer was a man-mountain, delightful to encounter and travel over with one's eyes, and so globular, or rather spherical, were his dimensions, that I began to doubt less than before

that some men might be microcosms, since our visitor seemed a world in himself, and certainly proved a world of entertainment to all hands. This he did more completely, because he was no surly fellow, like Typhon, buried beneath an Etna of sordid clay, and only pouring out scalding lava and red hot stones, as accompaniments to his smoke. If he did seem a volcano when the fume drawn from his long big-bowled tobacco pipe rolled out of his mouth, and wreathed around his rotund and glowing countenance, surmounted by a woollen cap, still more deeply red, he only caused our sides to quake sympathetically with the laughter that shook his own. He knew his own weight, and had no desire to double his gravity, by adding heaviness of soul to ponderosity of body; and though to accuse such a being of levity seems malicious and untrue, in the very face of the evidence, he was undoubtedly one of the lightest hearted mortals with whom I have ever breathed the same atmosphere. In the collection of sketches I made during my voyage, one of this portly burgo-master, (as our sailors termed him,) is to me the most valuable of its kind, and not the less so because it gave the worthy skipper

infinite pleasure, and caused a smile of satisfaction upon his broad brawny visage, which I shall not soon forget.

For a companion, and one might almost add for a foil, he had chosen his 'doctor,' a grave Dutchman, of a most taciturn disposition, though by no means saturnine. He seemed to be a kind of listening mortal, who gave ear to whatever was said, with a profoundness of attention imperturbable by any contingency; and though he did speak occasionally, it was with such a measured march of words, that every syllable might have been counted as it stepped leisurely from his lips towards the ear of the auditor. Although far from equal to his commander in bulk, he was by no means small, but either hard study or an enthusiastic mind kept him bony and meagre. Still his cheeks, though flabby, were cast in a rotund mould, and he had an amplitude of bowel, curious even to the sight of one accustomed to look upon aldermen in the city of London. He possessed, however, a certain twinkle of the eye, that seemed allied to intellect; and in short, there was something inexplicable about him, and I could only imagine that he would have been a man of genius, if he had not been a Dutchman. Such

as he was, he seemed to hover round his commander, as if he were compelled to revolve about him by some law of attraction, the effect of which every one could see, and the reason of which no one could comprehend; and the perpetual contrast which this conduct afforded, between the burly and jovial captain and the thin and silent surgeon, became at length so ludicrous, that I could scarcely look at them without smiling.

After taking a liberal sip of genuine Schiedam, in which some aromatics had been infused, to qualify the reception into our stomachs of a fair portion of fat boar's ham, with which we were regaled by the Dutch commander, we descended upon the ice, to retrace our steps over hillock and hollow, and a curious group of travellers we offered to the eyes of the spectators in either vessel. Who that has seen my tall spare form, sauntering along a path-way in an English field, and waving like a withy to the breeze, could have believed their vision, could they have beheld me now, striding across an island of ice in Greenland, with limbs rounded and staunch in their step, shoulders loaded with broad muscles, and cheeks like two hemispheres of Irish beef, red, hard, and unchangeable? From a

slender sapling I had become a stout tree; yet, when I stood by the side of Mynheer, I appeared like a slight shrub growing in the shadow of some mighty cedar. As the Dutchman bore forward his vast rotundity of carcass, the icy foot-path yielded crunching beneath his feet, but to me it was strewn with stumbling blocks, which threatened my stability at every step. William, with a lightness of walk habitual to him, escaped more than half the assaults I received from concealed nodules and cavities, while Maerts Duytkin, his companion, (the two doctors having associated themselves together,) waddled steadily forward with admirable imperturbility. Ridgway, to whom coursing over the ice was more familiar than to any of us, amused himself with laughing at our 'leeway,' ever and anon taking an excursion himself to the right and left, with Grampus, our dog, in pursuit of seals, or following the scent of a bear; while behind us came a little Handerkin of a cabin-boy, laden with a bundle of tobacco pipes, of some yards in length, as a present for Captain Shafton, and a bag full of parcels of tobacco, with which to drive a trade among our sailors.

I must confess I felt some apprehension in stalking over the ice with Mynheer, whose

weighty steps seemed to menace the 'new flaw' with dissolution; but the joviality of his bearing, and the right merry tone of his jests, were temptations which blinded me to the danger of disappearing suddenly through a chasm, and we jostled along, somewhat like two gay revellers returning from an entertainment, at which we had imbibed more than a sufficient lading of spirits. Indeed the skipper laughed so heartily, without any very apparent cause for his glee, that I began to imagine him influenced more by his good hollands than by the humour of the moment, till he spoke. "I have a fancy," said he, "you are in wonder why I shake my heavy sides so much. The truth is this, I am thinking that my broad shadow, passing along before us, is like the tower of the Stadthouse, making off on two mighty pillars, while your thin ghost bears resemblance to the spire of the cathedral of Antwerp, running away with it." "Good!" cried I; "and I doubt not the tower of the Stadthouse hides more good things under its roof than the spire."

"That must be considered according to the opinion of good things with divers men," replied Mynheer. "But if you would say that my bowels are better provided with fat than yours,

I shall not deny it, and as in Greenland blubber is wealth, it follows that my skin covers better things than yours."

To this I made a suitable reply, and with similar jests, mingled with discourses of a graver cast, we reached the Leviathan, and found the captain of the D—— and his mate already in possession of the cabin; and it is needless to declare that we soon asserted our claims to seats near the glowing fire, and to horns brimming with grog. A new circle was soon formed, in the centre of which we placed the skipper, that with his bonny face he might keep the live coals in countenance, while the rest seated themselves as they might, like little hills clustering round the base of some great mountain.

There is nothing so agreeable in the society of a cabin as the unreserved confidence, or rather naïveté, with which seamen relate their adventures and difficulties, whether arising from folly, chance, or praiseworthy motives. They seem to believe that treachery is incompatible with the feelings of a seafarer, and put their messmates in possession of all their indiscretions, and all their troubles; nor are they less averse to detail their exertions in the cause of virtue and humanity, without considering that they

might be charged with vanity and boasting. But to accuse men of pride or vain glory, who feel no other impulse for relating their personal narratives than the desire to speak of subjects on which they are best informed, and whose confined sphere allows them to be acquainted with little else than themselves and their comrades, would be an excess of wisdom too great for any but a learned German searcher into the intricate recesses of the human heart; and with this preface, apologue, or prologue, I proceed to state, that, for a long time, our visitors, as well as ourselves, did nothing but discourse on their and our merits and demerits, interspersing their colloquies with sundry tales, anecdotes, and witty jests, whose spiritual conceits, like the fragrance of many flowers, would not allow of preservation to after times.

The Skipper, or Mynheer, as he was called by all hands, by way of pre-eminence, was indeed a very crater of mirth and joviality, from which ever and anon were cast forth bright repartees, like red hot pumice, and gay and fun-provoking stories, like streams of glowing lava. All the smoke that accompanied these irruptions issued from his pipe, which was of vast length and capacity, and considering him in the light of a

volcano, I am inclined to believe the theory, that explosions from fiery mountains are caused by the application of water to their bowels, is partly correct, for it was very evident that the frequent draughts of grog inhausted by Mynheer, were succeeded by bursts of side-quaking laughter, and vollies of scintillating witticisms; but, whether these phenomena were owing to the water, or to the spirit contained in the compound, I leave to wiser geologists than myself to determine. Certain I am, that our man-mountain's head was the very pinnacle of boon-companionship, a citadel of jokes and mockery, an Acropolis of wisdom according to Democritus; and although Doctor Maerts Duytkin was altogether as grave and profound on the adverse side, there was that solid reality in his expression, both of countenance and voice, devoid of sourness or quackery, that made him not less relishing to the appetite of a wag. William, who possesses that good humoured malice of imagination commonly called 'wickedness,' took delight in sounding the depths of his brother surgeon's faculties, by laying baits to draw him out; but Maerts, like an electric machine, required a great deal of rubbing before he could be excited to produce a spark; and it was very plain that he

partook more of the negative than of the positive state, for he was more ready to receive the jests of another, than to give birth to any himself. Our other guests were men of the usual stamp of merry fellows over a bottle, willing to please and be pleased, and in no way deficient in gaiety.

It was at this time that Grampus, our dog, was attacked by a violent cold in his ears and eye, arising from his frequent excursions through the snow, and that Andrew, the spectioneer, fitted on the red night-cap he had picked up in the river, after the adventure of the Dutch skipper and his vrow, in order to defend his head from the further influence of the frost. Grampus was a large black water-spaniel, and had adopted the fashion prevalent among all animals in the Greenland seas, of becoming superfluously fat, superfluously, I say, *quoad* the usual proportion of fat and lean in our own country, though I wish not to deny that providence has furnished this species of armour as a fortification against the intensity of the cold in these regions. To his corpulence, which made him the model of a bear, the dog added a thick shaggy tangle-curled coat, that bolstered out his sides, and wreathed around his neck with all

the exuberance of a buckish Jarvy's twenty-caped dread-nought, and being thus swaddled by nature, and comforted by Andrew, who, I imagine, felt some evil pleasure in the assimilation, Grampus introduced himself between the legs of the jovial Hollander, and took a seat before the fire, with his head insconced in its scarlet helmet. Had our guest been in the most testy humour that ever issued from the spleen of man, it would have been impossible for us to have refrained from a burst of laughter, on beholding this canine double of Mynheer; but the Dutchman himself, far from feeling affronted by a likeness which he perceived as quickly as the rest, was the most lively in his mirth. "Boy," cried he, "bring a pipe and a 'horn,' for this countryman of mine, and let them be of good capacity, for he seems to take after me. I shall soon discover, by the way he employs them, whether he be not a relation, as I already opine. What say you, Maerts, is there not a likeness between our visages?"

"That is what it would be difficult to tell," replied the Doctor, "unless the dog would cause himself to be shaven; for as truly as I am a good citizen and a graduate in physic, he more resembles a great hairy demon than a smooth-

faced christian. I would counsel you, Sir, to avoid the contact of the creature, for in these abandoned regions it would not be a thing surprising to encounter an evil being."

"I think so, too, doctor," observed Captain W——, "and accordingly I keep a sharp look out whenever a strange ship heaves in sight. The devil and his imps are always in pursuit of the good, and, therefore, I have cause to fear."

"Not if you be good, Sir," cried the skipper, "which is the reason why I never trouble myself with the movements of old Dunderhead. But it is different with my doctor, who has to answer for the deaths of many."

Many cross shots were exchanged on this subject, which I omit, as being a kind of artillery dangerous for one who may again become an invalid to be esteemed guilty of using, since it might happen, that some quacksalver, deeming himself another Brutus, would take the opportunity of revenging the cause of his brethren on my person. I shall, therefore, proceed to state, that the night-cap of Grampus gave rise to an account of the manner in which the dog became possessed of it; and Shipley, who was the narrator, did not forget to embellish his picture of the frow battering the skipper's head with

tobacco-pipes, with several dry touches of sarcasm and sly humour.

"Very good, very good, Sir," cried Mynheer, when the mirth produced by the tale had subsided. "I would swear that the dame were Juffer Wackerman's of the Luttel Zeebobbel of Brouwershaven. That good man, whom you saw her besetting with her fists, is her second husband, and she bears the credit of having made the first so sick of her company that he died to avoid it."

"There is many a man who would almost as willingly take the odds of such a proceeding," said Shipley.

"How mean you?" asked I.

"Why, the difference between the devils they leave and the devils they go to," replied the second mate. "If there is any distinction, it is generally in favour of the last."

"Ah, you speak like a married man, Mr. Shipley," cried Mynheer; "surely you have a wife?"

"I hardly know whether I have or not," answered the second mate. "'Tis true I have been married these ten years, but I have never been ill used, nor even contradicted, by my better half. She neither sulks in the morning,

nor scolds at night, nor quarrels with my friends, nor sets her friends to quarrel with me; so that, judging by what I know of other wedded couples, I almost fear she does not consider me as her husband."

This observation of Shipley's led to a conversation on the causes of unhappiness in the marriage state, when Mynheer, in order to illustrate one of his assertions, told us the following story.

THE VROUW.

"I WAS," said he, "a lad of ordinary size, a mere mannikin, although I am now as good as twenty bodies of my former bulk, when I knew Mensy Slick, the gayest lass about Boorlwyk. She was ever at play, like a coney frisking along a sand hill, or a shrimp skimming about among sea-weeds, and, in truth, she was, though plump and not very small, as light as a lavrock. Her cheeks were red, and her neck was fair, and her eyes glanced from side to side as quick and as black as a swallow gliding over a meadow; and so I left her, the wickedest young wanton that ever tormented the young men of a village. When I returned from sea, two years afterwards, I found her the wife of old Engelbrecht Vander Gucht, the rich draper of

Amsterdam, who had retired to end his life at Boorlwyk, where he was born.

"But what a husband was Engels for Mensy! He was decrepid and diseased in every part of his body. His eyes were sore, and his teeth were gone, and his lungs were consuming with a terrible cough. He would spit blood for a week together, and a dismal asthma kept him consuming night and day. He had liver complaints, and fits of the stone, and of the gout, and was crooked of his right leg, and blind of his left eye, and when he could find breath to speak, he stuttered woefully. Such a patchwork of calamities was Engelbrecht, that he used to be called the hospital scapegoat, and it was sneeringly said, that he had grown rich by taking on himself the infirmities of other men for a good round sum of money. When he crawled out through the hamlet, the boys, pointing to his limbs, were wont to call out 'Heugh! there's Wilkin Borst's game leg!—that's Corny Wasscher's gimblet eye!—Hola—Engels, what shall I give you to take my sore toe, or my hollow tooth?' and the grown up folks would shrug up their shoulders, and talk of the power of the devil over old sinners. Nevertheless, Mensy

married him, for she loved dress and idleness, and he settled more than half his property on her, and she became the envy and the pity of the female part of the wick, and the object of attraction to the male portion. Mensy hoped her husband would not live long, and so thought every one else, and troops of suitors began already to court her in expectation of her widowhood. But Vander Gucht lived on for several years, and seemed, like an old pair of leather breeches, to grow harder and more tough by being worn. Mensy began to lose her bloom, and to assume the figure of a matron, but her gaiety grew more open, and, in spite of her husband, she would have visitors of all kinds to see her. It was in vain for Engels to bluster, and sputter out rebukes and commands;—he had settled a handsome jointure on his spouse, and he soon found that Mensy Slick, the frolick newt of Boorlwyk, could become an alligator, if opposed and contradicted.

"Every year, indeed every month, was now assigned as the last for poor Engelbrecht, by all the village, and candidates for the hand of his wife grew more bold and assiduous; but among the number three were the most constant and

determined. One was a dapper pettifogger, with a nose like a radish, flanked by two black currants for eyes. He was dressed so primly, and looked so smooth, with his tye-wig of chestnut, and his coat of olive green, his black silk breeches, and his silver-mounted horn shoe-buckles, that he might have passed for a newly-fledged plover walking out of a marsh. Another was a broad-backed, turnip-headed, bow-legged grazier, with a blunt snout, ending like a fosset, and a bag of bowels as capacious as the belly of a main sail, but his wide mouth had a most comic expression, and his grin was better than the grimace of Punchinel at making one laugh. The third suitor was, (though a seaman), a little solemn bald-pated schipper, who carried goods along shore, and sometimes ran a cargo of hollands into England. When not engaged in his smuggling, he used to talk of the rights of man to any body who would listen to him, and he had such a solemn prosing way of talking, that every body assumed a right of getting out of his way at the earliest opportunity. In his person he was something like a pot-bellied kangaroo, for his arms were longer than his legs, and had he been a tumbler, it

would have been scarcely possible, when his heels were in the air, to have told his head from his stern. This was Adrian Slaaphamer; and when the three rivals were seated round old Engel's fire, with Mensy on one side of the hearth, and her husband on the other, a more incongruous mockery of sociality was never exhibited.

"But it was chiefly at the time when old Engelbrecht paid his annual visit to Amsterdam, (a custom he would not have given up had death appeared in character to warn him,) that Mensy's wide fire-place was encircled with visitors. The more bashful suitors, who feared the evil glance of old Engel's eye, or who possessed some sense of decorum, then offered their respects to her they hoped would so soon be able to repay them, and the three bold candidates felt themselves bound to be there, to maintain their ground in the lady's good graces. Jugs of frothy ale, and slices of fried ham and dried fish, then served to exhilarate the visitors, who formed Mensy's circle of flatterers, and every one told his tale, and sung his song, and gave his leer, and made his soft speech, as he liked. These scenes took place at old Engelbrecht's

house, near the seaside, on the Glatterig dike, about two miles from Boorlwyk, and there were seldom fewer than five or six strangers every night at supper; but one evening there were ten, besides Wilhelm Schuyter, the lawyer, and Yan Hondekin, the grazier, sitting beneath the wide dome of the chimney when the meal was ready. These worthies, however, did not heed the presence of so many compeers, but endeavoured to improve the opportunity, by saying their best things in the ear of Mensy, who was uncommonly good-humoured. Besides which, Schuyter told of law-suits, wherein rich widows were ruined, for want of a faithful counsellor in their legal proceedings, and concluded every tale with a moral, to shew that it would be best for every woman of property to take a lawyer for a husband, while he gave sly hints that graziers, schippers, traders, and other such 'loose fellows,' were the parties who brought the widows aforesaid to distress. But, in return, Hondekin related merry stories, that tickled the fancy of the gay dame, and hitched in likenesses of his rivals, so facetiously, that even Wilhelm was obliged to shew laughter on his lips, though he grinned abominably in his

heart. There was, perhaps, more of fun in the broad humorous twist of Yan's countenance, than in the wit of his anecdotes, but he never failed to get the laugh on his own side, when he began to wind up his features in his ludicrous manner, one by one, as a fiddler screws round his pegs to put his instrument in tune. On first coming in, he would look like a great calf dressed in a leathern jerkin, with a pair of sacks tied round his knees for breeks, and two bushels of bargoo in its belly. Or on Sundays, when encased in his best suit of stiff apparel, with his chin fresh shaven, he resembled a hog scalded and papered up ready for roasting entire, with a great herb pudding sewed up in its paunch; but after taking off a dram or two, and whiffing off a pipe, he began to turn his wide face, from side to side, upon every one present, like a moon rising over the summit of a mountain, and looking down in wonder upon the inhabitants of the vallies below. Then one eye would give a wink, and the opposite make a contortion; his forehead drew up, and his chin poked out; and his nose took a curve, and his mouth assumed the figure of a crescent; and all his features, which were never at any time in their proper

places, now appeared entirely to change situations with each other, till, having worked them up to a sufficient pitch of burlesque, he opened his mouth, and gave out his story.

"On this particular night, Yan was not only comic but he was almost brilliant, and Wilhelm waxed proportionably dull, and even wroth, for his rival made him a sort of butt, at which he shot his queer bolts, while Mensy and her guests seemed to enjoy the sport. At other times, Adrian Slaaphamer was the laughing stock of the rest, but he was now absent with his vessel, gone the Lord knows where. Adrian, indeed, was always considered a hopeless candidate for the favour of Mensy, although he tried hard to persuade her into a sense of his own worthiness, and her great need of a liberal and enlightened helpmate, like himself; but the buxom dame saw little promise in his leaden eye, and his small, square, dumpy carcass, notwithstanding all his philosophical speeches, culled from newspapers published in Holland, when the French troops introduced liberty and equality.

"The wind blew fresh, and moaned around the stained glass casement, at the upper end of the room, in the centre of which were depicted,

on two large panes, the engulphment of Jonah, and the passage of the Hebrews through the Red Sea, done in red, blue, and yellow. Large logs of wood blazed upon the iron dogs in the fire place, and sent their bickering flames high up the chimney, and the guests having filled themselves with huge slices of hung beef, and porringers full of heavy soup, were seated on low benches round the glowing hearth. Near Mensy was placed a stout legged little table, on which stood a capacious bowl, and Yan Hondekin gallantly stationed himself opposite to her, as well to exclude Wilhelm Schuyter from the honourable post of filling the horns of the guests with a small silver ladle, as to enjoy the opportunity of whispering fine speeches in the ear of the vrouw. Mirth grew loud, and laughter widened every mouth, and incurvated every nose. Many of the guests, whose love for the mistress was satisfied by participation in the good things she afforded, forgot they had come to court the expectant widow, and beheld Yan's freedoms and takings on without a pang. They quaffed their liquor, and told their tales, and little catches and short glees burst, as if spontaneously, from their smirking lips. All were

merry except Schuyter, who sat mopingly upon a three legged stool, in the chimney corner, totally discomfited by the gaiety of Hondekin, and the welcome manner in which his flatteries were received. Nevertheless, he sat not thoughtless, but full of deep cogitations, how he might involve his chief rival in a ruinous law suit, and cut short at once his hopes and presumption. What were his plans I know not exactly, for the object of them cared little about him, but continued ogling Mensy, and framing fresh compliments to her dress and beauty, and ever and anon chanting a stave, or joining in a chorus.

"My friend, who gave me this account of Juffrouw Vander Gucht's anticipated widowhood, and who was one of her suitors present on this occasion, was very copious in his description of Hondekin's mirth and arrogant self-satisfaction, on finding Mensy attentive to his addresses; and he repeated several of his songs, which I have forgotten, although I recollect he was singing one beginning thus:—

'An old stork built him a lofty nest,
Well stuft with down and hay,
And he chose him a wife, but he could not rest,
So he took wing and flew away.

Then angels and owlets came chirping to find
The nest and the mate he had left behind,
And widgeons and gulls came flocking around,
To see what good things the others had found.
But angels and widgeons all found their mistake,
When they saw the nest filled by a jolly fat drake'—

when the door of the room was thrown open, and Engelbrecht Vander Gucht entered, followed by a crew of fellows of formidable appearance, and outlandish jargon.

"At no time was the sight of old Engels much better than the vision of a demon, and many there were who believed him to be a limb o Satan, but at this moment his look was truly diabolical. All his deformities, his crooked limbs, his wry face, his great head, and his little body, seemed distorted and mishapen, more strikingly than before, and his living eye gleamed bluely like a spot of burning brimstone, while his artificial goggle appeared fixed and dead. He did not, however, manifest that debilitated and tottering gait which at other times he was wont to shew, and when he hurried up to his spouse, and thrusting his crab's-claw fingers into her hair, dragged her backward over her seat, with a growl of malignance heightened to a shriek, all the guests concluded that he must be a fiend,

and a general shout of 'de Duyvel! de Duyvel!' burst from their lips, as they started up, throwing down their horns, pots, and pannikins, in dismay. But one devil was not the only enemy they had to deal with. The gang of strange followers, whom Engelbrecht had preceded, immediately fell to work with clubs and weapons of various descriptions, and those revellers who feared to face their assailants, were glad to scamper off, either out of the house, or into its inmost recesses, with exemplary fleetness. To fly, however, was no part for Yan Hondekin to act: he reared himself up on end, like a bear at bay, when he found the intruders intent on mischief, and untwisting his features from their comic expression, and screwing them into one of most savage ferocity, he picked up the stools and little benches which his companions had deserted, and flung them one by one at the heads of the enemy. Not a few were floored by these weighty missiles; but one foe, a short, squab, globular fellow, who particularly annoyed him with a long boat-hook, eluded every aim, till only the bowl of punch and its pedestal were left. Then Yan, lifting the mighty basin with both his hands, applied the edge of it deliberately to his lips, and poured

a torrent of its contents into his roaring belly, after which he balanced the vase in his right fist, and sent it, showering around its steaming fluid, direct against the sconce of his tormentor, over which it broke, and tore away a wig and a mask, which had concealed the features of Adrian Slaaphamer. Haddig, reeking with punch, and spurting out slender jets of blood from the wounded veins of his bald head, twirled round several times upon one leg, and fell to the ground, like a great red cabbage, while Hondekin cheered his overthrow with laughter. But the man of cattle, casting his eyes aside immediately afterwards, upon hearing a scream, beheld old Engelbrecht glutting his fury upon his wife, into whose face he had fastened his curved talons, like a wild tiger-cat. Had not Mensy believed at first that she beheld the spirit of her husband, and swooned away in consequence, Engels might as well have assailed a rampant rhinoceros; but, as it was, he had gotten the upper hand, and was scoring the cheeks of his vrow like a ribbed melon, when Yan grasped hold of his back, as a dog would seize a kitten, and giving him a furious shake, flung him into the fire-place, where his head struck against the noddle of Wilhelm Schuyter

who had concealed himself in the smoke and obscurity of the chimney nook. Having committed this rash act, Hondekin stood still for a moment, then uttered a string of violent execrations, and strode towards the door, over the body of the prostrate skipper, which he rolled along with a kick as he passed.

"What took place after this I cannot detail to you, as my informant quitted the scene of action directly Yan was gone; and he was glad to escape, for the affair had assumed a serious aspect. However, it has since been known, that Adrian Slaaphamer, who had planned the attack, (for which purpose he had fetched old Engels from Amsterdam,) soon recovered from the insensibility caused by the shock of the punch bowl, and, with the assistance of his smuggling crew, plundered the house of all its valuables, which he conveyed on board his ship, and set sail for America, to which place he had long been talking of going, and all endeavours to trace him to his retreat proved fruitless.

"Old Engelbrecht was found squatting, like a scared hare, behind the fire-place, very little the worse for the shaking he had received from

Van, and his love of money induced him to forbear prosecuting that worthy, upon his offering a handsome compensation. Wilhelm Schuyter was a lawyer, and therefore his head could receive no damage; but Juffrouw Vander Gucht lost all her lovers, and before her husband died, which was not till many years after this explosion, she lost all her bloom and all her beauty."

Could I convey on paper the manner in which Mynheer delivered this little tale, I should be more delighted with its appearance; but it is as impossible to transcribe his jovial tone and elocution, as it would be to transfer his jocund bacchanalian countenance to a piece of marble. His narrative was so mingled with peculiar expressions, and odd Dutch expletives, that, unless they were repeated in the quaint manner in which I heard them, I fear they would not be relished by the reader. I have, therefore, omitted them, but to me this historiette was a most piquant morceau, from the accidental garniture it received in its recital.

Much conversation on the story of poor Engelbrecht, and the demerits of his case, followed, which would be infinitely too long for insertion; but the passion which led to his un-

happiness became a theme for discussion, which ultimately produced the succeeding tale from Mr. C——, the mate of the English ship frozen up with us; and I give it at full length, because, from the circumstance of our being stationary, I had several opportunities of enlarging and correcting my notes.

MORTRAM.

"About the middle of the last century, there resided in London a young man, named Mortram. He held a respectable situation in one of the public offices, and, indeed, he descended from a family in which similar situations had become as it were hereditary, for his ancestors had, from the time of James the First, always held some profitable, though, perhaps, not very elevated, post under the crown. As they had all been of extremely pliant dispositions, had always taken care to make friends of their superiors in office, and were not of sufficient rank to become at any time dangerous or obnoxious, they had weathered all the changes of government, during so long and disturbed a period. They had been zealous episcopalians during the reign of James the First, and the earlier years of his son. While the rump par-

liament sat firmly on the saddle, they had been true blue presbyterians, but when Cromwell mounted in its stead, they had become independants.

"Like many thousand of others, as soon as Monk dawned upon the political horizon, and gave unequivocal signs of the rising of Charles the Second, the worthy representative of the family of Mortram discovered that he had been utterly mistaken in his opinions for the last twenty years, and he suddenly became a most loyal and jovial cavalier.

"Commissioner Mortram, who lived in the reign of James the Second, added to the cavaliering zeal of his father sundry religious doubts and scruples concerning the reformation. He held many discussions with a catholic priest, (for he thought it best to be convinced and converted with as much eclat as possible), and he was just upon the point of being reconciled to the church of Rome, when William the Third arrived. The religion of an abdicated monarch had, of course, few attractions for Commissioner Mortram, and, as his opinions were wavering, he now thought proper to fix in presbyterianism; that is, he suffered it to be known that such was his private opinion, for he seemed to think that

a man in office might have two religions, by means of one of which he was to save his place, and of the other to save his soul. His official conscience, therefore, scrupled at nothing that appeared available to the salvation of his salary; he took all manner of tests, and swore all manner of oaths, and subscribed all manner of declarations; and after the battle of the Boyne had fixed William on the throne, and the massacre of Glencoe had shewn that he was not very scrupulous in the means he used to punish his enemies, Commissioner Mortram became a most staunch whig, and zealous supporter of the protestant succession.

"The political sentiments of the commissioner descended with his place to his heir, who, except during the administration of Harley, when he inclined a little towards Jacobitism, was always a most violent declaimer in favour of the bill of rights, the act of settlement, and all other bills and acts that the ministry thought fit to approve. So much political pliancy, added to steady plodding habits of business, an occasional marriage with the daughter of some freeman of a close borough, and many other contrivances, too numerous to mention, not only enabled every representative of this respectable family to obtain

or keep a place, but also to quarter all his male descendants on the public. There was scarce an office within the grasp of moderate ambition that has not been filled by a Mortram, and some of the race, ambitious of adding military as well as civil honours to the name, had even arrived at the ranks of colonels in the army, and captains in the navy; but the majority of those who did enter these two branches of the service, preferred the more lucrative, though less honourable posts of pursers and commissaries.

"From this very loyal and long-serving family was descended Francis Mortram, the gentleman of whom I am about to speak; but although he inherited the name, he possessed very few of the qualifications that had distinguished his ancestors. This dereliction of family feeling was, perhaps, owing to the loss of his father, who died when he was a child, and who, consequently, could not oblige him to learn, by the exercise of parental authority and example, those lessons of suppleness which had formed the principal branch of the education of his forefathers. His mother, indeed, a daughter of the steward of one of the ministry, had endeavoured to supply the deficiency; but he was an only son, and she was too fond of him to

employ the severity necessary for breaking in and training a boy in the art of watching events, and complying with circumstances.

"He grew up, therefore, obstinate, self-willed, and headstrong; and his innumerable host of cousins all predicted that he would come to evil, and prophecied that, when he did get into office, he would never be free from the censure of first clerks, commissioners, and members of whatever board chanced to have controul over him; nay, some even went so far as to hint, that he would be suspended or superannuated, or turned out altogether, before he had risen from the lowest desk, unless he altered his behaviour.

"All these doleful predictions made, however, no impression on Francis Mortram, and many a sigh, and many a sleepless night, did he cost his mother, who was, however, unable to use harshness with her only son, and who, all the while she blamed his youthful vagaries, never failed to supply him with money to support them, although to do so she was obliged to abridge many of her own conveniences; for her income was small, merely arising from a very trifling pension from government, and from the interest of her own fortune, which, considering she was a steward's daughter, was very moderate. I know not why it is,

but I have frequently observed, that a mother will do more for a wild and reckless son than for one who is dutiful and affectionate; but whether this arises from love or fear, from a desire to extricate her thoughtless boy from the difficulties in which he involves himself, or dread of his violence if she refuses her aid, or whether it originates in that love which satirists affirm the whole sex entertains for dashing dare-devil characters, I will not undertake to decide. But to return to my story—certain it is, that Mrs. Mortram defrayed all the expenses of her son, and if she did find fault and weep occasionally, she never failed to destroy the impression her advice and tears had made, by giving him more money.

"As Francis was a wild and fiery character, scarcely a day passed in which he was not engaged in some juvenile scrape; and as he was of what is falsely termed a generous disposition, that is possessed of a degree of false liberality, which prompted him to pay for all his companions at the expense of his mother, the widow began to find that her income was not sufficient to keep him at home any longer; and, after writing innumerable letters, setting forth the long and zealous services of the family, after

pestering every man in power, and after bribing secretaries out of number, she procured for him a clerkship in the ——— office.

"Notwithstanding what I have said of Francis Mortram, he was not of a wicked or even a vicious character: his faults, at the period of which I am speaking, arose rather from want of discretion and experience, and from boyish heat of blood, than from any deliberate inclination for evil. He was in truth a spoilt child, and his indiscretions partook only of the character common to all who have, unfortunately, had their juvenile passions rather fostered than controlled by an over-affectionate mother. But I shall have occasion, presently, to speak more largely of his person and inclinations," neither of which had at present fully unfolded themselves. Notwithstanding the gloomy prognostications of his innumerable cousins, Francis became somewhat a favourite in his office, and, far from becoming a butt at which the anger of superior clerks, commissioners, and board officers, discharged itself, he seemed rather to attract the notice and goodwill of those very awful personages. Indeed, he was more capable of giving satisfaction than any of his servile relations suspected, for he was a good

natured and obliging fellow, when he was compelled, by the presence of those he respected, to restrain his violence and volubility; and his very impudence was of service to him, for it prompted him to perform a thousand little offices, which others, though they might have imagined them, would have neglected for fear of giving offence, or appearing officious. Mortram had always some pleasant story to tell the first clerk and the commissioners, who, notwithstanding all their solemnity, were after all mighty silly fellows, and loved to hear the chit-chat of that jovial rattling society in which they themselves had moved in their youth, and from which they were now excluded by their place and gravity; and if any of those princes in Israel, the board officers, chanced to speak to him, Francis, instead of trembling and turning pale, and muttering out some unintelligible reply, answered promptly, though with all due respect, and with a degree of independence that gave infinitely more satisfaction than the cringing servility recommended by his friends, inasmuch as the willing deference of a free man is more agreeable than the fawning of a terrified slave.

"In addition to his personal means of attract-

ing the good will of his superiors, Mortram was as attentive to business as many of his contemporaries, and he never failed to attend his duty; although at times, indeed, he came in a morning with an aching head, the consequence of a night of riot and intemperance. In opposition, therefore, to the opinion of all his relations, he rose rapidly in his office, and he even outstripped some of the gloomy prophets who had predicted to him so many misfortunes. But even his success did not alter their opinions, they prophecied more evil than ever; and you may be certain that their good will was not strengthened by his having, as it were, given them the lie, by obstinately rising, in contradiction to the judgment they had passed upon him.

"But every step Francis took, according to the opinion of these penetrators into futurity, only brought him nearer to destruction. They declared that his good nature, and his gaiety, and his assurance, might do very well while he was young, and in the lower ranks of official dignity, but that 'the board' would expect steadiness, and gravity, and implicit obedience, and humility, and heaven only knows what, in a man of mature age, before they raised him to any post of importance. Francis might do very

well just now, while his impudence and his high spirits were considered as the mere effervescence of youth: no doubt he now was trusted like a playful kitten, which is nursed and fondled, and fed with tit bits; but an old cat is expected to look grave, and wash its face, and catch mice, and if, instead of dozing away its leisure hours, it was to frisk about the room with a ball, or run after its tail, or play any other kitten-like trick, no one would ever believe it capable of catching vermin, and it would be neglected, and half fed, if it was not turned out to starve altogether. Such, no doubt, they added, would be the end of Francis, for, instead of growing solemnly stupid and fat-headed, like the rest of his family, he became every day more lively and jovial than ever.

"With regard to this rapid rise, his cousins remarked, that an elevation above his powers was only calculated to render his defects more conspicuous; for they all decreed that he was highly defective, and could by no means comprehend how it was possible for him, who differed so widely from them, to be possessed of even common sense, much less of the mighty genius of the family; for though they were, one and all, the most stolid writing machines that ever

were manufactured, they all arrogated to themselves most astonishing intellect. They talked about being slow and sure, and hares and tortoises, and horses that exhausted themselves at the beginning of the race, and horses that managed their wind and came in first to the winning post; in fact, like nurses singing children to sleep, they drawled on eternally in the same key, and the burden of every song was, that Francis Mortram was ruined beyond redemption.

"At length the event occurred that, in their opinion, was to seal the ruin of their lucky relation. Some difficulty, which it would be both tedious and needless to mention, had arisen in the department, and all, from the first clerk to the lowest, (the very board itself included,) were in mortal coil, to arrange matters so as to present a fair front to a committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the state of its affairs. In those days, most men in office were in the habit of appropriating to themselves certain perquisites, now known by the name of cheese-parings and candle-ends, and these delinquencies, together with sundry discrepancies in accounts, stared every one in the face, and paralyzed all their efforts to arrange

their affairs. In fact, the whole department was in confusion; and terror, as usual, rendered every one incapable of action. Mortram alone preserved his coolness. He thrust himself into the breach—to the horror of all his cousins—and by the mere dint of promptitude and resolution, he carried matters through, and so well blinded the committee, that they declared that the regularity, good order, &c. &c. of the —— office was an example worthy the imitation of every other in the service. The board itself had not been without its share of alarm, while this difficulty was pending; and, although it could not decently return thanks to Mortram for his exertions, it did better, for, without assigning any cause, it raised him to the head of one department in its service, the salary of which was increased upon that occasion.

"Never was astonishment equal to that which struck the whole jolter-headed family of Mortram, at this accession of wealth and honour to their fortunate cousin; for not even one of those leaden-brained beings had mind enough even to comprehend what Francis had effected, and they now imagined that he had been rewarded, merely because he pushed himself forward in time of difficulty, and not because he had overcome

the difficulty of the times. Some imagined, that 'the board' must be mad, for encouraging a fellow who dared impudently to think for himself, and be independent, in preference to those who retained in so eminent a degree the old official virtue of dullness and servility. Others had serious thoughts of turning wits, that is, fools, for such they considered men of wit to be, and they had heard that their cousin was a wit. Nay, some actually put the plan in practice, by getting drunk, roaring about the streets, neglecting their business, and breaking windows. But the watchmen and their official superiors soon convinced them that this was not the species of wit required to get on in the world, and they gave up the attempt in time to preserve their places, and wondering that their cousin, who was occasionally guilty of breaches of the peace, had managed to make it answer.

"Some few, however, like the tortoises to whom they so very aptly compared themselves, only drew their heads within their shells, or at least sunk them deeper within the collars of their coats, and said nothing, while some few made haste to recant their opinions, and bowed and cringed to their elevated cousin, with as

much servility as if he had never been the object of their denunciation.

"It may now, perhaps, be proper to give you some description of this comet of the Mortrams, whose tract had been so eccentric, and whose blaze had been so unexpected; but first I must tell you, that the rank to which he had risen was nothing so very extraordinary, except in the opinion of his relations. He held, certainly, a respectable and lucrative situation, but when I tell you that the salary amounted to about five hundred a year, and the allowances to about half as much more, you will be better able to estimate its value. You must, however, add to the amount sundry perquisites of office, which, in those days, were permitted, or taken without permission, and you must consider how much money has depreciated and official salary augmented at the present time. All circumstances recollected, however, the place was better than is usually attained by those who enter the service of government merely for bread, and unassisted by either parliamentary or family interest, and a great deal better than any young man circumstanced like Francis Mortram had ever enjoyed.

"He was now about five and twenty years of age, rather handsome than otherwise, of the middle stature, and on the whole well made, though he still participated in that official *cut* that is common to all who are principally engaged at the desk. His personal pretensions were, however, somewhat above the common order, and if he could not lay claim to the epithet of handsome, he was at least extremely good-looking.

"The character of his mind was such as over-indulged youth and successful manhood might easily produce, mingled with a great deal of good sense, moderated by a very clear head, and animated by an imagination that might be almost termed poetic. He was, in some degree, a man of genius, and, perhaps, with more regular habits of application, he might have risen highly in his profession, but he seemed to leave behind him all steadiness and attention directly that he quitted the office; he indulged himself in every pleasure, and I may add in every vice, that was not cognizable by law, for his frolics were now as much more criminal than his former follies, as the passions of a man are more violent than those of a boy; and, unhappily for him, as by being elevated he was more master of his

time, and less under the immediate controul of his superiors, he had many more opportunities for indulging them.

"He was, indeed, given to drinking; he was fond of play; he kept horses, and a country house; and indulged too much in every fashionable extravagance; he was, besides, hasty and violent in his temper, and somewhat harsh in his immediate conclusions, so that, at the moment, he was unable to modify the warmth of his feelings, or to express himself in other than the most forcible and energetic terms. But, with all his bad qualities, he likewise possessed many virtues: an instant's reflection seemed to restore to him his clear understanding, and his just opinion; and in any emergency he could immediately discover or invent a method of escape, and perhaps his promptitude in difficulties, and the penetration with which he could unravel them, was his most singular quality; it was undoubtedly that which had raised him, and it was of infinite service to him and to his superiors, in the perplexities and emergencies of public business. He was, besides, all that his father and grandfather had pretended to be, a zealous whig, and a steady friend to the protestant succession; not because the minister hap-

pened to be a whig, and the king a protestant, but because he really imagined that the liberty of the people and the freedom of the country were firmly established at the revolution, and, whether he was right or wrong in his political notions, he still deserves the praise of consistency, a degree of applause that none of his forefathers ever merited.

"But his whiggism was not exactly the whiggism of the ministry; for I believe it may be said that the whigs of that period were as tyrannical a party as ever enslaved a nation. Mortram was a friend of the liberty and independence of all: he had no idea that a man who broke no law should be punished, or denied justice, because he happened to think differently from those in power; and he detested from his very soul the maxim, that those whose conscience could not allow them to embrace the religion of the state, should be treated as if guilty of treason. His opinions were generally founded on that immutable basis of equity, on which every man pretends to depend, and which every man too frequently neglects. His blood boiled at sight of an act of tyranny, or oppression, and his purse and his influence were at the service of all who really deserved them.

"With these feelings, the errors of which he was guilty only affected himself, as if, in a moment of anger, he did form a mistaken judgment, or utter a harsh expression, he never failed to atone for both by subsequent generosity; but woe to the man who really deserved or aroused his hatred, he detested him from the very inmost of his soul, and he never hesitated to employ every means in his power to injure or oppress him.

"Now that I have portrayed the character of Francis Mortram, as it developed itself with increasing years and fortune, you may, perhaps, agree with his relations, in thinking that he was not a man calculated to take root or flourish in office. Could he have applied all his powers to forwarding the interests of his own party, and opposing the other, he might have had a better chance; but he was too generous, liberal, and independent, to do aught that his conscience would not avow; and, perhaps, here I should say, that he now affronted his relations more than ever, for he scarcely ever assisted any of his pudding-headed cousins, while any stranger of merit, struggling with adversity, was sure of his aid.

"With all his good qualities, and he certainly

had many, he pursued a thoughtless and thriftless career; his love of company and of play betrayed him into society which he should have avoided, and expenses which he could not support; but the greatest error he ever committed, was yielding to the common prejudice in favour of associating and being familiar with lords.

"I know not whence this infatuation arises, but it is one that has blinded and rendered ridiculous some of the wisest men this country has produced; and those who are familiar with the private history of many of the brightest ornaments of England, will recollect innumerable instances of men gifted with the highest intellect, degrading themselves to the mere butts of the most contemptible among the nobility. Of course you will understand, that I mean to cast no abuse on the peerage taken collectedly, and indeed I believe that the House of Lords contains more talent than could be found among the same number of individuals as compose it, chosen at random in any other class of society. What I mean to say is, that those nobles who so far forget themselves as to become what the vulgar term, 'hand in glove' with their inferiors, have seldom any other claim to respect than their title,

and that the man of genius degrades himself who associates with a weak or wicked man, merely because he is a lord.

"This was unfortunately the case with Mortram. The nobles with whom he became connected were men universally avoided by their equals: vice and undue freedom were the only ties that bound them together, and the end was such as might have been expected from such an union. It was somewhat singular, that the whole clan of Mortrams, who had been so long prophesying evil as the result of all the actions of Francis, should entirely change their opinion upon the present occasion; yet this was the only one whereof evil could with any certainty be predicted. They, however, like thousands of others, were blinded by the rank of the new friends he had acquired. That their cousin should be familiar with noblemen, that a peer of the realm should come up to one of their family in the street, grapple him by the hand, as if he intended to twist it from his arm, and exclaim 'Damme, Frank, how are you?' and that Frank should in reply, address the inquirer by his name, and say, 'Ah! Ganderbury, or Aberdaddle, or Gulmore, or Sharkesmouth, how d'ye do?' filled the measure of their ambition even

to overflowing. It was an honour that had never before befallen a Mortram, and all of the race, from the grave treble-chinned, tympany-paunched, mallet-headed pensioner of eighty, down to the sparrow-legged brainless supernumerary clerk of fourteen, felt themselves marvellously elated by the event. I could almost feel inclined to digress, in order to relate a few of the sclemn hints and allusions by which they made known their honour and happiness, and to repeat some of the petty unmeaning stories they were accustomed to tell, merely to hitch in the title of some baron or earl, who said to Frank —(for so they affected to call him now, to show how familiar they were with a man who was familiar with lords)—'Why I'll be d——d, Mortram, if I don't think it will rain'—to which Frank replied, they would continue—'I'll be cursed if I care, Aberdaddle.' In fact, they all seemed now inoculated with quality infection, and they crowded to the Park, the Mall, the theatres, and the gaming-houses, merely for the honour of bowing to their cousin, when he was walking arm in arm, or sitting side by side, with a nobleman.

"Of these noble lords, Sharkesmouth and Aberdaddle became the favourite companions

of this star of the Mortrams, and it unfortunately happened, that they were two of the most unworthy associates he could have chosen; they were both little better than sharpers—in fact, they were men who made their rank a cloak to actions for which, had they been commoners, they would have been kicked out of society. Ganderbury and Gulmore, the two who ranked next in his opinion, were two as insipid and silly idiots as you could have found had you sought for fools among all the drivellers in London; and, having been discarded from the society of all men of sense, they were glad to associate with any one who would take their title as sufficient proof that they possessed every endowment and every virtue. They deserved, therefore, pity rather than abhorrence; but still it was lamentable, to see a man of sense wasting his time, and undermining his circumstances, to keep company with them, merely because they were lords; for it is but justice to Mortram to say, that in his cooler moments he regarded all his associates with contempt.

"There was another companion of Mortram's who had more brain, and perhaps more capacity and inclination for evil, than all his other friends put together. This was a man of large fortune

and powerful interest, who held a high rank in the office to which Francis belonged; he was, in fact, one of the very awful board officers, of whom I have already had occasion to make mention, and a member of parliament, so that had Mortram cultivated his friendship politically, he might have been acting a prudent part. But he had, unfortunately, no other end in view in this connection than enjoying the honour of being familiar with one who ranked so high above him. But, as this friend was destined to exercise a fatal influence upon the prospects of our young placeman, it may not be improper to devote a moment to his description.

"The family history of this person is involved in some obscurity; his ancestors were originally from the continent, from Holland I should suppose by the name of Vandaele, which they bore when first they settled in England. They were, however, merchants in the city of London for several generations, and they accumulated by traffic an enormous fortune, all of which centred in their present representative. The good citizens of London are, as you probably know, famous for the odd way in which they pronounce outlandish words. They soon metamorphosed Vandaele into Vandal,

and this appellation the family, who wished to become Anglicised, and forget their foreign extraction, bore for some generations. At length the father of the gentleman of whom I am speaking, resolving to withdraw from trade, determined to forget every thing connected with it, and dropping the prefix Van altogether, he assumed the common English name of Dale, and ceased immediately to be Mr. Vandal of Broad Street, and became Mr. Dale, of Dalesborough Castle, in the county of York, and only by this style and title his son was known.

"Charles Vandaele Dale, for so was called the person whose entrance I have been so long prefacing, was now about thirty years of age, tall, stout, and extremely handsome, and gifted with those dark eyes and regular features that usually betoken a firm, resolute, and unchangeable mind; but the character of that mind was such as to set all physiognomy at defiance. He was, as I have already said, extremely rich, a member of parliament, and of high rank in the government; yet those who knew him best could never discover the object of his wishes, or plans in life. That he was not ambitious either of rank or honour, (for they do not always signify the same thing,) was evident from the little trouble

he took to display his powers in the house, or to rise in the ministry. That he was not avaricious might be collected from the same reasons, and from many others which his conduct furnished. Yet why a man, seeking neither honour nor profit, should force himself into office, no one could imagine; much less could any one conceive the end he proposed to himself, in the innumerable intrigues of every description in which he engaged; for it may be positively asserted, that, without gaining or caring to gain any thing, he had more business on his mind than almost any man, whose circumstances were not inextricably involved.

"His real object was, therefore, unknown to every one, and, perhaps, he himself had formed no design to guide his undertakings, and loved bustle, intrigue, and difficulty, for their own sake alone. Thus he was concerned in every thing, as it appeared, merely to oppose, cross, and thwart the plans of others; for his talents enabled him generally to succeed; and yet, when he did succeed in any of his undertakings, he seemed to care no more for it, but to forget it altogether, and immediately to rush after another, which he pursued with the same vivacity, while doubtful, and neglected with the same carelessness when overcome.

"Such a man was dangerous, both as a friend and enemy, for no one knew for an instant the course of his inclinations, or to what he would next bend his mind, and when he did undertake an enterprize, he followed it with so much ardour, employed so many artifices, and was restrained by so few of those considerations that govern the conduct of others, that he seldom failed of success. Thus he would sacrifice his friends, support his enemies, and confuse and trouble all around him, merely, as it seemed, to gratify some momentary whim; for he appeared to act like a man playing a game of skill for amusement, who takes all possible pains to win, but who, if he does conquer, is neither richer nor happier. It was, I may say, for the pleasure of calling this strange being Charley or Van, that Francis Mortram became one of his most zealous adherents, for in his heart he despised Dale more than he did even Sharkesmouth or Ganderbury.

"I have said that our successful clerk was about five and twenty when he acquired the office that raised him so high above his relations; but, although they imagined he had ascended to the very summit of preferment, his ambition represented to him, that he had not yet reached the elevation to which he might

aspire, and no doubt, had he applied himself to business, and made useful friends, he might have succeeded; for so highly were his talents admired by some of his superiors, that he might, had he taken a proper course, have got into parliament, and then no one can tell to what he might not have pretended. But he was prevented by his admiration of lofty society, or rather lofty names; for his real friends, when they perceived his infatuation, imagined that they had been mistaken in the estimate they had formed of his ability, and gradually withdrew their countenance from him.

"This was, however, a remote or speculative evil; but a more immediate effect of the society he now frequented was, that it involved him in endless expenses; for if he did occasionally win money from Ganderbury or Gulmore, he never failed to lose to Sharkesmouth and Aberdaddle, who, indeed, seemed to play with a degree of infallibility that would have been extremely suspicious, had they not been lords of parliament and peers of the realm. Mortram, in truth, was now a poorer man than he had been when seated at the lowest desk in the office in which he now held so conspicuous a situation; for then the frolics in which he in-

dulged, if they were jovial, violent, and boisterous, were not very expensive. He could then exhilarate himself with ale, play at sixpenny whist, and if he broke a watchman's head, half-a-crown was always thought enough to purchase him a plaster; whereas now, he could neither drink nor treat his company to any other liquors than claret or burgundy, his stake consisted of more guineas than they had formerly done of farthings, and if he no longer broke watchmen's heads, he was guilty of other enormities, that were not so easily accommodated.

"The good principles that had hitherto distinguished him seemed now rapidly evaporating, and he appeared every day to adopt more of the bad or indifferent feeling that characterized his associates: he acted as if he had lost sight of all attention to his interest, or as if he had been a man totally independent of the world; and, in addition to the loose society he had lately kept, he now became extremely intimate with innumerable of those small wits and sharpers, who, without any other pretensions than those they acquire from impudence, take up the business of men of pleasure and gentlemen about town. This last connection seemed to

open the eyes even of the most jolter-headed of his cousins, and they affectionately prayed him not to ruin or degrade himself, by associating with any but the lordly society he had lately kept, little reflecting that, except in title, there was a very trifling if any difference between the nobles they admired and the commoners they despised. But their advice or censure were alike lost upon Mortram; he very unceremoniously gave them to understand, that he held them and their opinions alike in contempt. Even his mother, for whom he had hitherto always shewn some respect, now entreated him in vain to quit his gambling and horse-racing speculations: he paid no more attention to her wishes, than he had done when, in his childhood, she attempted to moderate his youthful propensities; and the good lady, after so many years of exultation in the elevation and prospects of her son, again felt inclined to believe, with her husband's cousins, that he would yet come to ruin.

"Mortram, indeed, appeared in that high state of excitement which, like the unnatural strength of a feverish patient, generally preludes a state of unnatural weakness; he seemed like a being whom some invisible agent was rapidly

hurrying to destruction, and, had he lived in superstitious times, it might have been thought that he had risen by means of fiendish interposition, and that the termination of his compact was approaching. But, although all the friends and admirers of Francis, as well as his enemies, could predict evil, they could not exactly perceive from whence this evil was to arise to the object of their censure; for he was still attentive enough to his office to insure a continuance of his situation, although he no longer exerted himself so as to deserve or procure further elevation.

"It was about the time when all these reports became generally current, and were so often repeated, that even those who had no grounds for believing them thought they must be true, that Francis became acquainted with a gentleman who resided in the country, on account of his moderate income, but who came to London occasionally, to indulge an immoderate love of play, uncontrolléd by the presence of his family. Like many other men given to the indulgence of vices of which they are ashamed, he contrived to conceal from all his friends the practices to which he was attached, and, although he was pretty well known at the

gaming houses he frequented in town, he always passed by a name which did not belong to him, and was in fact quite a mysterious character.

"It might be the love of penetrating mysteries, which is so natural to all men, that made Mortram resolve to draw out this suspicious person; but I am rather inclined to believe, that his feelings for him were of a higher nature, and that, supposing the stranger was struggling with difficulty, and endeavouring to retrieve his broken fortunes by play, he wished to learn who he really was, that he might relieve him, if he had the power. The easy impudence and agreeable manner of Mortram soon made an impression on the suspicious gambler;—he became to him open and communicative, and, when he returned to the country, he invited him to accompany him, and to spend a few days at his residence, though he made the singular provision, that no play should take place, and that no mention should be made of his ever having entered a gaming-house.

"This extraordinary preliminary still further excited the curiosity of Mortram; he attended his new friend to his house, where he found an amiable and agreeable family, buried in se-

clusion and domestic happiness, and little dreaming of the ruinous course in which their father occasionally engaged. Never in his life had Francis beheld so much family union and true felicity, as he fancied he saw at that meeting, and never had he known a family so modestly elegant in all their manners and amusements. The place seemed to him like a little island in the midst of a desert, or rather like a little paradise, inhabited by pure and happy beings, in the midst of a wilderness infested by monsters: and he could not reflect without sorrow, how soon those innocent and joyful creatures might be driven from that paradise, and cast into the wilderness around them, by the strange infatuation of his friend, who ought to have been their guardian.

"Perhaps it was this reflection, together with the contemplation of that calm and tranquil felicity of which he now for the first time had a glimpse, that, as it were, biassed his mind in favour of the eldest daughter of his host; for all his generous and equitable feelings seemed to revive now that he had quitted the turbulent and highly excited society in which he had so long been involved. But let me do justice to the beauty of Maria Welland, for she was, as

you will shortly see, a beauty of the highest order.

"I have no talent for describing female charms, and, indeed, I have always remarked, that the principal fascination of beauty consists in what no description can convey. I have known five hundred women of good shapes, fair skins, and regular features, who made no impression whatever, while, if they had been statues, they would have been declared inimitable; and yet it is a thousand chances to one, that they answered innumerable poetic descriptions of those ancient and standard models of perfection, Hebe, Juno, Circe, Venus, Eve, and Dido, or of the Lavinias, Musidoras, Haidees, and heaven only knows how many others, celebrated by the more recent poets: the only reason, therefore, of the chilling influence, or no influence at all, that they cast around them, must have been the absense of that nameless something that I have indicated.

"In this qualification, whatever it be, Maria Welland shone conspicuous; she was all innocence, cheerfulness, and activity, but her innocence was not allied to childishness or folly, her mirth was without levity, and her activity was any thing but the activity of a romp or hoyden.

Her heart seemed to overflow with affectionate and generous sentiments, not with that paltry, puling, selfish feeling that modern callousness invented, and termed sensibility, and which is, in truth, a mere system of expression unconnected with ideas; but with liberal, untaught, and discriminate tenderness, and all her words and actions expressed that confidence and reliance for support on those she loved, that is, perhaps, a woman's surest claim to protection from a generous mind.

"The idea that so much beauty and so much innocence might, in an instant, be subjected to the contamination of the world, by the misconduct of her father, made a powerful impression upon Mortram; in fact, he had not been half an hour in the house of Mr. Welland, before he felt that he was violently in love with Maria, and that, for the first time in his life, he entertained an honourable passion. I shall not attempt to relate events, of which I am professedly a bad describer; let it suffice to say, that the feelings and conduct of Mortram were such as gave infinite satisfaction to his host, for I must observe, that Welland had invited him to his house for no other object than the hope of providing a good husband for his daughter; in

truth, while Francis had been studying him, he had been studying Francis, and had discovered that he possessed a great deal of generous and excellent feeling, such feeling as he thought could not fail to appreciate the merits of Miss Welland, for I am obliged to observe, that he was one of those prudent or selfish fathers who consider their children as a sort of tool, with which they have a right to work in whatever manner they please.

" The time Francis had appointed to spend with his friend passed rapidly away. He knew that he loved, and that his love was returned; indeed, every one in the house, down to the youngest children, knew it, and yet he had made no positive declaration; he had now no opportunity, for a letter arrived from the clerk left in charge of his office, informing him that his presence was immediately necessary, owing to some unforeseen pressure of business.

" He returned, therefore, to London; but no sooner had he overcome the difficulties of office, than he hastened back to his country friend, and, that no unexpected event might now intervene, he made his proposal in form, and was accepted by Maria with undisguised pleasure, and by her father with real pleasure and pretended hesitation. Francis, who was always

prompt and hurried in his movements, requested that the marriage might take place immediately; but the father, mother, and all other friends of Maria, objected to this unusual precipitation; they seemed to consider a certain period of probation necessary, though they well knew that, at the end of that period, things would be exactly in the same state as they were at present— for they required no time to study the temper and habits of the suitor; his rank was too high, and his income too large, to be rejected, if he had been the vilest character that ever existed.

"But custom required delay, and delay they were resolved to obtain. They agreed, however, to reside some time in London; for it seems to be another established maxim, that a lover must pass every evening at the house of his mistress's parents, and gallant her to the parks and the theatres, in order to convince her friends, and the world in general, of the sincerity of his passion; and Mr. and Mrs. Welland, though perhaps more anxious for the match than even Mortram himself, did not conceive it possible to swerve from these long-settled axioms of love and courtship. To London, then, came the whole family of the Wellands, straining their means to the very utmost, to make a figure

worthy of the future rank of their daughter, for no earthly object that I can discover, except to comply with custom, as neither side had any preparations to make that required time, and all parties were fully satisfied with each other, and perfectly desirous that the marriage should take place.

"Perhaps, however, (though certainly the idea never entered the head of Mr. Welland,) the presence of his mistress in London, served to break many of the evil connections that Mortram had formed; he was obliged to be more constant in his attentions to her, now, than he might have been had she been his wife, and those very attentions occupied the time he had formerly devoted to less worthy pursuits. He could no longer frequent the gaming-houses, and he, consequently, seldom saw the vicious though noble or witty persons he had been in the habit of meeting there; he sold his race horses, paid his debts, and became altogether a steady and orderly being.

"The powers ascribed to love by the poets are not merely poetical; that passion, perhaps, exerts only the same influence as any other violent affection of the mind, but, as it is more universal, its effects are more generally observed. When

once it has taken possession of the mind, a thousand other feelings, that formerly existed there, give way, for no heart can entertain more than one passion at the same period; and no man, however active, can find time for indulging in a variety of opposite pursuits. Now as almost all the objects followed by Mortram, previous to his becoming enamoured of Maria Welland, were bad, so, by neglecting them to attend to her, he gradually reformed—but I am running into deductions, that have very little connection with the story of Francis, which is now drawing towards a fatal crisis.

"Mortram, as I have already said, now neglected the society with which he had been formerly infatuated, yet he did not so entirely forget his former companions as never to see them; that might have been a sacrifice too great for his vanity; but he avoided them as much as possible, because he felt that Maria would not approve of them, and, in truth, because he wished to keep her separate from them, for he was too sincere a lover not to feel occasionally jealous. Well would it have been for him, had he continued to adhere to this resolution as pertinaciously as he did when first he adopted it.

"The family of Welland had now been some

months in London, and the time of probation, which they had thought necessary for Francis, was rapidly drawing to a close. The few preparations requisite on his part were all completed, and he was waiting with that anxiety so natural on such an occasion for the day that was to make him happy, when it occurred to him to give one of those bachelor dinners for which he had been celebrated previous to his engagement with Maria, and the cessation of which had given rise to so much speculation among his friends. He thought he could not have a better opportunity than the present, as he might now enjoy the vanity and pleasure of the society he loved, without introducing his associates to Miss Welland, who he resolved should, if he had the power, for ever remain unknown to them.

"He issued, therefore, cards of invitation for a magnificent dinner, which he determined should be (as indeed it was,) the last of the kind he should ever give; but, although it was easy to keep Maria and the female branches of her family away, he could not avoid inviting Mr. Welland, who, being a weak-minded and touchy man, would have felt himself most bitterly aggrieved, if he had been neglected. The en-

tertainment was, as you may suppose, most splendid. As it was to be his last, Francis resolved it should be his blithest; the wines were of the choicest quality, and, as there were no ladies present, the company sate long and drank deep, and, immediately after coffee, cards were introduced. It was, in fact, what might be termed a gambling dinner, or one of those dinners Mortram had been in the habit of giving when his soul was wrapped up in play, and all the guests might be classed under the heads of sharpers and dupes. Yet at that time, so fully had Francis overcome his love of gaming, during the whole evening he never touched a card or a dice-box.

"He observed, however, that Welland, who had found among the company several persons with whom he had been slightly acquainted at different gaming-houses, could not resist his inclination, and he rejoiced internally that Maria would soon be secured from suffering from any misconduct on the part of so weak a protector; he exulted in the resolution he had formed to avoid play, and he delighted in the idea that he had sacrificed so fascinating an amusement to Miss Welland. He noticed, during the evening, that his future father-in-law

was deeply engaged with Lord Sharkesmouth and Mr. Dale, and the sight gave him great uneasiness, though he only felt vexed at the idea that he should become familiar with men who might lead him into so much evil; and he observed that, when Welland retired upon the breaking up of the party, there was an air of coldness and abstraction about him, which he could only attribute to his having lost to a large amount.

"Mortram now lamented the vanity or folly that had caused him to give this party, and, as is frequently the case after an act which has been well intended, but which turns out otherwise, he wished he had never thought of it; but he was yet ignorant of the misfortunes this unlucky dinner was destined to produce, nor did he even imagine them till a day or two afterwards, when, going to see Maria, he found both Dale and Sharkesmouth sitting with Mr. Welland in the drawing-room. At this sight a thousand gloomy presages rushed across his mind, and he started back with the feelings of a man who finds a foe in the very place where he has run for refuge, and he fancied that he saw something like the paleness of detection cross the brazen features of his two former

associates. If it were so, Dale quickly recovered that callousness of countenance for which he was remarkable, and rallied Mortram on the cause that had induced him to withdraw from his former friends, comparing him to the rat in the fable, that, under pretence of leading a life of seclusion and devotion, concealed himself in the midst of a cheese; and Francis, while politeness obliged him to smile at the jest, cursed in his heart the speaker and the simile. So engaged was he, that he could scarcely force himself to behave with common civility to either Sharkesmouth, Dale, or Welland; the two former, in particular, he treated with so much distance and coldness, that no stranger could possibly have imagined that for years they had been his most intimate friends, while he behaved almost rudely to the latter; and his vexation was increased tenfold, because he could assign no just cause to quarrel with any of them, for he could not but feel that Welland had a right to invite who he pleased to see him, and that Sharkesmouth and Dale had the same right to accept the invitation. Even Maria came in for a share of his ill-humour, although, perceiving that he was disturbed, (without her being able to guess on what account,) she behaved with more than her usual

affection. Never in his life had Mortram displayed himself to so little advantage, or betrayed his feelings so fully to the inspection of such close observers as Sharkesmouth and Dale, while they, prompted, perhaps, by no other reason than the desire of shining at his expense, arrayed themselves in their brightest colours, and, by still further arousing his passions, rendered him still less able to oppose them.

"As soon as Mortram became cool enough to think rationally, he perceived that he had acted like a fool, but he had seen too much of the world to hesitate what to do, and he endeavoured with all his powers to hurry on the marriage; but his future father-in-law, though he professed the same inclination for it as usual, would not shorten the time he had appointed. Francis, therefore, could only determine to watch with the utmost care the conduct of his two opponents, (for such he considered Dale and Sharkesmouth,) and to be as little as possible away from Maria.

"In pursuance of this resolution, he spent his time almost entirely in her society, and he was always treated by her with the same, or even with increasing tenderness; but he fancied he perceived a corresponding degree of coldness

on the part of her parents; her father, in particular, who was generally from home, engaged, as Mortram feared, in his fatal amusement, seemed, when they did meet, to have forgotten the confidence that had formerly united them. Another source of vexation to Francis was, that a great degree of intimacy took place between the family of his mistress and that of Lord Sharkesmouth; yet he could not exactly say why he felt aggrieved, unless it was on account of Mr. Welland, for the peer was already married and could not, therefore, be considered as a rival. There was, indeed, a great deal of company present at his lordship's whenever the Wellands visited there, and Dale was always one of the party; but then Mortram was always invited also, and he could not expect that Maria should live in seclusion on his account, either before or after her marriage. In short, Mortram felt all the pangs and spasms of jealousy, and these feelings, of themselves sufficiently bitter to a fiery mind like his, were dreadfully aggravated by the celebrity that the beauty of his mistress acquired; for she soon became a reigning toast, was flattered by men she despised, and named with rapture by innumerable puppies who had never seen her, and who yet

pretended to be on the best possible terms with her.

"But what gave the greatest pain to Mortram was, the marked and obvious attention with which Dale treated Maria. It is true, his attentions to her were not more particular than those which many men, and even Mortram himself, were in the habit of paying to any fine woman with whom they were in company, without any other design than that of exhibiting themselves to advantage, and Miss Welland always received them with visible coldness and displeasure; but then Francis, knowing the character of his former associate, fancied he had the greatest reason to suspect him, and he felt, in truth, that he would rather any other than Dale should notice his mistress. He remonstrated with her upon the subject, although he was aware that, by so doing, he acted like a child, for she could not possibly shew more dislike to Dale than she did, unless she refused to speak to him, or openly insulted him; a line of conduct which her delicacy would not allow her to pursue, and which, indeed, common sense would not have warranted. Miss Welland said all that woman could say, to convince him of her unalterable affection, and to calm his agitated

spirits. Yet, while she was thus endeavouring to reassure him, she felt a degree of uneasiness, which she dared not confess even to herself, for it was evident to her, that the habits of her parents, those of her father in particular, were strangely altered since they came to London; since when, for the first time in her life, she learnt that he was addicted to gambling, for he no longer restrained his propensities in the presence of his family.

"Indeed, a strange infatuation seemed every day to take a stronger hold on the feelings of Mr. Welland. He was, as you have already seen, a man of weak mind, and he now felt swollen and elated, (he scarcely knew how,) on account of the homage paid to his daughter. Still, his feelings were rather those of parental vanity than of ambition, for he entertained no intention, or even idea, of not fulfilling his agreement with Mortram.

"But, although he had formed no plan to the contrary, when the time appointed for the marriage arrived, he refused his consent, and claimed a longer delay, for no reason that he could assign to Francis, or his daughter, or perhaps even to himself. Had he analyzed his feelings, I am certain that he would have seen

that he objected to the immediate conclusion of the marriage, because he felt that the beauty of his daughter gave him a degree of consequence in the society she frequented, which he should lose when she became the property of another; and he would have seen that, as he was content to be of importance on any terms, he felt that by keeping her to himself he became an object of consideration. But had he analyzed his feelings, he might not perhaps have acted as he did, for, though weak, and little able to resist temptation, he was yet a man of good intentions, and his heart was yet uncorrupted.

"You may imagine the violent anger, the rage, the fury, that took possession of the soul of Mortram at this delay. All those violent passions that had lain dormant since his engagement with Maria seemed to revive, and concentrate themselves, on this occasion; but they produced no effect upon Mr. Welland. It was a point of honour with him, not to swerve from a resolution when once he had formed it, though he saw it was ill founded; and although, while Francis was remonstrating and storming, and Maria silently upbraiding, he felt sorry that he had postponed their wedding, he yet obstinately maintained his determination that it should not

take place. After this event, the whole family of Welland, with the exception of Maria, seemed to have caught the mania of dissipation from their father. Their feelings appeared to have undergone the same change as the blood does in some disorders, when it carries disease and death, instead of health and vigour, through the frame; they were no longer the sensible, harmonious, well ordered and happy family they had been; the mother and daughters became rivals to each other, and they seemed resolved to exhibit their rivalry, by endeavouring to outdo each other in extravagance of dress and behaviour, for they now dressed to the height of the fashion, fluttered about at every assembly, and talked nonsense with every fop or fribble that had either rank, money, or notoriety to recommend him, while the father rushed without hesitation into play, and expenses parallel to those of his children.

"The conduct of Welland, in particular, was such as could only be adopted with reason by a man who had obtained possession of the lamp of Aladdin, or the pass-word of Ali-Baba; he seemed to waste his property with the recklessness, yet without the excitement, of a madman, and to spend like one who had only to wish in order

to replace all he so carelessly threw away. As every extravagant action has a motive, either real or pretended, the cause assigned for this extravagant conduct by Mr. Welland to Mortram and Maria, who both remonstrated with him, was, that it was merely intended to introduce his sons into the world, at a time when they might make friends, who would be of service to them in future, and to procure as good establishments for his three youngest daughters as his eldest would shortly possess. So lofty, indeed, had the expectations of both Mr. and Mrs. Welland become, that they imagined their other children would marry infinitely better than Maria; and even the youngest, who was not above fourteen, was taught to bridle up, and to simper, and to give encouragement to fops, and then to retreat and look silly, with as much care as she had formerly been trained to modesty and good housewifery. Both the parents now lamented that they had so readily agreed to the proposal of Mortram, before they knew what impression the beauty of their eldest daughter would make upon the fashionable world; but yet, although they were sorry they had consented, they had still no intention of ultimately preventing

the match: they only resolved, that they would not so readily suffer their second daughter to form an attachment to any person of less consequence than a peer, or a commoner of twenty thousand a year.

"Mortram, while he felt both injured and enraged at the hesitation and delay of his future father-in-law, could not but pity his delusion; his intercourse with Maria gradually assumed a grave and sorrowful turn, and their conversations resembled rather the lamentations of parents over infatuated children than the communication of two young and ardent lovers. At length, Mr. Welland seemed gradually recovering from his delusion, or rather suffering that state of lassitude and reflection that naturally follows long and violent excitement. He became grave and thoughtful, silent and gloomy, and exhibited extraordinary marks of tenderness for Maria, and of kindness for Mortram, and he now seemed as eager to precipitate their union as he had before been desirous to delay it. He, therefore, willingly consented to the proposal of the latter, that it should be concluded immediately; still there were some cursed delays, which, from his procrastinating habits, he seemed to think

absolutely necessary; at length, however, Francis prevailed upon him to fix a day, at the distance of only a week.

"His conduct, during this week, was as extraordinary as it had been ever since he came to London, though it was of a different description; he seemed at one moment eager for its termination, and the next to wish that termination might never arrive; he was sometimes sunk in the most profound gloom, at others, he gave way to violent bursts of anger, and at others, again, he made the most abject apologies to Mortram and to Maria.

"Mortram was utterly at a loss to comprehend the meaning of his behaviour, and could only imagine it arose from being impelled by his honour to fulfil an engagement he now wished to avoid; but, even if it were so, he resolved not to be biassed by the wavering conduct of so weak a being; he saw that his own happiness and the happiness of Maria were at stake, and he determined not to sacrifice both to the caprice of a man, who had formerly been so eager to bring about their union.

"In this manner the week wore slowly away. The sixth day came; Francis spent the evening, as usual, with Maria, and retired, to see her no

more till he meet her a bride on the following morning. Mr. Welland was out, but his absence was scarcely marked by his family, who gradually retired, with the exception of Maria and her mother, both of whom were accustomed to sit up for his return, the one from ancient habit, the other from filial affection. It was very late when he came home; later, perhaps, than he had ever returned to his house; he rushed hastily into the room where his wife and daughter were sitting, stared wildly at them, and without speaking, seized a light, and ran to the apartment he was wont to call his library.

"Both Maria and her mother were silent, each dreading to tell the other the strange presentiments that crowded across her breast, for the disturbed looks of Mr. Welland had given rise to the same feeling in both. They sate petrified with horror, for a time, while they heard him walking round his room with violent agitation, stumbling over the furniture, and striking his hands furiously upon the table. At length Mrs. Welland resolved to go to him, and opening his door, she inquired if any thing made him uneasy. 'Every thing makes me uneasy!' he replied sternly; 'and you have made me more uneasy than all—send up your daughter,

and let me see whether she will not add the finishing blow to my misery.' There was a fierceness, a violence, about him as he spoke, that admitted of no delay; his wife withdrew in silence, and reported his words to Maria, who went to his room with feelings allied to those of a wretch mounting the scaffold.

"She found him sitting at a table covered with papers, his looks were wild and haggard, his eyes red and swelled, his lips and cheeks of a deadly paleness, and his hair thinned and deranged, as if he had torn it by handfuls from his head. Every thing around seemed to partake of his disorder;—the floor was covered with the furniture thrown about in confusion, and with the wreck of books and curiosities, and a large mirror that hung over the fire-place was dashed to pieces.

"'Miss Welland,' he exclaimed, as his daughter entered, 'Miss Welland'—he stopped, and she vainly endeavoured to fill up the interval—'Miss Welland,' he continued, 'I sent for you to tell you, you must think no more of Francis Mortram.' 'Think no more of Francis Mortram?' repeated Maria, scarcely able to comprehend the meaning of what she heard, and utterly unable to frame an answer. 'Those

were my words, Miss Welland,' exclaimed her father, in a voice of thunder, as if he gathered strength and argument from vociferation. 'I, have this night,' he continued, 'received a proposal for you, from Mr. Dale, and I insist upon your taking him.'

"It would far exceed both my powers and my limits to repeat the conversation that ensued. The spirit of Maria was aroused, she considered herself virtually the wife of Mortram, and she spoke as it became her. Even her father was moved by her arguments and her supplications, he became cooler, and he spoke calmly, 'Maria,' said he, 'I am ruined—utterly ruined! your mother's extravagance, and my own accursed infatuation, have brought me to beggary. That infernal villain Sharkesmouth has stripped me of every thing—God eternally confound him!—I have accepted bills, to cover my losses, to more than four times the amount of all I possess in the world. In a few days I must be in prison, and all my children beggars, unless you are made a sacrifice.'

"'But how can my being sacrificed,' exclaimed Maria, 'pay Lord Sharkesmouth?'

"'Ah! I had forgot,' cried Welland, 'Dale has generously interposed, and offers to meet every

bill, to take them up, and place them in my hands, if you consent to be his—and you *must* consent, you will not suffer us all to be driven starving into the world. Besides, you will be no loser, you see from this action that he is generous, you know that he is rich, and you will yet be happy.'

"Maria was so much overpowered by this horrible display of the misery about to inclose her family, that she could scarcely speak; she requested, however, that Mortram might be informed of the danger, but her father again burst out into fury. 'Tell me not of Mortram,' he exclaimed, 'what can he do? can he help us? do you not know that he also is a gambler? ay, and a ruined gambler, too, though he fancies he has reformed! But look at me, Miss Welland, when you hear of a reformed gambler—in a word, Maria, give me your consent, or,' (pushing aside some papers, and displaying a brace of pistols,) 'there lies my resource; for I will never outlive the disgrace of my name, and the ruin of my family.'

"'But, Sir,' said Maria, endeavouring to turn him from his purpose, by not replying directly to the point, 'will you not be equally disgraced by breaking your promise to Mortram?' 'No,

thou fool!' exclaimed her father, 'the world will applaud me for giving you to a rich man, in preference to a poor one.'

"To trace minutely the working of human feeling in a weak mind, rapidly verging towards wickedness, is a painful search. Perhaps could any one have clearly seen all that passed in the soul of Welland, he would have discovered that he felt little sorrow for the pain he was inflicting on Mortram and his daughter; perhaps, even, that he was really glad an opportunity had occurred that enabled him to break off their marriage, and give her to a richer suitor, in a manner that would shield him from the censure of the world; and, perhaps, his only fear was, that she should refuse to obey him; for Welland was no longer the simple and generous being he had been, temptation, instead of purifying, had corrupted him, and his simplicity had given place to all the low artifices of a weak and degraded mind.

"To obtain the consent of his daughter, therefore, he had recourse to a thousand wiles, threats, entreaties, and representations, calculated to move either her terrors or affection—but why should I delay a conclusion you must have already anticipated—he fully succeeded—

Maria looked upon herself as alone capable of preserving her father and his family from destruction, she gave the required promise, and fell fainting on the floor.

"I pass over the miseries of that horrible night, and of the still more horrible morning that ensued, which was to have dawned upon her a joyful bride, for they are beyond my powers of description. At an early hour on that sorrowful morning, Mr. Welland went to the house of Mortram. What passed between them was never exactly known, high words were heard, and Welland made a precipitate retreat, screaming for aid, and looking like one who fled from some imminent danger. Shortly after his return home, Mortram arrived at his residence, he forced his way in, although the servants were ordered not to admit him, and he rushed into the room where the family were sitting, and demanded a private audience of Maria. It was granted, for such was the fire and fierceness of his looks that no one dared refuse; even the elder brother, who, since the arrival of the family in town, had become a buck, and was really a man of courage, was cowed by them, and walked sullenly out of the room.

"Mortram endeavoured to be calm, and to listen attentively to Maria, who, assuring him that she suffered as much as he did, laid before him the whole affair, as she had learnt it from her father. But when she threw herself upon his generosity, and begged him to pity and forget her, his passions again burst forth. Fixing upon her one of those dreadfully stern looks which are only looked by men exercising an unnatural controul over the fury of anger, he exclaimed, 'I see it now, I am to sanction and applaud your fickleness and vanity. This is all artifice! all a plot between you and your father, to make me forego my claim, and admire your generosity in sacrificing yourself to a man infinitely richer than myself; but learn, Miss Welland, that I am not a puppet to be moved as you direct; know, that I penetrate your contrivance, and see that you are a mere venal thing, willing to be sold, or to sell yourself, to the highest bidder; and know, that I despise you even more than I ever loved you!' He was striding from the room with a bitter smile on his features, and the rage of the damned in his soul, when she stopped him, and begged him to think less harshly of her. He dashed her from him, and, overcome with sorrow and

the violence of his strength, she fell and lay for a moment senseless. But the anger of Mortram was too violent to be affected even by this accident, he rang the bell, and pointing out the condition of Maria to the servant, he coldly left the house.

"Instead of returning home, he went immediately to the residence of a friend, whom he instantly employed to convey a challenge to his rival; but Dale, instead of sending the answer Mortram had expected, (for he was somewhat a celebrated duellist,) merely returned a verbal reply, stating that he saw no reason for fighting to prove his title to that which was already indisputably his by right of purchase. Upon the receipt of this answer, Mortram again dispatched a letter to Dale, calling upon him in the most peremptory manner to meet him; and Dale sent a still more insolent reply, adverting to his dignity, as the official superior of the challenger, and threatening to use his power to injure him; but this Mortram little feared, for in those days men in office were not so pure as they are in these disinterested times, and Dale was far from being immaculate. Mortram, therefore, once more sent forth his messenger, with a positive command to his enemy to meet

him, threatening to post him for a coward, in case of refusal, and answering his threats of superior official power, by similar denunciations of parliamentary inquiry.

"In reply to this last epistle, he was served with a summons by a police officer; obliged to attend before a magistrate, and there bound over to keep the peace towards Charles Vandaele Dale, Esq. under forfeiture of a heavy and ruinous penalty.

"I have already told you, that Dale was a man who hesitated at nothing, and who formed strange and unnatural plans, that none but himself could comprehend; he seemed now resolved to employ all his powers to destroy the happiness of his former friend, and to urge him to madness; though, perhaps, this was no very uncommon design, for few are found of sufficient liberality to forgive those whom they have injured. Dale was, however, rich, and possessed of great influence; every body, therefore, supposed he must be right, and Mortram wrong, for at that period the majority of the people seemed to think that a rich man was impeccable, an opinion that has descended, with some modification, to the present day, notwithstanding the endeavours of a certain party to

shew that a rich man is, ipso facto, guilty of every vice in the catalogue of crime.

"But if Dale hated Mortram, Mortram hated Dale; in fact, the most intense hatred took possession of both their bosoms, and their feelings can be compared to none but those of the damned, who, having urged on each other to sin in this world, abhor each other eternally in the next. They had recourse to every means of defaming and injuring each other, from the most open contrivance to the most secret stratagem; and, in truth, they laid open to the world anecdotes of each other, which set both their characters in a dubious light. Most bitterly now did Mortram regret his misspent time; had he adhered closely to his business, and cultivated the friendship of those able to serve him, and got, as he might have done, into parliament, he felt that he should have been able to cope with, and, perhaps, overcome his opponent; for he had a steadiness of hatred, and an undivided enmity to his foe, which Dale could not entertain, as he always had innumerable parallel affairs upon his hands.

"But, whatever advantages Mortram enjoyed in energy and concentration of thought, Dale opposed by superior coolness and influence, and

by an artful application of his powers and means of injury. In one respect, indeed, they were better matched than may appear from the disparity of their ranks and fortunes. Dale, as I have already said, stood in fear of parliamentary inquiry into his official conduct, and, to say the truth, so did his opponent; yet Dale dared not make use of his influence to deprive his enemy of his situation, because, as soon as Mortram had nothing to lose, he would be able, without further danger, to furnish all his knowledge to the opposition, who were then getting formidable in the houses, and who would gladly have seized an opportunity to expose, and perhaps punish, a ministerial member.

"Revenge is an extraordinary and inconsistent passion. Mortram would, at times, resolve to pursue his official career with vigilance, on purpose to fix himself in the government, and thus meet Dale on equal terms; but this was a long and doubtful course, and after continuing it awhile, he would rush into all his former dissipation, partly with the hope of raising a fortune by play, partly with an impotent desire of ruining Sharkesmouth, whom he still considered the author of his misfortune, though, in truth, that artful noble had been, in some de-

gree, the dupe of Dale, to whom he had sold the bills accepted by Welland, for about a fourth part of their nominal value, and in total ignorance of the use he intended to make of them; otherwise, it is but justice to his grasping talents, to observe, that he would have demanded a premium upon them.

"While the rivals were thus doing every thing to ruin and destroy each other, Dale enjoyed, in some degree, the rewards of success; he was received as the acknowledged lover and future husband of Maria, by her family, and the newspapers announced that he was shortly about to lead her to the altar; but, notwithstanding this assertion, the marriage did not take place, and Mortram, whose anger towards her was now cooled, began to entertain hopes that he might be able to prevent it. He, therefore, again attempted to see her, but here he was disappointed; she was ill, and never quitted the house, unless when she went out occasionally for exercise in a carriage, and then her father and her mother, or sisters, accompanied her; while Dale, followed by two servants, rode by the side of the coach, under pretence of protecting her and her father from the violence of Mortram. But, notwithstanding all his precautions,

Dale could not prevent his rival from occasionally passing his mistress, for Mortram, partly through desire of tormenting his enemy, and partly through a wish to see Maria, kept a close watch upon her movements, and whenever she did go out, never failed to meet her.

"Unfortunately, this was a point upon which Francis could not employ all his powers towards perplexing Dale. He was too much attached to Maria to sport with her feelings, and he at length relinquished his pursuit, lest he should injure her by following her. The delicacy of Mortram thus gave Dale an important advantage, but still the ill-health or resolution of Maria would not allow him to profit by it.

"The first time Miss Welland saw Dale, after Mortram had received his dismissal, she determined to make an attempt to interest his generosity in her favour; she, therefore, desired a private audience of him, and laid before him a statement of her feelings for his rival. But, contrary to her hopes, this proceeding produced no effect upon her new admirer; he coolly replied, that he was aware of all the difficulties he had to encounter, and that he was resolved to meet them. She had, indeed, unfortunately chosen almost the only method possible to in-

flame his passion, for had she appeared to yield willingly to his wishes, and affected to despise her former lover, he would have quitted her as an object unworthy of him; but it was the difficulty, the apparent impossibility of success, that drew him on, and he, as it were, bent up his whole mind to overcome the dislike, or rather hatred, she manifested to him.

"His conduct towards her, could the method he had taken to prevent her being the wife of another have been forgotten, was the tenderest and most affectionate; he behaved, in fact, as if resolved to force her to love him, notwithstanding the just cause she had to hate him. If he prevented her from marrying another, he did not oblige her to marry him; he seemed to appreciate her situation, and to be willing to allow her time to overcome her hopeless affection for Mortram, which he always mentioned with a degree of calmness and deliberation, such as few men could have assumed, when speaking of the love a mistress bears a rival. But, if he did not force her immediate compliance with his wishes, he took care to keep her, or rather her father, completely in his power, by retaining the bills accepted by Welland, and these, he declared, he never would give up until Maria

was indissolubly his; at the same time, so methodically did he arrange his plans, he offered to enter into an agreement, binding himself to deliver them to Mr. Welland as soon as his daughter became his wife.

"Although Mortram, from the delicacy of his affection for Maria, had ceased to pursue her openly, he yet endeavoured to communicate with her in private, and found means, with the assistance of her maid, to convey a letter to her; but she refused to peruse it, and sent it back, accompanied by a note, written without anger, or without that affectation of anger, which so many women in her situation would have assumed. She merely stated, that, since she had believed it her duty as a daughter and a sister to sacrifice herself to Dale, receiving letters from Mortram would only add to her sorrow, and writing letters to her would only increase his unhappiness; and she entreated him to forget that she had ever existed, and to recollect that there were many others who could make him as happy as she could have done. There was something about her letter so kind, yet so resolute, that it even raised Mortram's admiration of her, while the recollection that he had lost so perfect a being stung him to the heart, and, as usual, all his fury reverted to

Dale, the author of his misfortune; for something like a cessation of hostilities had taken place on the side of Mortram, while he had been endeavouring to open a communication with Maria.

"The revival of open warfare between the two enemies was like the opening of a fresh campaign to two contending armies, for, during the time they had been separated, both had been as it were recruiting their vengeance, and meditating plans for destroying each other. I cannot detail to you the variety of manners in which their baleful passions exhibited themselves, for, as their operations were principally on each others feelings, but few events have been recorded, and those few I would rather leave you to imagine than relate. Let it suffice to say, that even Maria seemed to have become a secondary consideration; Dale neglecting her, perhaps, to concentrate his whole mind to injure Mortram, and Mortram endeavouring to forget that she was concerned in the dispute, through delicacy and affection for her.

"An opportunity now occurred, that enabled Dale to strike his opponent a mortal blow. He had long seen that the party to which he was attached was sinking, and he secretly connected

himself with the opposition; a sudden change took place in the ministry, and he was raised by his new associates to a higher rank than he had held with his former friends. The effect of this change of party was quickly visible. Mortram was informed that charges of importance had been exhibited against him before 'the board,' and that he was suspended from his office, while an inquiry was going on. This blow he well knew had been dealt by Dale, and, resolved upon revenge, he did not hesitate to put the former ministers, now the opposition, in possession of all he knew affecting his enemy, and Dale, in his turn, was accused in the house. But the new ministry brought off by powerful majorities the man who had quitted his former friends to join them; the charges against him were declared frivolous and vexatious, and said to emanate merely from the malice of the fallen party; and the public were easily persuaded that, far from being guilty of any thing whatever, he was indeed a most astonishing patriot.

"Dale having triumphed on this occasion, pushed his advantage with redoubled energy; every action of Mortram's was scanned with the closest scrutiny, accounts long imagined settled were examined, explanations were demanded

that could hardly be given, so long a time had elapsed since the events to which they referred had taken place; the most trifling circumstances were magnified into crimes of the blackest die; in a word, enough was made out to satisfy the public, had the affair become the subject of investigation, that Mortram was guilty of something, though what was not distinctly visible. But, as enough had not been discovered to warrant 'the board' in dismissing him altogether, that generous body very clemently superannuated him, at the age of seven and twenty, upon a pension that was barely sufficient to keep him from starving.

"This intelligence came upon Mortram like a thunderclap, but it came accompanied by reflections that prevented him from giving way to the fury he felt at the receipt of it. When it was first brought to him, he was sitting with several of his friends, among whom was the lawyer he confidentially employed. He at first gave way to a paroxysm of rage, but recollecting that his vexation might be reported to his enemy, who would, of course, enjoy it, he suddenly calmed himself, but he swore deeply, in the presence of all, to be revenged. The lawyer recalled him to himself, by hinting, that he had

better provide for his immediate safety, for he was again deeply in debt, and his creditors would, no doubt, now be eager for payment. The desire of vengeance supported Francis under this new or at least unforeseen visitation; he resolved immediately to withdraw from London, for he had no doubt that Dale would even urge his creditors to oppress him, and he felt some pleasure in the idea of foiling him, if such should be his intention; he knew, besides, that while he retained his liberty, he should be able to pursue his vindictive plans against his enemy, and that, if once immured within the walls of a prison, he should be ruined beyond redemption, and unable to make use of any opportunity of reinstating himself in office, should his friends again come into power; for in those days a debtor might be in gaol for years, unless liberated by an act of grace.

"He, therefore, empowered the lawyer to compound and arrange with his creditors, collected what money he could, settled the manner in which he was to receive his pension, and secretly departed for a village on the coast of Sussex, where, by means of passing under another name, he hoped to remain concealed, till his affairs allowed him to appear again in London.

"However calmly and dispassionately Mortram had acted while in the presence of his friends, all his self-controul abandoned him the instant he quitted the metropolis; he gave way to horrible bursts of impotent rage, he uttered terrible yet unmeaning blasphemies, and imprecated the most dreadful and complicated curses on the heads of his enemies; in fact, his whole time was spent between violence and languor, and he could scarcely be said to think. He was but a few days, perhaps a week, upon his journey, yet, during that time, his features and person underwent a greater change than many years would have effected in the ordinary course of nature.

"When he arrived at the village, his feelings were perhaps more painful than they had been whilst travelling; he was entirely cut off from the society and the occupations in which he had so long been engaged; he could no longer execute any plan for reinstating his circumstances, or revenging himself on his enemy, and his retreat seemed only to differ from a prison in the particular of having no one to share his misery; for in a prison the number of the wretched softens the sorrow of individuals.

"His only amusement, his only business, now

was, to walk along the margin of the sea, and meditate desperate and visionary plans; and, while his eye seemed fixed upon the waters breaking over the chalk rocks, which there oppose them, and his ear alone attentive to the fierce murmurs of the surge, his heart and mind were intensely bent upon London, and his very soul wrapped in plans for re-establishing his fortune, and gratifying his revenge.

"He was sitting, one day, buried in these profound and painful musings, and yet at times awakening as it were, and forcing himself to observe a small lugger moored close to the beach, about which some fishermen were busily engaged, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of voices that he thought not unknown to him. He suddenly started up, and beheld close to him, his hated enemy Dale, together with Lords Sharkesmouth and Ganderbury. It was the first time they had met face to face since Dale refused his challenge. Mortram naturally imagined that they had traced him to his retreat, and were come further to insult or injure him, and he stood in the midst of the way, and glared fiercely at them, though without speaking, nor would he have spoken, had not Dale brushed rudely against him, and said, with a sneer to

Sharkesmouth, 'The miserable wretch before us, is the man who imagined he could move the whole British parliament to crush me;' to which the peer muttered a reply, of which the words 'moving object' alone were audible.

"The blood of Mortram boiled in his veins at this insolent, though witless sarcasm; he attempted to retort, but his anger was too violent to allow him to speak, and with one blow of his fist he levelled the arrogant noble with the sands of the shore.'

"'Villain!' exclaimed Dale, stepping back, and drawing a small pistol from his waistcoat pocket, (for ever since Mortram challenged him he had made a parade of going armed, under pretence of expecting to be murdered.) 'Villain! what have you done? have you followed us here to assassinate us?'

"'The reason of my being here will soon be of little importance to one of us,' replied Mortram, drawing his sword,' (in those days every gentleman wore a sword,) 'for one of us will never leave this place alive.'

"'I am sure I shall,' said Dale, with a sneer, 'and so will you, unless you cut your own throat. I do not pity you enough to rid you of your miserable existence.—Or are you,' continued

he, 'going to enact the Brutus, and fall heroically on your own blade?—Nay,' he added, observing Mortram drawing closer to him, 'if you advance one step nearer, I *will* shoot you, as I would any other fellow who stopped me on the highway.'

"'Are we then,' exclaimed Mortram, 'to fight with such unequal weapons?—yet be it so;' and as he spoke, he passed his sword through the body of his antagonist, who, at the same instant taking a momentary but steady aim, lodged a ball in his breast. Both reeled and fell on the sand, rolling and wallowing in their blood, in the stupor caused by their wounds. Sharkesmouth ran to assist his friend; Ganderbury, moved by pity, and the recollection of former kindness, strove to help Mortram, while the fishermen, who were about the small vessel, hastened to offer their services to all.

"Dale almost immediately recovered his senses, and his first words were an inquiry whether Mortram yet lived. 'No, indeed, he is dead,' replied Ganderbury; 'and indeed it was a shame of you, I must say, Mr. Dale, to kill a man you have already so much injured.'

"'If he is dead I am sorry, indeed,' returned Dale, half mimicking the simple Ganderbury,

"and indeed I have good reason, for if he had lived, I should have had the pleasure of seeing him hanged. I take you both to witness,' he continued, 'that he attacked and stabbed me, and that I only shot him in self-defence.'—'And that he knocked me down,' added Sharkesmouth, 'because I attempted to prevent him.'

"While Dale was thus speaking, an old sailor, or fisherman, who had run from the lugger I have mentioned, with a bottle of brandy in his hand, was endeavouring to staunch his wounds by applying handkerchiefs dipped in that liquor to them. In a short time he succeeded in stopping the blood, and the wounded man was then borne off to the nearest house, accompanied by Sharkesmouth, who went to see that surgical aid was immediately procured, and to give information of the affray to the nearest magistrate; and such was the hatred Dale yet bore to Mortram, that he charged the fishermen to secure him, should he revive, and to see him lodged in prison, if he shewed the least sign of animation.

"As soon as he was gone, the fishermen began to crowd about Mortram, and as such sudden accidents produce a momentary equality, they were all eager in their inquiries of Gander-

bury, concerning the dispute; and the peer, glad to find himself surrounded by a circle of reverential listeners, (a pleasure he did not frequently enjoy,) lost no time in satisfying their curiosity; and, perhaps, in the manner of a weak man, fond of exciting the wonder of those with whom he conversed, he even exaggerated the injuries Mortram had received; and, as his discourse suited the feelings of his audience, he soon raised their detestation to the highest pitch, against both Dale and Sharkesmouth. The aged sailor, in particular, swore that had he known the case he would not have wasted a drop of brandy upon Dale, and, as if to atone for his error, he now applied himself with redoubled ardour to Mortram, pouring spirits down his throat, rubbing his temples, and, in fact, employing every method he could imagine to restore animation.

"After some time he was successful; the wounded man opened his eyes, and by degrees began to recollect what had passed, and to comprehend what was going on around him. 'Oh, Frank Mortram! Frank Mortram!' exclaimed Ganderbury, 'how could you be so rash as to attack Vandacle?—he swears he will hang you if you recover; and I think he will

be able, with the assistance of Sharkesmouth, for you know that they will swear any thing— not but what I will swear on your side, and stand to it, th— they attacked you first, for heaven forbid that I should see you hanged, when an oath or two will bring you off, for I am a nobleman as well as Sharkesmouth, and have as good a right to perjure myself.'

"The fearful anticipations and the promises of the simple Ganderbury were alike lost upon Mortram; he could not comprehend them, and so deadly a sickness at that time pervaded his frame, that death in any manner seemed a relief to him. The ancient Triton, who had, throughout the affair, made himself so busy, now appeared determined to take upon himself to be the protector of Mortram. 'If the case be as you say, my lord,' said he, in a sort of half-confidential, half-inflated tone, and like that of a man who felt that he was conferring with a lord, 'why, I say, Sir, that the best thing will be to get your friend out of the country, Sir, for it is no use to stay here, and be hanged, my lord.' 'Ay, what you say is very true, my good fellow,' replied Ganderbury; 'but then he is not fit to be moved;

besides, if he were, he cannot fly across the channel.' 'Why, Sir, as I said before, Sir,' quoth the man of the sea, 'better run all risks than stay with the certainty of being hanged; and as for crossing the sea, yonder lugger is from Cherbourg, (a fair trader, your honour,') very confidentially, 'and will cast loose as soon as the tide serves.' 'In that case,' said Ganderbury, willing to serve his friend, or, at least, to get him out of the way, and, perhaps, not caring much what went of him afterwards, 'I think the best thing we can do for him is to put him on board.' 'The devil take the lawyers,' shouted the aged merman, 'I shall be glad to get him out of their hands, if it be only to spite them, for they will hang him to a certainty.' 'Nay, my good fellow,' quoth Ganderbury, willing to display his large share of information, 'the lawyers cannot alter the laws of the land; if my friend has broken the law, and a jury find him guilty'—'No, no, I say it is all the cursed lawyers, Sir,' interrupted the fisherman, 'a gang of thieves, who will not let an honest man run a tub of Hollands without punishing him, though, Sir, my lord, I mean, if you should have occasion for a——'

and here his voice sunk into a whisper, unintelligible to any but the person to whom it was particularly addressed.

"The instant Mortram was lifted from the earth he again fainted; the fishermen, however, bore him on board the lugger, which had come from Normandy, with a cargo of the apples, or more properly of the apple-brandy, of that province. She was instantly unmoored, and the fishermen, jumping into their boats, towed her from the beach, their movements being accelerated by the appearance of the constables, and a gang of assistants, collected from all the alehouses in the parish, who arrived on the shore almost the same instant the smuggler departed.

"These worthy officials, either supposing their claim to the body of Mortram ended the moment he quitted the land, or, more probably, not choosing to risk a squabble with the fishermen, who were so busy carrying him away, after loitering for a while, returned to give an account of the failure of their mission to Lord Sharkesmouth, who, enraged to think that a man who had knocked him down, had escaped at a time when it appeared nothing would save him from destruction, hastened down to the beach, got into a boat, with all he could assemble, and pulled

out to sea, in pursuit of the smuggler. But the honest Norman, knowing that he might be chaced for other reasons than for carrying off a wounded duellist, hoisted all his sail, and skimming like a bird along the surface of the water, soon left Sharkesmouth and his constables behind him.

"As you may imagine, the revenge of Dale was now far from satisfied; it seemed, indeed, as if nothing but the execution of Mortram could slake the violent thirst of vengeance that consumed him. He instantly dispatched an exaggerated account of all that had passed, confirmed on oath before a justice of the peace, to the office of the secretary of state, and measures were instantly taken for procuring Mortram from France. Indeed, it unfortunately happened, that a strong presumptive case could be made out against the fugitive. He had chosen the village of ——— as a retreat, yet, by a singular coincidence, Dale had been, together with his two companions, several days on a vist to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, when he arrived there; and appearances, therefore, were that he had followed them to execute the vengeance he had sworn to inflict; nay, the means by which he had escaped were declared to have

been premeditated, and previously arranged, for few were willing to believe that the smuggler was on the spot, and ready to sail by mere chance. It is scarcely necessary to repeat all that could be urged against the unfortunate Mortram; quite enough was deposed by Dale and Sharkes-mouth, to give his conduct the air of a cold-blooded and calmly-planned attempt to murder his successful rival; and as the newspapers, with their usual love of the horrible, took care to exaggerate every feature of the case, all the world became certain that Mortram was one of those desperate and sanguinary characters who arise, from time to time, to astonish and confound mankind by their enormities. Dale, seeing to what a height the public curiosity and detestation had arrived, took care to do every thing in his power to excite it. By his means, portraits of Mortram were exhibited in every print shop, pamphlets were published, containing extraordinary accounts of his life and actions, and falsehoods of every description were hawked about the streets concerning him; in fact, so violent was the prejudice raised against him, that it would have been impossible to assemble an unbiassed jury to try him.

"I have said that measures were taken to

reclaim Mortram from France. A police officer, who knew his person, was dispatched from London to identify him, and with the aid of the French authorities, proceeded to Cherbourg, where he found the smuggler who had carried him away; but Mortram he could not find; he had died during the voyage, and the officer returned to London with only a certificate of his decease and burial. I could not find words to express the anger of Dale and Sharkesmouth, when they found that their victim had thus escaped them, for they had gloated upon the idea of seeing him executed, till it became in a manner necessary to their happiness that he should die on a scaffold. Neither can I tell the grief of the unhappy mother of the deceased, thus deprived of him who was her delight and pride, and left desolate in her old age. Perhaps the only persons who felt pleased at his untimely end were his bottle-headed cousins, who had so long prophecied his downfall, and they rejoiced, because it at once proved their prophetic powers, and gratified their envy of one who had risen so far above them.

"There is a certain revolution of opinion, to which our nearest continental neighbours have given the name of reaction, and no sooner was the death of Mortram publicly known, than this

reaction operated powerfully in his favour. Every one could now discover that he had been infamously treated, that he had been persecuted beyond the endurance of human nature, that Dale had united the villain and the coward in his conduct towards him, and, in fact, that he had been made a sacrifice to a malignant and powerful enemy: for now, Mortram's friends, finding the tide turned in his favour, took care to display all the injuries he had received. Even Ganderbury and the fishermen, the only persons who had shewn a desire to serve him in his difficulties, now came in for a share of blame. It was said that, but for them, he might yet have been alive, for he would certainly have been acquitted, and equally certain that he could not outlive the motion of a ship; and the good people who said this, forgot, during their lamentations, that had he been tried while the prejudice was strong against him, he would certainly have been found guilty. In fine, as may frequently be observed, directly he was dead, and pity could avail him nothing, every body pitied him, and declared that he was murdered.

"The current of public anger was now turned against Dale and Sharkesmouth, and both of them were represented as even worse than they

were; for it is in men as in dark coloured objects, few are so very black that it is impossible to paint them blacker. The charges which had been brought against the former in the house were now recollected, and canvassed by the new-made partizans of Mortram, and the very men who, but a few weeks before, had declared that he was a patriot of the most distinguished nature, now declared that he was any thing but a patriot, or an honest man, while Sharkesmouth was declared to be, what indeed he was, a sharper, though a peer. But neither of these allies gave themselves much concern for the opinion of the public; Sharkesmouth, in particular, was so well gifted with impudence, that he even seemed to rejoice in the bad opinion entertained of him; and indeed he was right, for I have often observed that a swindler is enabled to make dupes in proportion to the celebrity he acquires, it happening, singularly enough, that fools crowd around a notorious cheat, with as much eagerness as they would about a great poet, or a great Mogul, if he were in England, or, in fact, any other great and wonder-striking character. Dale, who, perhaps, held the opinion of the world in more perfect disdain than his associate, (for he neither felt gratified nor dis-

pleased by it,) paid no regard to the censures that were so liberally passed upon him; he was, in fact, as usual, involved in too many undertakings to have time to attend to any thing but the prosecution of his own plans; he recovered, besides, but slowly from his wound, for his violent mental exertions, when directing his machinations against Mortram, very much retarded his cure.

"But, although he gradually regained his health, it was observed that he did not pursue his enterprizes with the ardour that had formerly distinguished him, and that he was frequently lost in thought; indeed, his person, manners, and actions, betrayed a degree of languor which they had never before exhibited. This, most probably, arose from his having exhausted his mind in his struggle with Mortram his; passions having been so long bent up to the contemplation of the great and fierce contest in which he was engaged, could not accommodate themselves to the minor intrigues to which he was now alone confined. This loss of energy gave rise to many speculations among the inquisitive and the idle, one of which I will notice to you.

"The English, and particularly the Londoners, claim to be extremely illuminated, and

free from superstition; yet, perhaps, if these claims were fairly sifted, they would be found to rest upon a very weak foundation. Indeed, in my opinion, our fellow citizens only appear liberal for the same reason that a number of cowards appear brave—they are numerous; but, in proof of the little illumination or wisdom of the Londoners of that age, I have only to mention the Cock-lane ghost, which created so great a sensation about the very period in which the events I now detail occurred. The superstitious, then, gave out that the reason of Dale's gloom and languor was, that he was haunted by the apparition of Mortram. It was said, that the spirit of that unfortunate young man, though visible to him alone, never quitted him, and many regarded him with horror, as if they expected to behold his immaterial companion. It is really singular, how well the conduct of Dale corresponded with this whimsical report. He had become abstracted, and would sit for a time as if wholly absorbed in feelings in which they did not participate; he would fix his eye with gloomy intensity upon vacancy, and move his lips, or mutter to himself, as if speaking to some invisible object, in words inaudible to every other ear. These meditations occupied but a

few moments, and, indeed, were no more than he had always been given to, though of late they had become more marked; but, perhaps, they would never have been observed but for the report they seemed to corroborate.

"I need scarcely observe, that it was not the persecutions of a spirit that gave rise to the gloom and depression of energy manifested by Dale. His vexation was caused by having in a manner outwitted himself. He was sincerely attached to Maria, and, during the heat of his hatred against Mortram, he had fancied that nothing but the ruin and death of that detested rival could ensure a return of his passion; now, he found that, by that very method, he had only redoubled the dislike Maria had always evinced for him. This effect, while it stung him to the very soul, increased, if possible, his hatred to the deceased; he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to have restored him to life and fortune, yet he felt that were he alive he should again attempt to destroy him.

"It is true Dale still possessed the means of forcing Maria to marry him, for he yet retained the fatal bills, accepted by her father; but he no longer possessed the power of employing

them, as he originally designed; his passion for Maria had assumed a degree of delicacy and intenseness, very different from the feelings he had first entertained for her, and he now loathed the idea of obtaining her hand, without acquiring her heart. In fact, no one knew the violent passion that now consumed the bosom of Dale; he loved Maria with all the energy of his soul, and he suffered the pangs of the most infuriated jealousy, yet he was only jealous of a dead man; he knew too well he had no cause to suspect that she favoured any other; all his sorrow and his anger arose from the fact that she did not, and that he knew she could not, love him, while she cherished the memory of his rival.

"Yet the few causes Maria gave him for suspecting her attachment to his late unfortunate opponent, were such as would have been noticed by no one, but a man deeply infected with love or jealousy. Thus, Maria had put on mourning when she heard of the death of Mortram, and persisted in wearing a ring he had given her; but then it was well known that, on the day she received the news of the death of her former lover, she had also learnt that a distant relation, a volunteer in the Austrian army, had

been killed fighting against the Prussians; and with regard to the ring, that was a trifle, scarcely deserving of notice.

"Perhaps the pains of unrequited love are the most bitter that a man of violent passions can feel; but, with Dale, they were accompanied with so many other considerations, that they attacked him with tenfold violence. It ground him to the very soul, that he, who had overcome every difficulty that had ever opposed him, should now be unable to vanquish the coldness of Maria, and his heart withered at the recollection, that he had spent days in contriving methods of pleasing her, and that, instead of the smile he had anticipated, he had only been repaid by a tearful glance, or a half-suppressed sigh.

"On such occasions he would upbraid her in secret, for he never suffered any one except herself to know his feelings, and would quit her for a while in anger; but, by degrees, his affection for her would overcome all other considerations, and he would return to seek her love, and to be disappointed. This passion for Maria was the only feeling that had ever existed long within his bosom, and, perhaps, her coldness for him was the means of keeping it alive, for

to inspire her with a passion equal to that he felt was the only enterprize he now pursued with eagerness.

"In order either to heap obligations on Mariā, or to restore her health, which was evidently sinking, Dale, after he recovered from his wound, carried her, with her father, mother, and sisters, to Scarborough, then a fashionable watering-place, at his own expense, and from thence the whole family went to his seat of Dalesborough, where they spent some months; for so eager were all the Wellands, except Maria, to enjoy splendour and extravagance, that they cared little by what means they gratified their inclination.

"The infatuation of the Wellands had not yet reached its crisis, the whole family still entertained the feelings, which, as I have already said, they acquired after their arrival in London, and, indeed, I may say, that these feelings every day increased in violence. Some of their habits, however, were changed. Mr. Welland no longer played, neither did any of his children spend beyond his means; for Dale, who amid all his eccentricities, possessed methodical habits, had arranged his affairs, and controlled his expences, through the influence he possessed

in holding the bills to which I have so often adverted. Dale, indeed, was infinitely more absolute in the family than Welland himself; his riches and his rank gave him great influence, which, added to the means of injury he possessed, caused him to be obeyed as a being of superior rank, and feared as one of superior power. It was not from any desire to serve the Wellands, nor to interfere in the concerns of others, that he had taken upon himself the office of director of their expences; his sole object, in checking their extravagant career, was, that they might not be ruined; had that once taken place, his bills would have ceased to be of value, and he would have lost all power over Mr. Welland; for, though he now scorned to employ them as he at first intended, he yet could not bring himself to give them up, and so resign a means of obtaining Maria whenever he pleased. But, whatever was his object, his conduct was of the greatest service to Welland, for that weak man, although unable to control himself, very readily yielded obedience to any one he feared. Although the habits of the family were thus rendered more regular, their extraordinary expectations were not in any degree affected; they still seemed to think the

world resembled the Pais de Cocaigne, the fool's paradise, described by old writers, where every wish was to be gratified, and every desire to be indulged, and Mr. and Mrs. Welland most firmly believed that their daughters would all become peeresses, and their sons field-marshals and archbishops, and their behaviour was such as became the parents of such lofty personages.

"It was in the summer that the encounter between Dale and Mortram took place, and the Wellands passed the remainder of the year, and a portion of the ensuing spring, with the former in the country. They did not return to London till March, and then, by the advice, or rather the command, of Dale, they took a house in the street in which he resided; for he desired to have them perpetually under his eye, in order to control and regulate their movements, and to deter any other person from addressing Maria.

"One night, at the beginning of the month of April, Dale had spent the evening at Welland's. He had brought with him some present for Maria, which she had received with thanks, but with her usual coldness; and he, as was common with him, when he found his intended kindness had failed, had expressed his dissatis-

faction with considerable anger. Something like a quarrel had taken place between them, if that can be so called, where one party upbraids, and the other remains silent. Dale, however, had gone home, in both sorrow and anger. Maria, exhausted by uneasiness, and her family worn out by dissipation, had retired to rest. The servants had all been long in bed, and the whole household was locked in the most profound repose, when a loud knocking at the door, and ringing of the bells, aroused many of them, and they only awakened from their sleep to be further confused and astonished by the cry of fire, while the heat and glare of the flames, the stifling and bewildering smoke that filled every apartment, the crackling of timber, the roar of fire, the thundering of the knocker, the loud and interminable jangling of the bells, the springing of rattles, and the smashing of glass, produced an effect that only disordered those it awakened. Even the uproar without was overpowered by the discord within, as soon as the household became aware of their danger; for the excitement of men at that awful crisis is such, that their voices seem to acquire a supernatural power, and such is the

hurry, distress, and infatuation of such moments, that I have known a man stay to dash out the panels of a door which he fancied confined him, when he might at once have passed it by turning the lock.

"In a family composed of such selfish and weak-minded beings as the Wellands, those who could think at all on this occasion, thought only of themselves, and when Dale, who was immediately aroused by the disturbance, (for his house was within a few doors of that of Welland,) reached the spot, he found that Maria had not yet escaped. He ran into the house, and forcing his way into her room, discovered that she was still asleep, for the mind exhausted by grief will sleep, as the body worn out by suffering falls into a doze in the midst of torment. Notwithstanding the imminence of the danger, he could not prevent himself from standing a moment to gaze at her; her hand lay exposed upon the pillow, and on her finger, even in sleep, she wore the ring of which he hated the very idea; he called her loudly, but in reply she only muttered the name of Francis. He muttered a curse, and with his usual sternness was about to quit the

room, and leave her to her fate; but his affection predominated, he flew to her, shook her violently, and awakened her.

"At this instant, one of the female servants, who had not yet quitted the house, fled with the usual instinct of terror to her mistress for protection, and Dale left the chamber for a while, that Maria might be able to dress herself. He returned almost instantly, for the fire was gaining ground too rapidly to admit of delay, and proceeded down stairs, followed, as he believed, by Miss Welland. When he got into the street, the rush about the door separated him from his companion, and, upon rejoining her, he found that he had mistaken the maid, who had thrown on a cloak of her mistress's, for Maria. 'Where is Miss Welland?' exclaimed he, in a tone of despair. 'Where is the lady?' re-echoed the mob, every one looking around him in hopes of discovering her. 'Who is that at the window?' cried one of the few firemen who had arrived. 'Oh, God! it is my daughter,' exclaimed Welland. 'I will fetch her out,' cried Dale; 'fifty pounds to every man who accompanies me—a hundred guineas to any one who brings her out in safety.' 'The fire-ladders! the fire-ladders!' shouted a hundred

tongues,—'they are padlocked to the church' —'run to the watch-house'—'get the keys'—'tear them down from the walls,' replied innumerable voices, and a large portion of the crowd ran to execute these various movements, all animated by the hopes of the reward for saving Maria.

"Meantime Dale, and several of the most intrepid of the spectators, rushed into the house, but the majority drew back, when they found the hall filled with a thick smoke, through which the flaming-stairs were hardly visible. A few proceeded to the foot of the steps, but when Dale had got to the first landing-place, he found that but one of his companions remained, and he seemed hesitating whether to return or proceed.

"'You shall have two hundred—three hundred—five hundred guineas,' exclaimed Dale, 'if you accompany me, and we return alive.'

"'I want none of your money,' replied the stranger, in a voice that thrilled horribly through the ear of Dale, 'move forward!'

"Notwithstanding the hurry and terror of the moment, Dale could not refrain from turning to look at the speaker. He was a middle-sized man, from his dress apparently a hack-

ney-coachman; for he was wrapped up in a series of coats, of grey drugget, which entirely obliterated the shape and figure of the wearer; his face was partly concealed by a large wig, (for wigs were then universally worn,) and by a hat that had once been cocked, but which now flapped down about his brows and cheeks, from the united attacks of age and rain; the rest of his countenance was masked, as it were, by a thick coat of dirt, and by a beard of some three weeks growth. 'Well, do you know me?' said the stranger, placing his hand on the shoulder of Dale, and looking him full in the face, after he had undergone a severe but momentary scrutiny.

"It seemed singular to Dale, that any man he did not know, especially one of the shabby appearance of the stranger, should take so much liberty with him, yet he did not recognize the stranger, and still the touch of the being who laid his hand upon him, seemed to thrill through his body, like the sudden application of a lump of ice.

"'I do *not* know you,' said Dale, urged to speak by an irresistible feeling.

"'That may be well for you,' said the stranger, gloomily; 'and yet,' he continued,

'you soon may;—but why stand talking here?—better go and help the lady!'

"The above conversation occupied, as you may suppose, infinitely less time than it has taken me to relate. Dale, recalled to himself by the last words of the stranger, now moved forward; but he had only run up a few more stairs, when a flaming beam, detached from its situation in the wall, fell upon him, struck him down, and disabled him from moving, or even getting from the mass of burning embers that enveloped him. He exhibited at that moment a fearful spectacle; a large mass of burning timber lay across his body, while a fiery shower fell rapidly upon him as he vainly wreathed around in torture; but still his mind, in some degree, triumphed over his torments, and, without losing his self-possession, he tried every means to extricate himself.

"The stranger, who had been closely following Dale, and who had escaped by little less than a miracle from being enveloped in the same catastrophe, stopped and bent over him for a moment, with the fixed and fierce scowl of a demon, enjoying in the most intense degree the gratification of his malignant passions. 'Do you know me *now*?' said he in a tone which,

notwithstanding his torments, affected the unhappy man. 'I know you not,' repeated Dale, 'but I believe you to be the fiend—yet save Miss Welland!'

"'Strange,' cried the unknown, 'that you should not recognise your own work! Look again!' continued he, thrusting aside his hat, and the curls of false hair that clustered on his cheeks and temples, and displaying the features of Francis Mortram. 'Which of us is master now?' cried he with violence.

"'Mortram, you have conquered,' said Dale; 'but spare Maria!'

"'You do not ask your own life,' said Mortram, 'is it of so little value, that you scorn to demand it?—yet I, even *I*, will give it you;' and with these words he threw aside the burning mass that oppressed his rival, lifted him up in his arms, bore him into the street, and having placed him in the care of some of his servants, again entered the burning mansion.

"The interest and passions of the spectators were now raised to the greatest elevation. Not a sound, except the roaring of the flames and the clanking of the engines, could be heard; the shouts and exclamations that are usually uttered at a fire were hushed; every eye was

bent upon the hall door, into which the stranger had proceeded, with the resolution of a man who had calmly devoted himself to the flames; and every ear was strained to catch any sound that might issue from within.

"For a period that seemed to all around interminable, there was no appearance of the unknown. The flames burst forth with redoubled fury, and all that could be heard was a deep hollow rumbling sound, occasionally arising from the interior of the house, as the ceilings or large pieces of furniture tumbled into the burning mass. A low whisper of alarm began to steal through the crowd, rising by degrees into a deep suppressed murmur of horror; shortly it was interrupted by shouts of 'make way! make room!' uttered by those who stood opposite the door, and in an instant the stranger appeared, forcing his way through the hall, bearing Miss Welland in his arms, wrapped up in one of his numerous great-coats, to save her from the fire.

"To all those who could see him, the stranger, (for he was a stranger to all the crowd, with the exception of Dale,) appeared like a being formed to exist and act in the midst of that fearful element. The flooring of the pas-

sage was now in many places burnt through, and to have trod upon it would have precipitated him to certain destruction; but with admirable calmness he leaped from beam to beam, for those solid masses of timber, though also burning, were yet of sufficient strength to support him. The flames rose up, eddied and curled around him, and at times seemed utterly to swallow him within their fiery bosoms; the smoke rushing upwards in clouds at other moments, produced so thick an atmosphere as entirely to prevent his seeing where to place his feet; still, as the occasional rush of water from the engines produced a momentary cessation of the fire, or as a current of air blew away the smoke, the stranger was again seen, and from the fiery glow cast upon him from all sides, he looked like a being of flame, or rather as if possessed of the semi-transparency of metal in a state of red-heat.

"Again a profound and awful silence reigned throughout the crowd, or if it was broken, it was only by exclamations of encouragement to those who worked the engines, or by hurried directions to the men who guided the pipes, where to direct the stream of water. At length the stranger fairly reached the door, and a loud and simul-

taneous huzza burst from the assembly. A passage was rapidly opened to him, every one falling back and cheering him, as he passed along with his burden, with which, although many offered to relieve him of it, he refused to part. I have often heard a gentleman, who was present, give an animated description of him as he then appeared, his outer garments half burnt, his whole figure blackened with smoke, and reeking with heat, and the water that had been cast upon him from the engines, whilst in the midst of the fire. Without speaking a word he carried Miss Welland to her father, who, with Dale, yet remained in the street, placed her on the ground beside them, and turning round was about to disappear. 'Stop! stop! Mortram!' exclaimed Dale, but the stranger took no notice. 'Stop him, for God's sake!' cried Dale, addressing the crowd—'fifty pounds to any one that will stop him—I will force him to accept the reward I offered for Miss Welland!—I will repay him for preserving my own life!'

"The crowd at the name of Mortram closed rapidly around the stranger, and many, forgetting every other feeling in the idea of reward, attempted to seize him, while he, with extreme rapidity, eluded every grasp;—'I have him!'

cried one;—'he is my prisoner!' exclaimed another;—'close up the avenues!' cried a third;—'he is here! he is here! stop him! stop him!'—shouted a hundred voices, as the stranger eagerly sought to force a passage, while as many others, either mistaking the object of Dale, or admiring the heroism of the stranger, cried 'Shame! shame! let him go—it is the ghost of Mortram, that Dale murdered—it is Mortram himself—Dale would hang him even now.'—At this instant, when a species of contest had taken place between the partizans of the two opinions, a cart, containing an engine, rushed rapidly along; the mob mechanically opened to allow it to pass, and when they closed again, the stranger was gone, nor could he be again discovered, though numbers set off in search of him, through all the streets in the neighbourhood.

"The disappointed seekers once more assembled round the fire, which was now reduced to a gloomy rather than a flaming mass, and told their want of success; and next morning it was universally reported, that both Dale and Miss Welland had been preserved from the fire by the intervention of the spirit of Francis Mortram.

"Meanwhile, Maria and Dale were carried to the house of the latter, (where indeed the whole family of the Wellands took shelter,) and surgical aid was procured; for Dale was seriously injured in body, and more in mind, and Maria had remained insensible ever since she was brought out of the fire. She was, however, quickly restored to life, and as terror had been the only evil she had suffered, she was soon perfectly recovered; and now it was observed, that the ring she constantly wore had been taken off her finger, and replaced by another, which in former times she had given to Mortram. As yet she had not been informed who had rescued her. Dale, although the acknowledgment was wormwood to him, resolved to make it known to her himself, for he knew that she would soon learn it from other channels, if not from her ring, and that she would hear at the same time all the exaggerations with which the terrors or astonishment of the multitude had clothed Mortram, and he accordingly related to her the whole affair, without concealing any thing that had passed between himself and his rival.

"It would be impossible for me to describe to you her feelings on this occasion. Yet, per-

haps, the feelings of Dale were more painful than even hers. Whether his hatred of Mortram was diminished, by the assistance he had received from him, is a question that no one but himself could answer. I believe he did not hate him less, yet, after what he had done, he could not pursue him with the same bitterness of rancour; perhaps being thus incapacitated, together with the knowledge of the superior generosity of his rival, produced an effect on his mind, such as he had never before experienced, and it is certain that he would rather have perished in the flames than have been rescued by his enemy.

"His first care, however, on the ensuing morning, was to take measures to trace out Mortram; but he was unsuccessful; he had been seen no where but at the fire; and it was to no purpose that Dale employed every method to discover him. When every other means had failed, he had recourse to that of publishing an advertisement, calling upon him to appear, pledging himself not to injure him, and desiring him to come or send for a thousand pounds; and, as he knew that the circumstances of his rescuer were desperate, he imagined that this offer could not be rejected. But all was to no pur-

pose; and when Dale, somewhat recovered, called upon the mother of his former enemy, and offered to place the money in her hands to be transmitted to her son, she refused to accept it, alleging that she knew nothing of him, that she believed he was dead, and that it was either his ghost, or some person resembling him, who had rescued Dale and Maria from the flames.

"This opinion of the ghost became extremely popular among the superstitious of all classes, and many, who formerly scoffed at the idea that Dale was haunted by the spirit of the man he had persecuted to death, became now converted to the belief I have formerly mentioned; for they imagined that no human being could have appeared so opportunely, have acted so successfully, or have vanished so suddenly, as the agent that had preserved the lives of Dale and Maria. Besides, they observed it was not likely, granting that Mortram were alive, that he, who hated Dale so bitterly, would risk his life to save him; but, then, why his ghost should save him, was a question they could not answer, for spirits, according to the vulgar belief, continue to feel the same passions that distinguished them while clothed with a human body.

"There was a third party, who believed that

it was neither Mortram, nor his spirit, that had rescued Dale, but some person somewhat resembling him, and whom the excited imagination of the former had identified with his late rival; and from hence they deduced, that the death of Mortram pressed heavily on the conscience of his murderer, for, otherwise, it was not likely he would think of him in so awful an extremity. I need not tell you that this party was far the most numerous and respectable, yet there were some points on which the superstitious had a decided advantage. One of these was the manner in which the stranger had disappeared, for it was easy for a ghost to vanish, but extremely difficult for a man to escape unseen from the midst of a crowd, so many of whom were eager to secure him.

"Indeed, so difficult was it to come to a conclusion on the identity of the person who had rescued him, that Dale himself at times felt almost inclined to believe that his assistant had been some one personating his deceased rival; yet, that any one, merely to deceive him, should expose himself to such terrible risk, and that any one so poor and destitute as the unknown had appeared, should refuse so large a reward, confounded and bewildered him, and he was

obliged to believe, in spite of his wishes, that Francis Mortram, and no other, had relieved him; and from the interchange of the rings, if he had had no other reason, he would have felt convinced of the fact.

"So highly was the curiosity of the public excited, that several persons going to Paris, went by way of Havre, and turned off to Cherbourg, to learn whether Mortram was really dead, and yet, after the most minute inquiry, they could learn nothing to convince them to the contrary. The captain of the smuggler, and all his crew, agreed that he had died before they reached the coast of France, and many of the peasantry testified that he had been buried in a place they pointed out, a small heathy spot of ground, in the bosom of some high rocks on the sea shore; for being a stranger, a heretic, they said he could not be allowed to rest in consecrated ground. For this reason his burial had been private, the parish priest knew nothing of it, neither had the local authorities heard of it officially; but then the report of it had reached their ears, and every body in the neighbourhood could point out the Englishman's grave—a small turfy rising amid the heath, crowned by a young and newly-planted tree. This grave

some of the inquisitive would have opened, but the peasantry interfered, declaring that he who had never been allowed to enjoy peace during his life, should at least rest undisturbed after his death—for a confused account of the history of Mortram, as related by Ganderbury, had been given to the Norman sailors by the fishermen at ———, and they had repeated it with exaggerations to their countrymen; so that the story, altered and adorned to the taste of the peasantry of Normandy, who yet retain much of that love of desperate and marvellous adventure that distinguished their Danish ancestors, had become quite a gossip's tale in the neighbourhood. Every thing connected with the unknown thus became even more confused by the efforts made to discover him; and every one, Dale and Maria excepted, were convinced that he had either been the ghost of Mortram, or else some one who resembled him, and who kept himself concealed to enjoy the perplexity of the public.

"While these inquiries were going on, Dale slowly recovered from the injuries he had received by the fire. I say he recovered, but I should restrict myself to the mere burns and bruises; they, indeed, were healed, but the fever

they excited, being kept alive by the anxiety of his mind, continued to consume him. In fact, it became evident to every one that the energy of thought and fixedness of purpose, that formerly distinguished him, had abandoned him for ever. His rival, in saving him from the flames, had given him a mortal blow. He was now defeated, without a chance of recovering his former superiority; and, worse than all, he was so publicly obliged to his opponent, that he himself was forced to acknowledge and proclaim his own discomfiture.

"Life seemed now to possess no enjoyments for him; whatever he could do would be but of minor importance, while Mortram, the man he hated so bitterly, and had injured so foully, not only lived to enjoy the victory he had obtained, but even refused to accept his friendship or his rewards. He could not now even hope to overcome the coldness of Maria, since his rival had performed for her a service which he had failed to accomplish.

"These considerations preyed upon the mind of this unhappy man, and his health visibly declined. He became more silent and abstracted than before, and sunk by degrees into a weak, nervous, and debilitated state, without any pal-

pable symptom of illness; but yet with that continuity of decay that foretells but too well the approach of death. Neither the medicine of the faculty, nor the advice and society of friends, effected any change in him. He had flourished like a young tree, planted in a genial soil; he now withered away, like the same tree overshadowed by some tall building, suddenly erected, which intercepts the light of the sun, and the current of the air; he drooped gradually, and none could say the manner in which he decayed. It was in vain that every expedient for restoring him was attempted; the intense melancholy and deeply-seated lowness of spirit that oppressed him seemed to poison every enjoyment; neither change of scene, nor variety of amusement, aroused or enlivened him; every one saw that he was dying, from the effect of some secret feeling that preyed upon him, and the vulgar cited his case as a proof of the existence of spirits, for they imagined that his invisible guest was perpetually about him, and gradually destroying him.

"A death-bed is a sad leveller of proud, violent, or ambitious feelings. As Dale found his end draw near, he entertained opinions which, in former times, he thought it impossible

for him to conceive, and he began to study themes which, during his health and vigour, he had imagined to be of little importance. Still, changed as were his sentiments, he regarded death with his usual coolness and resolution, and he weighed his former actions with as much calm and dispassionate feeling, as if they had been the deeds of another. As all his life he had delighted to act in an eccentric and unforeseen manner, so now he seemed resolved to disappoint public opinion, and die the death of the righteous. Heaven forbid that I should speak lightly of the repentance of any one, however deferred; I merely make the above remark, to shew how widely the sentiments Dale entertained in his latter days differed from those by which his former life had been guided. The contrition of Dale was a proof of the strength of his mind. I know that a certain class of self-styled philosophers think, or pretend to think, otherwise; but, surely, to be ashamed to acknowledge we have erred, is a proof of weakness, and akin to the obstinacy of a child.

"A few days before he died he made his will, in which, after asking pardon of Maria for all the misery he had occasioned her, he left her a large portion of his immense property, on con-

dition, however, that she should never diminish the capital, to pay any debt incurred by her father, or any of his family; and entreating her, as his last request, to discover and marry Mortram, as soon as possible after his funeral. The remainder of his property he devised to those he had injured, and among them Mortram was not forgotten, for Dale settled on him a sum equivalent to all he had lost, though, at the same time, adverting to the marriage he had proposed to Maria, he expressed a hope that he would participate yet more largely in his fortune.

"He then applied himself to compose another document, containing a full and fair statement of all that had passed between himself and his former rival, and having completed it, he circulated it among his friends, entreating them to employ every method they could devise to render it known to Mortram. So large was his acquaintance, and so great was the interest taken in this affair, that Francis was quickly apprized of it, and he, who had been so long supposed dead, again appeared among his friends in London. This intelligence was quickly brought to Dale, and he expressed a desire to see him before he died; and Mortram, forgetting all the hatred that had lately existed between them,

and, only recollecting the friendship that formerly united them, immediately went to his house.

"I cannot describe the meeting; both were violently affected, for revenge was now dead in both of them; they could only recollect their former friendship, and they could only think that they were on the eve of parting for ever; yet, perhaps, Dale, by the generous atonement he made for his past oppressions, recovered at that meeting the superiority he had so long enjoyed over his rival. Notwithstanding the liberal and disinterested manner in which Dale endeavoured to make amends to all who had suffered by him, he yet retained, in an eminent degree, that worldly prudence that had so often enabled him to overcome every difficulty. He desired the bills accepted by Welland to be brought to him, and putting them into the hands of Mortram, he said, 'When I made my will, I did not think I should ever see you again, and I resolved to destroy these papers. I think, now, I can make a better use of them, and I therefore, endorse them over to you.' He took a pen and traced his name with difficulty.—'I give them to you,' he continued, observing that Mortram was about to speak, 'because I believe

you will not make a bad use of them.' He faultered, and Mortram inquired to what purpose he was to apply them?—'I give them to you,' said Dale, 'in order that by them you may govern Welland, as I have done. I have, in order to provide for this effect, prohibited Maria from paying her father's debts, and did you not hold this power, I fear that that infatuated man would do all he could to prevent his daughter from marrying you—now, prudence will oblige him to forward the match.—Your looks tell me that you will not take Miss Welland on these terms—nor would I—but I have also another motive.—By means of these bills, whatever was my object in obtaining them, I have done infinite service to Welland. I have controlled his expenses, kept his extravagance within bounds, and preserved him and his family from ruin. I now wish you to do the same.' As he spoke, his voice gradually weakened, till at length it became a mere unintelligible murmur; he suddenly stopped, grasped the hand of Mortram, and exclaiming with effort, 'Francis, I am going!' sunk back on his pillow. 'Van! Van! for God's sake, rouse yourself!' cried Mortram, endeavouring to raise him up, and calling loudly for assistance. 'Let me hear

you call me Van again,' murmured Dale, struggling with the agonies of death, 'it sounds pleasant in my ears, it recalls to my memory times that will never come again.' His voice again failed him, he pressed the hand of Mortram, with violent and superhuman strength,—then gradually relaxed his grasp—he was dead.

"There is something awful in the sight of death, even in the person of an infant: how much more so when a man of violent passions and powerful intellect lies a mere mass of inert corruptible matter before us. But I pass over such reflections, for I feel that my tale has already extended beyond your patience. I will, therefore, only account for the disappearance of Mortram, and then conclude.

"All Frenchmen are confounded by the English, who believe that France contains but one people, distinguished by a few provincial differences of dialect; but, in fact, the natives of many of the provinces, into which France was divided before the revolution, are as dissimilar to each other as the natives of those kingdoms that now form the British empire. These characteristics, perhaps, the French themselves do not sufficiently observe—for example, they imagine the Normans to be merely double-dealing and

litigious, and so far they are certainly correct; but they do not, at least generally, notice the energy and chivalric disposition that has descended to them from their northern forefathers. It might repay the curiosity of an ingenious observer, to trace the resemblance between the present Normans and the fierce and savage race, who, issuing from the barren deserts of the north, laid all the ocean coasts of Europe under contribution, and who conquered the greater part of France and England; though, perhaps, the present Normans rather resemble that high-spirited and magnificent people who conquered England, under William, and who first introduced into the country that energy and resolution which have raised it so high in the scale of nations. But I am wandering from my story, and digressing in praise of the Normans. As far as they are concerned in the tale, it will be sufficient to say, that the captain of the smuggler, participating in the love of courage and pity for misfortune that have always distinguished his countrymen, resolved to befriend Mortram, and guessing, from the circumstances of the case, that he would be sought in France, he determined to shield him by one of those artifices to which I must acknowledge the Normans are too much

given. Instead, therefore, of going direct to Cherbourg, he altered his course, and steered for the island of St. Marcou, at that time a place little known, and a mere depôt for contraband goods, though since highly celebrated during the revolutionary war. There he left Mortram, and carried on shore at Cherbourg a hammock, containing, as he pretended, a corpse, which he immediately buried, spreading at the same time a story somewhat resembling that of Mortram. In this deceit all his crew participated, and every one not immediately concerned in the transaction firmly believed it, for the crew themselves took care to adhere to their tale with true Norman resolution; as when once a Norman has framed and circulated a falsehood, you may cross-examine him for ever without discovering the truth.

"Meanwhile, the garrison surgeon at St. Marcou extracted the ball from the chest of Mortram; and he, too, was deceived, for the smugglers had dressed the wounded man in the clothes of a sailor, and represented him as one of their English allies, wounded in a rencontre in England; and there existed so little intercourse between that remote island and the rest of the world, that no one there ever entertained a doubt of the truth. In a word, there Francis recovered,

and being willing to keep himself alive in the memory of those during whose ministry he had been in office, he ventured to London in disguise, going out only at night, in the dress of a hackney-coachman. By mere chance, he was passing the house of Welland at the time the fire broke out, and he effected his escape from the crowd there assembled, by slipping off some of his many coats, when the mob were making way for the cart containing the engine, (for in those days engines were conveyed to fires in carts, as indeed, I believe, some are occasionally at present,) so that he was actually in the midst of the crowd at the time so many set out in search of him.

"The remainder of my tale is soon told. A short time after the death of Dale, the eloquence of Francis, and no doubt a due obedience to the express commands of one who had left her so large a fortune, prevailed upon Maria to become Mrs. Mortram, and thus a large proportion of the immense property of Dale came into the possession of the man he had so long injured and oppressed; and it is singular, that, on the same day that gratified the hopes so long abandoned by the now fortunate Mortram, the ministry to which he had been attached again came into

power, and offered once more to bring him into parliament, and to place him in such a situation as he was entitled to by his newly-acquired riches and interest. But Francis had seen enough of business. Now that his fortune was more than sufficient to gratify his inclinations, he resolved to live for himself; he retired from London, and spent the remainder of his days in the seclusion of the country, and the enjoyment of domestic happiness; and thus Dale, who, like a torrent, had disturbed and swept away all the peace and promise of his youth, became, like the same torrent when its violence has subsided, a means of enriching that which it had formerly devastated.

"The brothers and sisters of Maria did not, as you may suppose, become either archbishops, field-marshals, or peeresses; they all, however, principally through the interest or countenance of Mortram, becamə respectably established in the world, though Welland himself did not live to know their success, for he died shortly after the re-appearance of Mortram.

"Mrs. Mortram the elder lived long to enjoy the unexpected fortune of her son, and often remarked to his cousins, that, notwithstanding their predictions, she always knew that 'Frank'

was destined to be the richest and greatest man of the family; and, as the riches and grandeur of 'Frank' were now established beyond doubt or alteration, they all made haste to recant their opinions, and to declare that he was indeed a great genius, and that his adventures had been more singular than any that had ever befallen a Mortram."

THE VOYAGE,

CONTINUED.

"I AM very glad," exclaimed Captain W—, rubbing his hands and looking round him, with an air indicative of his feelings, "that Frank Mortram was happy at last. I don't like stories that end unhappily, at all."

"Nor do I, John," observed our commander, "unless there is a very striking moral inference to be drawn from their catastrophe, and even then they are more tolerable than pleasant. The mind that can feel delight in misfortune, I conceive to be either unsound, or evil-disposed, and under both circumstances undeserving of confidence. The man who can be gratified with imaginary misery, will not be so reluctant to occasion real distress, as he who holds affliction

in abhorrence. There is not that strong obstacle to his acting cruelly which influences the kind-hearted being, the violation of his own comfort; and when no feeling of selfishness opposes the commission of a misdeed, there is little hope that temptation will be resisted."

"Persons disposed to melancholy," said William, "will feel a morbid satisfaction in perusing narratives of grief and disappointment, yet they are often most harmless creatures in society."

"Still," replied Captain Shafton, "they are inclined to indulge in mental food which must be obtained by the sacrifice of happiness, though fictitious; and their appetite, when accustomed to such luxury, will relish unfeigned woe without reflecting on its source, as the glutton who has habituated his palate to excitement will feast upon the victim of culinary barbarity, without a thought of the sufferings it endured to become delicious. Few melancholy beings are guilty of crimes to satiate their propensity for distress, but they seldom fail to shew the dark side of every prospect to the parties concerned in it,—and destroy the hopes of others, for the gratification of their own gloomy imaginations. This they do, I believe, without malicious intentions,

but it shews that their own feelings engross their attention, to the exclusion of other considerations. The truly kind and benevolent seek to brighten the views of life, and to make existence tolerable, even to the most depressed in condition and in mind; while the misanthrope, under the semblance of wisdom and precaution, adds the weight of anticipated evil to the oppression of the present. It is his delight, and he turns from the sight of felicity to contemplate suffering for his pleasure."

"Such being the case," cried Mynheer, "for who would wish to dispute the decision of the worthy Shafton, I propose that we redouble our merriment, that we may eschew the imputation of being cynics. If credit is to be gotten by being gay, and by quaffing bumpers of cogniac, I will not be the least deserving of our company. Come, boy, bring out more bottles, and open another parcel of tobacco, and Maerts Duytkin, lad, unless you give us a song, I shall believe you to be one of those who delight in human misery."

"What, me sing, Mynheer!" exclaimed the doctor, raising his eyes in wonder to those of his commander.

"Ay, *you* sing, why not, man of clysters?"

replied Mynheer. "The raven will croak over the fallen warrior, whose death is foreboded, while it picks out his scarce lifeless eyes, and why should not a chirurgeon chaunt during the orgies of his vocation? I would wager a pipe, that when you are cutting to pieces a poor fellow, whom you have first prepared for dissection by your attentions during his sickness, you quacksalvers uplift a stave as doleful as the chorus of a flock of crows round a dead horse. Now, do you and your friend there, of the Leviathan, give us a specimen of your strains—your mysteries.—Let us have a hymn to Esculapius, or a ditty in praise of old Boerhaave, or an invocation, or a charm, or any thing musical, and for a proper accompaniment, you shall have a marrow-bone and cleaver, if they can be procured in the vessel, with leave of her commander."

"I would willingly do your pleasure, Mynheer," answered the doctor, "if we were on shore, so that you might be enabled to take flight when my mouth was opened in discordance among you; but here, on board a ship, if I should scare you to rush forth out of hearing of my screams, you will leap into the sea, and be drowned, for I doubt that the whales

of these regions are like the dolphin of Arion, of whom the story goeth that ——"

"No, no, none of your old musty tales, good Duytkin," interrupted the jolly skipper, "a song, man! a song, for the honour of your country and your craft!—a song!—now begin, and I'll beat time on the bottom of this empty black-jack. Clear thy throat first, man—hem—hem—we'll all join chorus if you will give us a cue—cast off——"

"I comply, Mynheer," answered Maerts, with solemnity, "because I understand it to be your wish that I should deliver myself of a song before this goodly company, but I will not hold myself accountable for the consequences that may ensue."

"I will ensure you from harm, doctor," said our commander, "and if you will have it, the companion-hatch shall be closed, and the dead-lights put up, to prevent our friends from committing any rash act, when worked up to ecstacy by your melody."

"But I profess no knowledge of singing, my worthy Sirs," said Mr. Duytkin, repenting of his hasty acquiescence, "nor do I remember one stanza of a song, excepting some verses of the hundred and fourth psalm, and an ode

of Horatius, set to music. Spare me a little, and I will strive to recollect or devise something for your entertainment."

"On your promise of not letting the evening pass without producing a song, you shall be indulged, Maerts," said Captain Shafton, "and I take your word as bail for its appearance. Meanwhile, replenish your horn, and fill up your pipe, that you may promote inspiration; and, perhaps, if you were to put your feet in warm water, and wrap a blanket round your shoulders, you might find more facility in accomplishing your object. At least, I know that when I lose my voice, my doctor always recommends that practice, therefore, I conclude it would relax the stiffness of your vocal organs, and, with your leave, I will order a small bathing-tub to be prepared."

"Give me a little time, and I shall not require it, Sir," replied the doctor. "I do feel the embryo of a canzonet quickening in my fancy, and I engage to bring it forth before we separate."

"Some one must supply this deficiency, Maerts," cried Mynheer, "while you sit still brooding over your poetry. Mr. L—— will you not assist your brother-surgeon in his distress?"

"I will consult with him," answered William.

"I can recommend our sick traveller," said Mr. Ridgway; "I have heard him sing most capitally."

"I plead indisposition," cried I, "I am legally excused from service."

"Then weave us a tale out of your memory," said our commander. "An invalid is seldom deficient in recollection; he has little else to do but to exercise it; and his reminiscences are generally minutely correct, for he dates them with certain eras and changes in his malady, that preserve them in his mind, like known beacons to retrace his way back to past times and occurrences."

"You seem, Sir, to have been a valetudinarian at some period of your life," observed I, "so well do you know the faculties possessed by one; and to show you that I have not failed to acquire the art of memory you describe, I will repeat a story, which was told to amuse me during one of my fits of illness, by the hero of it, who was himself peculiarly gifted with the habit of making his own indispositions the chronology by which he marked down events.—It recurred just at this moment to my imagination, while Mynheer was endeavouring to extract a song from

his friend Mr. Duytkin, for it relates to a poet *malgre lui*, as Moliere would have it; and as it is not very generally interesting, it may serve by its dullness for an anvil, on which the doctor can beat out the bright stanzas with which he will shortly favour us. Its want of brilliancy will provoke him to light up one of his most flaming torches of poesy, to dissipate the gloomy listlessness it will leave on our spirits; and I will make it as tedious as possible, that he may be excited to exceed in liveliness all his former compositions."

"We all cordially thank you for your promised stupidity, Mr. ———," observed Mynheer, "and beg you will display it forthwith."

Accordingly, without further prelude, I gave the following detail, in the words of the gentleman from whom I received it.

THE VALETUDINARIAN.

"It was in the autumn that I took up my residence at Kensington, and began to frequent the gardens, and as soon as I visited them often enough to become acquainted with the persons of those who were, like myself, regular loungers there, I took notice of a young man, whose appearance was of a peculiar cast, and excited my curiosity, although, perhaps, it might be difficult to say in what his peculiarity consisted. There was nothing particularly remarkable in his figure, or his face, nor was there any thing conspicuous enough in his dress to render him an object of observation. His complexion, indeed, was pale, and his features bore an expression of thought and abstraction, but in a money-making and sedentary nation these characteristics are too common to attract any particular attention. His dress was such as a gentleman might wear, who

neither wished to be distinguished for extreme observance or neglect of fashion; and if his coat was a little threadbare, the nap was not more worn than constant brushing would effect upon cloth of very recent date.

"This description certainly conveys no idea of singularity, and, perhaps, the manners of the young man, though somewhat more uncommon than his dress, were equally far from being extraordinary; for, although he had an air of abstraction, he did not look like an absent man, or a day-dreamer, but like one whose mind, though busily intent upon some individual subject, was yet clear, and capable of comprehending all that passed around him. He kept himself, however, out of the crowd of loungers, (for the Kensington gardens some years ago were so fashionable as to be actually crowded), and although he always walked in the most frequented places, he seemed resolved never to mingle with the company, but studiously interposed a little space between himself and the other *promenaders*; and there was something in the glançe with which he eyed every one who approached him, that told of diffidence, or shyness, or suspicion; still his carriage was so good, and his behaviour altogether so elegant, that it was evident that he had seen much of re-

spectable society, and it was more than probable that, before he had acquired such polished habits, all shyness or diffidence would have vanished. In fact, the opinion I formed of him, when first I noticed him, was that he had something of value, perhaps a large sum of money, about him, which he feared to lose; but when I remarked him, day by day, still wandering along the same walks, and still keeping at the same distance from the company, I was obliged to abandon the idea, for it was not probable that a man would make a practice of coming there with any thing of which he feared to be robbed, although chance or necessity might oblige him to do so on one occasion.

"Every body knows that a man who has nothing to do, becomes ipso facto endowed with the privilege of scrutinizing others. I had not noticed the singularities of this young man half a dozen times before I felt myself constituted a censor over him, a sort of grand inquisitor, who had a right to observe his irregularities, and to admonish him to reform them. But, however willing I might be to perform my part of the duties with which I fancied myself invested, it was a doubtful question with me, whether the stranger would act the part of a good citizen,

and obey; for, upon examining his features by those rules of physiognomy which every man invents or adopts, I fancied I perceived in them somewhat of obstinacy, or pride, or perhaps of both, which might have made him turn a deaf ear to my animadversions, had I forced them upon him.

"This youth, thought I, if I hint to him my opinion, may imagine I am some ancient busy body, and treat me as I should any empty young fellow who dared to meddle with my affairs; for your shy proud boys are apt to think that no one has a right to offer them advice, and, in fact, some of them are so self-conceited, that they fancy they are not only capable of conducting themselves, but even of directing those who are twice as old, and, consequently, thrice as wise as themselves—I will, continued I mentally, as I examined the stranger, have nothing to do with him; he has certainly an obstinate and yet a frightened look, like that of a man who obliges himself to do something his better feelings would refuse.—Heaven only knows the meaning of all this, perhaps he is only some 'acquitted felon,' or one who has committed a crime of which he is ashamed, and who comes among honest people to recover his

character.—No doubt the reason he speaks to no one, and so carefully avoids any approach to social intercourse, is, that he is fearful of being recognised and avoided.

"I continued in this opinion two or three weeks, during which I inquired of every one I knew, or to whom I could introduce myself, concerning the stranger, but all my inquiries were of no avail; neither loungers, door-keepers, nor gardeners knew any thing of him, though they all had noticed him, and several said that they had observed him during the whole summer, and that they felt the same curiosity as I did concerning him.

"This report somewhat modified my suspicions of the stranger. Surely, thought I, if his character were such as I suspect, he would have been discovered before this time: a man who has committed any crime cannot expose himself so much in public, without being known, and when once he is known, every one takes infinite pleasure in repeating his history, if it be but to enjoy the triumph of superior information, or to gratify that itch of slander and defamation that is, unfortunately, so common. No, this youth, with all his shyness, looks perfectly honest and simple. It is I who am criminal, for sus-

pecting him, without grounds, of vices which no doubt he abhors, as much as I do myself.—I will certainly speak to him—yes, I will make *amende honorable*, by discovering who he is, and giving him all the advice I can.

"Fraught with this praiseworthy resolution, I next day proceeded to the garden, and immediately discovered my young friend. I proceeded towards him with intent to oblige him to speak; but he was not to be obliged to do any thing. It was in vain that I walked close up to him; as if he penetrated my intention, he struck into another path, whenever I got near him, and even when I did succeed in so hedging him in that he could not possibly escape, he looked so plaguy cool, that he froze the words in my throat. In fact, he seemed now, as on all other occasions, surrounded by an impassable, though invisible barrier, which no one was permitted to overleap.

"This line of conduct, in which he persisted for several days, produced another revolution in my opinion concerning him. The fellow is a fool, thought I—a mere automaton—a shallow dolt, who, under pretence of great gravity and abstraction, conceals his want of wit, and his ignorance of conversation; he is a living example

of the observation, that gravity is a cloak for folly.—And yet, the fellow is not grave either —no, it must be that I look so grave—so—prudent—so—so—wise, that the boy is afraid of exposing his own weakness, by comparing it with my strength.—Well, after all, this does not prove him a fool, though it shews his inexperience, for he ought to have discovered that the origin of my wish to converse with him was only my desire to instruct him.

"This opinion was so refreshing to my own vanity, that I felt my good-will towards the stranger marvellously increased by it, and I became more than ever anxious to gain the confidence of one to whom I attributed so much penetration. 'This diffidence in our own capacity,' thought I, 'is certainly an amiable quality —in youth—and hesitating to enter into conversation with one of my (I will not repeat the opinion I presumed the stranger had formed of me)—hesitating to enter into conversation with such a man, shews him to possess great modesty, and no doubt many other virtues.'

"Several days passed on, during which I retained this opinion; but at length I began to think that diffidence might be carried too far. 'The winter is approaching,' thought I, 'and

before the stranger can overcome his respect for me, I shall be driven from the garden by the storms of October. This place will not be fit to walk in when the leaves have fallen; so much putrifying vegetable matter will emit steams of noxious vapour as deleterious as the marsh miasmata of Kent or Essex. I query whether the malaria of the Pontine marshes can be more dangerous. I wish I did not look so awfully wise, if the prudent character of my countenance is to alarm those with whom I desire to be familiar—but, after all, it is useless to find fault with nature. And yet, this youth puts me somewhat in mind of myself, when I was thinking of making a proposal to Miss Moth. I hesitated so long for fear of being refused, though I knew all the time she was only waiting to be asked, that at length she got tired of delay, and the very day I made up my mind, I saw by the papers that she had married another. So it will be with this stranger, he will procrastinate till my patience is exhausted, and then, when he has decided to notice my desire to converse with him, I shall feel no inclination for the conference.—Such advice and opinions as mine are not to be neglected, when offered, or had whenever desired. I will allow him time,

however, to recover from the awe he must no doubt feel at my appearance, and to become familiar with my countenance, before I withdraw my good-will from him.

"Notwithstanding the benevolence and kindness of this intention, the youth did not seem to improve. On the contrary, he became more wild and shy than before, and I frequently noticed him retire upon my approach into the centre of a wood, as if he wished to get out of my way. I actually began to fancy him a little deranged, and once or twice, when I perceived him lying on the bank of the canal, I concealed myself, for near an hour, in a ruined alcove, to watch him, lest in the excitement of the malady, with which I supposed him attacked, he should commit some rash and desperate action.

"I need not say how painful it is to have the good opinion we entertain of ourselves destroyed, and how long we are before we can acknowledge that it is overthrown. Yet, when I saw the obstinate perseverance of this youth in avoiding me, I began to suspect that it could not be awe of superior wisdom that kept him at a distance. 'The boy,' thought I, 'must suppose I am troublesome to him—he must be an ignorant

fellow after all, and too stupid to be worthy of the good advice I could give him. Or, perhaps, he is a humorist—though, in truth, he is too young to be a humorist—and there is nothing in his dress or carriage that announces such a character — and yet, I would bet my life he is a sort of humorist *en herbe*—a sapling oddity, who will grow up into as gnarled, twisted, ill-conditioned a trunk as ever disgraced well cultivated society. Or, perhaps, continued I, half musing, half muttering to myself, the fellow is a quaker, who wishes to acquire, by observation, the manners of a gentleman, and who is afraid of opening his mouth, lest some ungenteel thee, or thou, should escape and betray him, as toads and spiders came out of the mouth of the malevolent girl in the fairy tale. Yes, yes, it must be so, exclaimed I, as I examined the stranger; he has the very look of a quaker. I dare say, the only son of some opulent maltster, or leather-seller, who has come to a fortune, and is ashamed of the ignorance or simplicity of his ancestors, yet cannot get over the manners he wishes to shun. If that be the case, I had better trouble myself no further about him. A quaker, and

especially a rich young quaker, is generally the most unpicturesque character in society.

"I began now to wish I had not wasted so much time in observing this young man, though I am sure I do not know how I should otherwise have employed my leisure; but the weather had become cold, and I think I felt many ill effects from exposing myself so much to the damp air of the garden; indeed, many of my symptoms were most decidedly aguish. I became now seriously alarmed, and bitterly lamented my misplaced good-will for the stranger, since, through my desire to serve him, I was brought into so dangerous a predicament. In order to check the progress of my disorder, I desisted from frequenting the gardens, and sent for Dr. Grinborough; but so strangely blinded was the doctor by system, that he declared nothing was the matter with me. I have no doubt many a man is suffered to die, because his symptoms do not happen to fall in with the system laid down by his medical attendant.

"I had some thoughts of applying to another physician, for nothing is more unpleasant than to pay a doctor for telling you that you do not require his assistance; but yet Grinborough

and I have been friends from our boyhood, and he has so much to say, so many anecdotes to tell, and so many observations to make, that I could not bring my mind to think of parting with him. Still, I must enter my protest against these jovial doctors; they make you feel well while they are with you, by enlivening your spirits, and then they obstinately affirm you are not ill, and sometimes you cannot help joining them in the laugh against your own disorders, though there are ten chances to one that they will bring you to an early grave.

"I mentioned the singular conduct of the youth to the doctor, and I really believe, that at that time I should have abandoned him, had not my friend recommended me to pursue my researches, observing that they kept the mind employed; and, as his opinion happened to agree with my own, I resolved to persist.

"From this advice, coupled with the opinion he had given on my case, I began to suspect that my physician fancied I was a hypochondriac, and I determined, if I found that really to be the case, to trouble him no more. I hate doctors who fancy their patients hypochondriac and nervous; they only blind themselves, and then

perform no cure, because they refuse to see the disorder.

"Notwithstanding my resolution to observe the stranger, I saw nothing in his conduct for a long time to make me alter the opinion I had formed of him; and, indeed, I did not now see him so frequently as heretofore; not but that he continued to visit the place as pertinaciously as ever, but I was not there so often, for what with rainy days, and windy days, and muddy days, and extreme ill-health, I was frequently confined to my chamber.

"One day, however, which was finer than usual for the time of year, for it was now December, I went into the garden, and walked for some time in one of the paths which received the warmth of the sun, and which the thickly planted though bare trunks of the trees, sheltered in some degree, from the incursions of the northern breeze. Perhaps I was as much induced to confine myself to this walk by seeing my unknown friend at the further end of it, as by any other reason—but let that pass—suddenly the sky blackened, and large drops of rain began to descend. I began to entertain the most serious fears of getting wet, and catching

cold, and I made a few steps towards an alcove. But I stopped and ran under a tree, upon perceiving that the stranger was approaching the same place, resolving to let him be fairly housed, before I proceeded there; and well aware that if he saw I was about to enter, he would pass it by. I adhered, therefore, closely to the body of the tree, though to the manifest danger of my life; for, in my precarious state, to have been thoroughly wetted might have brought on a consumption; but when I saw that he had entered, I went round among the damp grass, (for I had my caloshes on), got silently close to the alcove, and darted in, secure, as I thought, at last, of an opportunity of speaking to this solitary and mysterious being—but who can talk to a man who will not open his mouth.

"He was reading intensely; so deeply, indeed, was he immersed in his book, that he did not even seem to notice me, and when, to force myself on his attention, I made some common-place observation on the weather, he merely lifted up his eyes, and silently inclined his body, like one who was willing to shew he heard you speak, but who did not comprehend the words you uttered, and returned to his book with tenfold application. Observing

that he was so closely engaged, I thought this would be a good opportunity to guess the course of his inclinations from the nature of his studies, and, edging myself close to him, so as to look over his shoulder, I perceived that he was reading a poem, and that it was headed 'Pastoral.' This conveyed no great information; but I observed another peculiarity, which, as it were, cast a sudden ray of illumination over the darkness in which the stranger had hitherto involved himself; the thumb-nail of his left hand was marked with an immense number of little cuts, or scores, like the nail of one who was much in the habit of mending pens. I have it now, thought I, the fellow is neither an 'acquitted felon,' nor a quaker, nor a humorist—but a poet—one who comes abroad all day to observe, and sits up all night to write his observations. This, at once, accounts for his abstraction, and semi-threadbare coat—let me see—a poet—what the plague can he be writing!—he is always lounging in a garden—and reading pastorals—why, evidently, he is composing a poem on gardens—and yet I should think the Abbé de Lisle, and his imitators, had exhausted that subject—but, stay—a garden may be introduced

into various compositions, besides a didactic poem on the art of gardening—the garden of Eden, for example, though Milton has said all that need be said upon that—and yet I have often thought that Milton familiarised—translated into the vulgar tongue, as Dryden and others have translated or modernized Chaucer—would be a great acquisition to modern literature, and who knows—perhaps, this young fellow has hit upon the very plan.

"I paused for a short time, while I again examined the stranger, and then I recollected that the pastorals he was reading could not possibly be Paradise Lost. I wish he would consult me on the subject of his studies, thought I, or that I had a fair pretext for breaking in upon him. I know I could give him good advice, for I have been an admirer of poetry, and especially pastoral poetry, ever since I read Pope's Windsor Forest, which was as soon as I read any thing; not to mention innumerable other pastoral writers, and if this youth has not decided on any plan, I would certainly advise him to revive the now exploded pastoral. What can be more pleasant than the loves and rivalships of shepherds and shepherdesses? and where, continued I, looking

around, can one find a place better suited for filling the mind with pastoral ideas than these very gardens? The woods and lawns are excellently adapted to revive in the mind the groves and pastures of Arcadia; and the king's merino-sheep, which sometimes stray here, are, I dare say, a finer breed than ever was tended by Menalcas or Tityrus, or any other man with a Greek or Latin name. Then here are lovely ponds of water full of gold-fish, in which the damsels may either see their faces, or drown themselves, as occasion requires. O, how easy, continued I, would it be to people all these woods with shepherds, and, in truth, the regular promenaders here would form excellent models; and what elegant compliments might one pay to some of the most distinguished beauties who frequent these gardens, by making them the heroines of an agreeable pastoral! How beautifully might one represent a rural contest, as celebrated on the lawn before the palace, and how admirably shew one's respect for any of the royal family, residing there, by depicting them witnessing the sports, as superior deities descending from Mount Olympus. In fact, we have all the machinery for a pastoral within our grasp. I

have often met in the woods fellows who, with very little poetic exaggeration, would pass for most excellent satyrs. I question whether Guarini or Tasso, Milton or Pope, had a fairer foundation, and yet how well they have succeeded in imitating the ancients, for I hold that the ancients had the truest feeling of pastoral.

" I had got thus far when the stranger rising, and making me another distant bow, quitted the alcove, leaving me too deeply involved amid the woods of Arcadia to attempt to prevent his departure. I still continued my meditation; I thought of Fauns, and Dryads, and Hamadryads, and I so far arranged my ideas as to resolve that if, upon inquiry, I found that the stranger had not begun a pastoral poem, I would myself undertake one.

" I know not how long I should have continued to indulge my reverie, but a tickling in my throat, attended by a slight cough, aroused me, and convinced me that I was not in Arcadia, in the midst of summer, but in Kensington gardens, half choaked by the fogs of an English December afternoon. I immediately arose and returned home, and although I took a slight sudorific on going to bed, I felt extremely feverish all night, and next day I had a con-

firmed cold. I was obliged to send for Dr. Grinborough, and to keep my room for a fortnight.

"But this confinement only whetted my ardour for seeing my poet. I lived in Arcadia during all my illness, and my apartment was peopled with Arcadians of all ranks, from the god Pan downwards; for I got together all the pastorals I could collect, and Mrs. Bell, (my landlady,) and her daughter, did me the favour to spend great part of their time with me, and as study makes my eyes ache, they read to me by turns. Miss Bell, indeed, had an excellent taste for pastoral, and I undertook to give her some instruction in the Italian language, with which she was but superficially acquainted. Hitherto she only studied it to be able to understand the meaning of opera songs, (for she is an admirable musician,) and fancied she made no progress, because she could not comprehend them. She was, therefore, delighted to find she could make out some of the Pastor Fido; and she became fully convinced of the truth of what I had often told her, that it was in vain to attempt to make sense of the songs above-mentioned, since the very authors of them could not tell what they meant when they wrote them.

"I am astonished where Miss Bell acquired her taste; not from her mother, I am sure, for that silly woman felt so little the beauties of the poets, that she seemed to imagine the shepherds of Arcadia resembled the ragged, hatless varlets she had seen, in former days, on Hounslow-heath—fellows the least like Arcadians the heart of man, or woman either, could imagine. Miss Bell would certainly make an admirable shepherdess, and I resolved, if I went on with my plan, or became the adviser of my poetic friend, that she should be a heroine, and that half a dozen shepherds should dispute for her; yea, though the sweetness of their voices caused all the nightingales in the gardens, and Lord Holland's grounds to boot, to drop down dead in envy and despair. Her name, indeed, would be somewhat difficult to hitch into rhyme—Bell—Belinda might do, but I cannot altogether approve the name, perhaps, from the ill impression I have of the heroine of 'The Rape of the Lock,' and then her christian name is worse. Elizabeth would never do for a shepherdess; Eliza might; but I do not entirely like either Eliza, or any of its derivatives or compounds. Bessy Bell, I know, makes a figure in Scottish ballad; but I suspect it would be mis-

placed in an English pastoral, in imitation of the Greek.

"Such were my studies and thoughts during a fortnight of confinement, at the end of which time I recovered sufficiently to go abroad, and my first walk was to the gardens, notwithstanding the danger I incurred through the dampness of the ground. The poet, however, was not there, and after strolling through various parts of the grounds, and choosing scenes for several eclogues, I returned disappointed at his absence. For several days I continued to frequent the place at intervals; but in vain, the stranger was not to be seen, nor had he been in the place, as I learnt from the doorkeepers, for some time. I began to fear he had abandoned the garden altogether, though I kept up my spirits by reflecting that he might be busily engaged in writing, or arranging the ideas he had conceived during the summer. The winter, thought I, is not exactly the time to study pastoral; and yet the poet who is ambitious of describing English nature, ought to see it under every variety of weather. I would I knew this young man, that I might give him some advice. Your poet naturally likes to sit by the fireside, and sitting by the fire, in Lon-

don will never make a pastoral poet; he ought to pursue nature into her most secret haunts, and not to be turned from his path by a slough or a quagmire. If I could but get acquainted with him, and found he was really a man of genius, I would invite him to spend a month or two with me at Kensington, where he would be close to the gardens, and where I should be able to overlook the progress of his work. Mrs. Bell has a sleeping room to spare, which I could hire for him, and he could write in my study. But stop, continued I—no, it might not be altogether prudent to bring him into the house with Elizabeth; she is fond of poetry, and heaven only knows what impression a poet might make upon her. Pshaw! nonsense! exclaimed I, soliloquising aloud. It is not likely—Her mother would take care of her; and is the world to be deprived of a pastoral poem, that might be an honour to the age, lest a girl of eighteen, (her mother says she is eighteen, though I suspect six years might be added to it,) should fall in love with the author. I think she has more sense. I will certainly get hold of him, and have him here. If he is the man of genius I imagine, he will certainly be too intent on Amaryllis to think of Elizabeth.

"Although extremely anxious to put this good resolution in practice, and to have my poet under my own eye, that I might curtail the exuberances of the luxuriant fancy of youth, I was obliged to absent myself from the garden for several days, on account of a continued rain: and although I grant it is proper that a young man should study nature in rainy as well as in clear weather, I think one of my years and infirmities may be excused. As I thought I felt many very unpleasant or rather dangerous symptoms, I wrote to my old friend Grinborough, to come and dine with me, that we might have time to converse at our leisure over my case. Yet, with unaccountable obstinacy, he persisted in affirming that nothing was the matter with me. I thought he seemed very much astonished at the abilities of Elizabeth, and did not altogether approve the familiar manner of his behaviour, nor his loud laughing way of talking: as I said before, I always hated jovial medical men, and I would as soon that the undertakers should grin and chuckle when they are putting a corpse into a coffin, as that a physician should laugh when in company with his patient.

"I noticed, besides, that the doctor addressed Elizabeth once or twice by the title of 'my

dear;' though he made some sort of excuse, by saying that he mistook her for his eldest daughter, who is but fifteen, and remarkably handsome. Miss Bell seemed more pleased with this mistake than I thought a woman of her good sense and pastoral feeling should have been. The doctor was indeed mighty jocular, and talked a great deal about our adventures at the university, and I thought took a malicious pleasure in recounting some of my juvenile frolics, which he must have known I did not wish mentioned at that time, and in that society. He spoke, besides, I thought, rather contemptuously of pastorals, and ridiculously affected to forget the name of the shepherd's pipe, calling it a mouth-organ; thus appearing vulgar in order to be funny, for his facetiousness on that subject deserved no better appellation.

"I thought Miss Bell laughed more heartily at his stupid folly than politeness required; perhaps she might see through the affectation of my old friend, and laugh at *him*—but it did not seem so. Her mother's idiotical admiration of his jack-pudding tricks I was not surprised at, as I know she possesses no taste or talent whatever. I determined to keep a strict watch over all parties, and if I find the folly of my friend

infect the house, (for nothing is more infectious than buffoonery,) either to be out when he comes, or to change my lodging. I really knew not how to act, for, on one side, it was painful to desert a medical friend, who had been my companion and adviser for thirty years, and who, though obstinate and self-sufficient in medical affairs, was still well acquainted with my constitution; and, on the other, I could not but feel aggrieved at the idea of being driven from a lodging where I was very comfortable, by the silly jests of my doctor.

"After having been confined to the house for some time by the rain, I was at last released by a severe frost, which succeeded a heavy fall of snow. Rather for the sake of exercise, than with any expectation of seeing my poet, I went to the gardens, and, to my no small satisfaction, there I found him. This is as it should be, thought I. The pastoral poet should study nature in snowy weather, because such times may afford infinite matter for pastoral. The shepherd lost in the snow is a standard poetic incident, and, unlike most events enlarged upon by pastoral writers, it is unfortunately an accident which does occur.

"While I thus mused, my poet was walking

in the most profound meditation, with his hands in his pockets to keep them warm; he seemed wrapped in inspiration, never did I see a man whose look bespoke so much enthusiasm, and his feelings seemed to communicate themselves to me, when I saw him draw from his pocket a small book and a pencil. Now, thought I, the happy moment has arrived; he is full of Apollo; and so totally intent upon pastoral that he feels neither the cold atmosphere, nor the drifting snow. I wish to heaven, however, that he would not walk in the midst of the grass, where I cannot go to him, for the snow is above his ancles, and nothing penetrates like snow-water; consequently, I must either stay here, or get my feet wet.

"Thus meditating, I continued walking in the nearest path till I was really chilled, and fearful that I should lay myself up, admiring all the while the warmth of my friend's enthusiasm, and astonished that it should extend to the very tips of his fingers, and enable him to hold the pencil, when my hands were like two cakes of ice. At length, I became seriously alarmed for him, for he had no great-coat to keep out the cold, and I feared that, while he forgot every thing in his poetic furor, he might contract some

disorder, which would deprive the world of his brilliant talents. I could not bear the idea, and after thinking some time how I should manage to offer him a wrapping-coat, without offending his delicacy, I resolved at once to go up and accost him. I, therefore, determined to dash through the snow, and taking long strides, in order to wet my feet as little as possible, I approached close to him. So deeply was he immersed in his occupation, that I arrived within arm's length of him without his seeing me, and I had time to observe that, instead of writing, he had been sketching the large twisted and magnificent arms of a leafless chestnut-tree; but I could observe nothing more, for at that instant he closed the book, and walked off in an opposite direction, where I could not follow him, for he plunged mid-leg deep in the drifted snow, and I already felt so chilled that I made the best of my way home to change my shoes and stockings.

"I cannot but notice the evil Dr. Grinborough had already effected in my once peaceful home, with his pretended mistakes and his jocularity. Instead of finding dry shoes and stockings at the fire, as heretofore, I had to put on a pair of stockings out of my drawer, and was

obliged to wear my slippers at dinner, because my shoes had not been brought out of my dressing-room, which, being without a fire, and being little used, may be damp. Immediately after dinner, in order to shew my displeasure at the neglect of Mrs. Bell and her daughter, I withdrew to my room, instead of producing my wine as usual.

"I had indeed much to think of—for the sketch I had seen in the hands of my young friend had somewhat deranged my ideas concerning him. Painting and poetry are certainly sister-arts, thought I, and it is by no means uncommon to find men of genius paying their addresses to both.—Perhaps each may, as I believe is frequently the case, assist the other; for, of course, minute description in poetry is allied to painting, and that painting is but a manner of clothing poetic idea need not be told. Now, as much of the beauty of pastoral depends upon minute and finished description of rural scenes, it is certainly proper, nay, it is highly commendable, in this youth, to sketch the features of the country, for nothing assists the memory so much as a graphical representation made upon the spot; and I question not that that identical leafless chestnut-tree is destined to

flourish for ever in song.—Two shepherds, driven to despair by the cruelty of their mistresses, sitting beneath a dead tree, in the midst of winter, would be admirable; but I will not anticipate—here I paused, for another idea suddenly occurred.

"What, thought I, if my silent friend should after all be a painter.—I know Sir Joshua Reynolds advises the young artist to study the anatomy of trees, and when can that anatomy be so well studied as in winter, when they are perfect skeletons; but no, continued I, he cannot be a painter. A painter must study the practical or mechanical part of his art, while this young man, instead of being at his easel, spends all his life in the open air; besides, the thumbnail of a painter would not be cut by nibbing pens. I recollect my old friend Harry Scumble, the landscape painter, used to observe, that the artist who is not master of the mechanical part of his business is like a poet writing in a language he does not understand; he cannot display his abilities, because he does not know how to express himself. No, I am more certain than ever, from this adventure, that the youth is a poet, and one who takes infinite pains to become master of his subject. I wish, however, that I could

get acquainted with him, and give him my advice. I think I could point out to him a shorter road to excellence than he will discover, till the fire of youth has left him, and above all, that I might give him a great coat.

"Here the thread of my meditations was broken by tea being announced, immediately after which Elizabeth produced her Pastor Fido, and asked me to give her a lesson. She seemed so sorry for her forgetfulness, and looked so imploringly, that I could not refuse, and instead of retiring in dudgeon, as I had intended, I spent the whole evening in the parlour. After all, Elizabeth might not be to blame; she declared she had been so taken up with the beauties of Guarini, that she forgot my shoes altogether, and, indeed, I could scarcely expect her to recollect them. Mrs. Bell affirmed that she desired the maid to fetch them down, and that the girl forgot to do so. This, of course, I did not believe; and I must confess I thought there was something noble in the way in which Elizabeth told the truth, rather than, like her mother, attempt to exculpate herself by a falsehood. The next day I had, as I had predicted, a slight cold; nevertheless, I again went to the the garden, with the intention of speak-

ing to the young stranger, so anxious was I to have my doubts concerning his profession cleared up, and to offer him a great-coat; but he was not there, and I returned disappointed.

"This evening came in to tea a Mr. Copperclack, a young fellow, with whom Mrs. Bell had become acquainted, and whom she had invited, it seems, under pretence of making a fourth at whist, solely on my account she said, as she fancied I was dull of an evening. I was astonished at the stupidity of the woman, and not to be duped by her pretences. I plainly saw her object was to bring him acquainted with Elizabeth, who, however, declared that she preferred Italian to cards. Of course I seconded her, so that Mrs. Bell and her beau were left to talk scandal and nonsense by themselves. I really felt angry that my landlady should venture to intrude a stranger upon me; one, in particular, whom she herself hardly knew, and would have quitted the house, but, that I saw I should hurt the feelings of Elizabeth by taking such a step, and certainly she was not blameable for her mother's misconduct.

"This stranger proved one of those men who, when once they sit down, seem to lose the use of their legs. He staid till near twelve o'clock,

during the whole of which time I was obliged to remain in the parlour, that Eliza might have a rational being to talk to, for Mr. Copperclack proved a mere brute, without two ideas, and I could not think of leaving her in such contemptible society. Mrs. Bell, to my utter astonishment, told him, when he did depart, that she was generally at home in the evening, and that, whenever he pleased to come, she should be glad to see him.

"The weather now changed again. The frost was succeeded by thaw, and the gardens became so broken up that it was almost impossible to walk, even in the gravel paths, while those parts which my poetic friend had lately frequented were quite impassable; and to this must be added constant rain, attended by easterly winds, which blew almost without intermission, for nearly three months. All these causes prevented me from often seeing the stranger; not but that I got occasional glimpses of him, but they were, as the poet hath it, 'few and far between.' I noted, however, that he wore a new suit of clothes, and I lamented that he had not rather purchased a great-coat, which would have kept out the rain, and enabled him to visit the garden in all weathers, without danger, and I some-

what blamed him for preferring vanity to convenience. It is really a pity, thought I, that he has no prudent and sensible friend, like me, to advise him how to act; and it is doubly lamentable, that he is so modest as to avoid cultivating the acquaintance of one who could be of so much service to him.

"All this winter I was afflicted with long and serious illness. Dr. Grinborough attended me almost every day, but I had the pleasure to notice that Elizabeth no longer admired his *facetiæ*, but behaved to him with a degree of coldness that extorted respect even from him, and he is not very much given to respect any body; but perhaps some admiration for her talents mingled with his feelings, for he often observed that she was a girl of talent. I thought he shewed more penetration in this remark than I had latterly imagined him to possess; for, certainly, laughing at his patients, when they describe to him the symptoms of a mortal disorder, is not any proof of penetration, or even of common sense. Yet, strange as it may seem, during the whole of my frightful illness, he wanted to laugh me into a belief that I was in perfect health. I, on the contrary, knew my case to be desperate, and had serious thoughts

of making my will; but I was deterred by not being able to determine how to dispose of my property. Having no relations, I sometimes thought of leaving my fortune to the college at which I was educated; at others, of dividing it among my friends and early associates; and at others, again, of adopting Miss Bell, and leaving it to her; but I feared the world might judge hardly of her, if I did—but not being able to decide which to choose, among so many various inclinations, I determined to wait till my old friend Seebright came to town, having a high and well-founded opinion of his abilities for giving advice in doubtful cases.

"During this awful winter, I had two other serious reasons for uneasiness: first, not being able to see my poet, I feared that he might fall into bad habits, for want of advice, and the idea, I believe, added very much to my disorder; secondly, the perpetual intrusion of the idiot Copperclack, who seemed determined to weary me out with his odious company. I was really sick of hearing his trite jests, and his threadbare compliments, and yet the fool seemed to think himself the very pink of elegance and gentility, and, although he knew absolutely nothing, he talked as if he imagined he was master of every

thing. I rejoiced to notice, however, that Elizabeth saw him in a proper light, and received his adulation with the contempt it deserved. As for her mother, she appeared quite infatuated with him, and to hear her speak of him, any one would have thought him an Adonis for beauty, and an Apollo for wit. It is fortunate that other people could look upon him with less prejudiced eyes than Mrs. Bell.

"Merely to thwart him, and in hopes of driving him away, I refused to play at cards, though I am somewhat a friend to whist; yet this refusal only exposed me to further torment. A Mrs. Pother and her son were introduced, and I should actually have been forced to abandon the place, and take refuge in my own, or even in another lodging, had not Elizabeth thought of the admirable expedient of having a fire in the back parlour, where she could read to me, while her mother and her friends played or talked nonsense, and as the two rooms communicated by folding doors, and were indeed only one apartment, Mrs. Bell could offer no opposition to the plan.

"I now really rejoiced when Dr. Grinborough came to spend an evening with me, much as I had formerly deprecated such an event, for

the doctor, with his high name and his jocundity, completely put down the loquacious Mr. Copperclack, and I noticed that he took a particular pleasure in making him ridiculous, which he could easily do, for I know few who possess so well the art of saying bitter things with a good-natured air. Still, my old friend cannot help acting at times as foolishly as those he makes his butts—thus, he complimented Miss Bell so extravagantly, that I thought he would turn her brain. I scarcely knew what to make of the high-flown language he employed while speaking to her.

"Thus passed the winter, and at length the spring arrived, and enabled me to resume my walks in the gardens. For a long time, however, I missed my poet, and all my inquiries for him were unavailing, as he had not been seen for a considerable period. I began to entertain serious fears concerning him. I dreaded that he was ill, perhaps dead; for severe study not unfrequently ends in a premature grave, particularly studies that wear the imagination, and that are pursued, like the study of nature, in the open air, and among trees and damp grass; or, perhaps, he might be in difficulties, granting he was alive; or even in prison. I lamented

now, more than ever, that I knew not the address of the stranger, that I might relieve him if he were in any need of assistance; but all I could do was to lament, for I had no means of gaining the information I desired.

"At length, after two months of anxiety and uneasiness, I saw him again, and from his appearance I deduced that he had either been ill or intensely bent upon study, for he looked more pale than ever. Yet there was an air of liveliness about him, and he was dressed better than usual, so that I could not suppose poverty had been the cause of his absence. From comparing and combining circumstances together, I naturally concluded, that he had just brought out his work. He has been, thought I, so busy completing it, and so anxious for its success, that his countenance has suffered as much as from a fit of illness, and his dress and gaiety shew that he has not been disappointed—well, I hope he may prosper; he might have been more fortunate still, had he had a prudent friend to advise him.

"Upon consideration, however, I recollected that no pastoral had lately been published. Perhaps, thought I, he may not, after all, have written a pastoral; or if he has, he may write another, in which my advice may be useful.

But I will not address him just now, he seems on such good terms with himself, that he will not receive me with proper deference; it is evident he is not in want of any thing, and as he has renewed his walks here, I shall have a thousand opportunities of seeing him.

"I went home quite joyful at the revival of my expectations, yet, somehow, I felt a presentiment of evil, and when I arrived at the door of my lodging, I could scarcely summon courage to enter. There was, I thought, a strange and suspicious look in the people in the street, and I fancied that several of them wished to tell me something they feared to communicate. I entered, however, by my latch-key, for I always carry a key, as I hate to keep waiting the pleasure of a servant at a door; and the first person I met in the passage was Elizabeth, dressed in white, and apparently suffering considerable uneasiness and agitation.

"I was so shocked, that I really had not courage to inquire what was the matter, and indeed she prevented the question, by exclaiming, 'Ah, Mr.——! this morning my mother has been married to that insipid Copperclack, who, it now appears, has not a penny in the world, and would have been arrested for debt long ago

if it had not been for her folly.' 'Is that all?' replied I, very much relieved, 'I feared you had married him yourself.'—Our conversation was here put a stop to by the bride, who called me into the parlour, and after having in vain endeavoured to assume a disconcerted air, told me that, as Elizabeth obstinately refused to marry Mr. Copperclack, she, poor woman, had been obliged to take him herself, especially as in anticipation of his marriage with her daughter, she had lent him some money, which she feared she should lose, unless she married him.

"Angry as I was, I could not help laughing at this declaration; and as the follies of my landlady were no business of mine, after a few words on the imprudence of a woman, who acknowledges forty years, every body else says sixty, marrying a pennyless fellow of two and twenty, I wished her all manner of happiness, and said no more about it, although I determined to change my abode, and gave notice accordingly; for, of course, I could not longer expect that attention from her so necessary to one in my infirm state of health.

"Before the quarter day, at which I was to quit, arrived, I saw enough of the conduct of Mr. Copperclack to give me very great uneasiness. He seemed to think it scarcely necessary

to behave with common civility to his wife, and he treated her daughter in the harshest manner, in order to oblige her to quit the house, where, of course, she was an expense to him, for he never considered that that expense was defrayed out of the property which ought to have been hers, as having belonged to her father. The brute fully succeeded in his object of rendering his house any thing but a pleasant home to his daughter-in-law; respect, or fear of me, indeed, rendered him somewhat more cautious than he might otherwise have been, but then I was obliged to be perpetually in the way, to keep him in check, and thus I lost every opportunity of seeing my poet.

"As the time appointed for my departure arrived, I saw the uneasiness of Elizabeth increase, and, at length, she told me that she had resolved not to remain at home after I was gone, and that, as she had no other resource than her talents, she was determined to become either teacher in a school, or governess in a private family, and she begged that I would recommend her, should I have an opportunity. This, of course, I readily promised to do, but I secretly resolved to befriend her more effectually, by placing her as boarder in the house of my old friend See-

bright, where, under the superintendence of his wife, and in the society of his daughters, she might live in perfect happiness. I wrote, therefore, to my friend, to hasten his journey to town; but I did not say a word to Elizabeth of my intention, as I wished to surprise her, nor to her mother, because I thought I should show my contempt for her by not letting her know what I purposed.

"I became now quite anxious for the arrival of Seebright, who, as he did not answer my letter, I supposed must be on the point of coming; and in order to divert my thoughts, I again began to frequent the gardens. I saw my poet, as usual, but I was now too much intent on other matters to endeavour to speak to him.

"At length, one day, as I was observing him, I perceived Seebright at a distance, and I was proceeding to meet him, when I saw him go up to the stranger, and shake hands with him, with much apparent intimacy—I was really overjoyed, yet I had sufficient self-command to keep at a distance, for I feared, if I went up, I might alarm the stranger, and I wished to know who and what he was, before I was introduced to him. After conversing for a short time with great energy, as appeared from the action of their hands, they separated, and Seebright came

towards me. My first question, after a few necessary inquiries as to health, et cetera, was, 'who is that young man you spoke to?'

"I suppose the tone of my voice betrayed that there was more than ordinary curiosity in my demand, for my friend, instead of answering to the point, desired to know why I was so anxious to learn. Of course I did not choose to say, and Seebright refused to satisfy my curiosity till I did, in a sportive way, but still I thought in an evasive manner, and like one who was entrusted with a secret he wished to conceal.

"In order to put him off his guard, I pretended to think no more of the stranger, and talked on ordinary matters; but when we got into my study, (for dinner was not yet ready), curiosity got the better of prudence, and seating myself opposite Seebright, I exclaimed, 'notwithstanding the mystery in which you are willing to involve the young man you spoke to, I'll bet a bottle of claret, to be drank when next we dine in London, that I tell what he is.'

"'Perhaps you know him?' said my friend, coolly.

"'No,' cried I. 'I neither know him nor any one, except yourself, who does know him.'

"'Then I accept your wager,' said Seebright, 'what is he?'

'A poet,' replied I firmly, although I felt a degree of hesitation to speak, that ill accorded with the tone of my voice.

"'A poet!' repeated Seebright, laughing immoderately. 'A poet! why, man, he is young Mutely, son of our old friend Dick Mutely of Tacet; he has been deaf and dumb since his birth, and I'll swear he never wrote a verse in his life.'

"I could not help laughing, in my turn, when I recollected how well this explanation accounted for the oddities of the youth, though I must confess I had rather they had been the eccentricities of genius. I disguised, however, my chagrin, by inquiring concerning the youth and his father, and, luckily, dinner was announced, and put a stop to any further conversation on the subject.

"Immediately after we had dined, we again retreated to my private room, and filling our glasses, and drawing our chairs to the fire, for the weather was yet cold, we began to talk with all the freedom and familiarity of old friends and associates. I had, however, something to

say that interested me more than recollections of early adventures, and I began by asking my companion what he thought of Elizabeth? 'Think?' repeated he, with what he intended should be a knowing look, 'why I think her a devilish smart girl, and if I do not mistake, you think so too.'—'I suspect you do mistake,' replied I, somewhat nettled; 'and before you draw any other inference from my question, be so good as to hear all I have to say;' and I then gave him the history of Miss Bell, concluding by observing, that I intended to adopt her, and that I wished to place her in his family.

Seebright, though naturally a grave and steady fellow, burst out into another immoderate fit of laughter at this declaration 'Adopt her!' cried he at length, 'why this is better than your resolutions concerning the dumb poet! yet I would bet my life you have been going to adopt him, before now. Why, man, every body, except yourself, knows you are in love with the girl. Why the devil don't you make up your mind, and marry her at once?'

"'Every body!' exclaimed I, extremely vexed at the misplaced gaiety of my friend. 'I should like to know how such a report reached your

ears. I suppose some meddling fellow, (I hate busy bodies) has been——'

"'To tell you the truth,' interrupted Seebright, 'Grinborough gave me the information .I called upon him as I came down, and he told me you have been jealous of him for the last six months.' I felt now somewhat like a criminal, who, when boldly asserting his innocence in the belief that no evidence can be brought against him, is suddenly confounded by the appearance of a witness whose testimony he cannot dispute. Yet I did not give in. I mentioned disparity of years—Seebright would not allow the plea. 'You are but forty,' said he, 'Miss Bell is two or three and twenty; no such great disparity—but here comes Grinborough, he shall judge between us.'

"Of all men in the world I least wished the doctor to be present at this moment, but I had no remedy. Seebright detailed the whole affair, and then inquired whether I had any other objections to urge.

"'Yes,' said I, 'the doctor knows my weak constitution.'

"'Your weak head, you should rather say,' replied Grinborough, 'which will not allow you

to follow the course of your inclinations, lest some fool should laugh at you.—Besides,' continued he, winking at Seebright, though he thought I did not observe him, 'the infirmity of your constitution renders necessary an affectionate and disinterested nurse, who will pay you those attentions you can never expect from the mercenary hands of hirelings, whether they be servants or keepers of boarding-houses. In a word,' added the doctor, 'you have a good house in the country, which you never visit, because you want society; take Miss Bell, and live happily, instead of leading the desultory and inconvenient life you do in London.'

"This was certainly disinterested advice, for the doctor would lose many a fee if I followed it; I made the remark to him, but he only replied, that I should find it a better prescription than any he had yet given me; and, indeed, I myself had often thought of late, how much happier I should be if I had an establishment of my own, than now, when I was dependent for my comfort on the interest or caprice of others.

"I had nothing further to oppose to the opinion of my friends. The next morning I made an offer to Miss Bell, which was accepted.'

THE VOYAGE,

CONTINUED.

"HA! ha! ha!" exclaimed Mynheer, as soon as I had concluded the narrative of the Valetudinarian. "Ha! ha! ha! this is a most precious recital of the phantasies of a wealthy idler, and I wager a bottle it is a real transcript of some superfluous fellow's feelings. Thank you, Sir, for your dullness, may it ever continue."

To this compliment I could only reply in the words of Dogberry, "that were I as dull as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all upon him," and that I hoped now to hear the bravura that was about to burst from the lips of Doctor Maerts Duytkin.

"We are all in similar expectation," said Captain Shafton, "and I propose that bumpers

be got ready to crown the gay effusions of his muse.—Order there, gentlemen!—fill your horns, and silence!"

"Blow your horns in silence, gentlemen," repeated the schipper; "that is, all you who have them—for my part, I am not married."

"No more is old Davey," cried Shipley, "and yet he wears horns."

"A fair retort, Mynheer," exclaimed our commander; "and unless you prove that others besides husbands and devils are cornuted, I shall smell brimstone, and beg to look at your feet."

"You have had my tale before you already," replied the Dutchman, "that should be enough."

"Ay, and a devilish good tale it was," said Captain W———, "can you not find out such another in the log-book of your brains."

"Why, no, man," answered Mynheer, "my head is not adorned with tails just now; but there is my doctor—he has a wig with five or six hanging round it like icicles."

"I wish they were songs," cried Captain W———, "we should then be able to help ourselves, for I fear we shall get nothing from his inside."

"I do assure you," said Mr. Duytkin, 'you

are very near getting something from my interior, for I feel sick of striving to haul up some verses from the well of my memory, in which they have been long sunken."

"Can none of us lend you a hand, Maerts, to bowse up your ideas?" inquired the skipper. "Come, give us hold of the end of them, my dainty quack."

"I wish I had got to the end of them, Mynheer," replied the doctor mournfully; "but I have yet to find the beginning."

"Then is your memory a sort of bottomless pit, that it contains recollections without beginning or end?" exclaimed the Dutch captain—"But I see how it is, you are not yet in play. Your pumps will not work unless a bucket of fluid is first poured into them, like many another dry machine; so fill away, my boy."

"Ay, ay, good Duytkin," added Mr. Shafton, "qualify your watery fancies before you discharge them. Let us have some spirit in them, I beseech you."

"Then he must first swallow it," said Mynheer.

"As I am a graduate," cried out the doctor, "I swear it is not a fit thing to beset me thus with your jests and witticisms. What hope is

there that the poor bantlings of my poor conceit will shew themselves in the midst of such jesters and scoffers as you are? You have terrified a song from my lips, which was on the eve of issuing forth."

"I shall think the better of myself for it," said Mynheer; "for I must be good if I scare away that which is evil, and your thoughts can be no other."

"The reverse of what you say is the truth, Mynheer," answered Maerts: "my good thoughts were frightened by your evil presence, and I shall require some time to entice them back again."

"You shall have it, my good doctor," exclaimed our commander, "for I hear my mate promising a tale to my friend John, which I know will give him pleasure. I allow you one half hour, and two horns of grog, not forgetting another pipe, and then be ready with a song, or I must order in a drench of salt water for your punishment. Discipline, you know, must be preserved aboard a ship, to ensure obedience."

"Then am I to be singled out as the only singer," inquired Maerts, "I who am void of all qualifications necessary for the duty?"

"You will but take the lead," replied the

captain. "I shall expect the same from all hands, especially from Mynheer, who proposed this torment for you."

"The thoughts of that revenge will inspire my muse," answered the doctor, "and I shall try my best when Mr. Ridgway has ended his story."

The story now related by the mate, was a repetition of the Nikkurholl, which he was solicited to recount by Captain W——, who had heard an imperfect version of it from one of our former visitors. To all the company but the members of the cabinet, the tale was new, and afforded much entertainment, and the conclusion gave particular delight to one of our guests. This was the mate of the Dutchman, who had joined us late in the evening, after his watch had expired. He was a lively, little, old, squat Hollander, with broad shoulders, a short body, and duck legs. His countenance was expressive of great shrewdness and penetration, and his small twinkling eyes kept time with his plump cheeks, in the frequent gay laughs which brightened up his features. For a long while, we were unable to conjecture why a story, which is not of a comic cast, should create such merriment in our guest, and I at first attri-

buted his mirth, as I believe my companions also did, to the exhilarating effects of the grog; but when Mr. Ridgway came to describe the panic of the Shetland fisherman, who beheld the last vision of the little dried man in the red night cap, the Dutch mate gave loose to his tickled fancy in a loud peal of laughter.

This burst of glee drew from us many questions as to its occasion, for we guessed that more than the mere terror of the Shetlander produced it, and, after a little hesitation, our guest spoke thus—

"I laugh, Mynheers, to think that, after so many years have passed, I should find out the secret of an adventure in which I was engaged, and which I could never before comprehend. I little expected, when Mr. Ridgway began his story, that I should hear myself brought in at its termination, as one of the actors."

"You one of the actors!" cried we altogether, in some doubt of the correctness of our guest's statement, and more convinced than before, that his liquor had been too much for him.

"May I never smoke another pipe if I was not," returned the Dutchman, "and no trifling person either, as I find from the story, although till now I knew not my own importance, nor

the history of my old friends Vander Spiel and Van Winwyk."

"Why, Caspar, man," cried the schipper, "thou art dreaming; thy horn has gored thy senses out of thy noddle; thou shouldst not have lifted it so often to thy head."

"The head is the place for the horn, Mynheer," replied the mate; "but fear not that mine has given my brain a wrong toss, for I will prove plainly to you, that neither the Carmilhan nor her crew were strangers to me."

"The devil you will," exclaimed Shipley.

"I defy the devil to claim better acquaintance with them," answered Caspar, "so now listen. You are to know, that when I was a little chap, a mannikin, in my native place, Enkhuysen, a stranger, who called himself Vander Spiel, came to lodge at my father's house. He was a tall, raw-boned fellow, who spoke very bad Dutch, and who pretended that he had quitted Holland when very young, and that he had almost forgotten the language. We noticed, that he paid at first in coin which seemed perfectly new, though of very old date, and we heard that he sold a large ingot of gold, to a goldsmith of our town; but what his money was, and how, or where he got it, whether he

brought coin or bullion, or bills of exchange, into the country, was nothing to us, as long as he spent it among us. Well, gentlemen, after he had been with us some time, he chartered a vessel of Messrs. Winkenbooms, for a voyage to Shetland, and my father shipped me on board of her as cabin boy, for Mynheer Vander Spiel had taken a liking to me, and the old folks thought I had as well make my first voyage in a ship of which he was supercargo. We all thought, from the time of the year, and some other reasons, that we were going on a smuggling adventure; but that, you know, was nothing to us. When we came off the Skerries, our master gave up the helm to Mr. Spiel, who piloted us into a bay, or voe, as they call them, and there we were joined by a good-looking, well-built fellow, whom Vander Spiel addressed by the name of Petie, and who told us that there was a hawk abroad. After a little conversation, they agreed, I suppose, to take this spy prisoner, and Mynheer Spiel, and some half dozen others, marched off singing, to my very great astonishment, for I thought it an odd way of surprising a spy, to go towards him singing a hymn, and, out of boyish curiosity, I ran with the rest, joining in the chorus as

loud as I could bawl. We soon came up with our enemy, who lay as still as if he were dead, and I recollect that I stood near his head, and had on a yellow jacket, and a red cap, night-cap you call them, though we always wore them by day only. Our prisoner remained quite still, and Mynheer Vander Spiel left us for a short time, but presently afterwards we were recalled, and we again made sail, and on my return on board, I heard that Vander Spiel and Petie, who accompanied him, had shipped two or three chests, but what they contained we never knew. However, we returned to Enkhuysen, where Mynheer Vander Spiel and his friend established themselves as merchants, and my first years of seafaring were spent on board ships belonging to the firm of Vander Spiel, Van Winwyk, and Co."

"Then it is plain," observed Captain Shafton, "that Spiel Trosk did, by some means, discover a portion of the treasures of a lost vessel, and thought it best to carry the money out of the island with secresy, lest the laird and the admiral should wish to go shares with him."

"It seems very likely to have been so," said Ridgway; "and I dare say, the rest of the story has been spliced to that simple fact, by

old women and seers, in order to account for the discovery in a wonderful manner."

"I beg your leave to doubt your inferences, gentlemen," said Maerts Duytkin, who had been listening most attentively to the tale of the Shetlanders. "I see nothing improbable or unreasonable in the story, and I dare say it occurred exactly as it is told."

"Why, surely," said Ridgway, "you do not believe the interference of the little spirit?"

"Wherefore should I not yield credence to it?" inquired Duytkin. "Is not the interference of spirits a very common circumstance?"

"Not in England," replied the mate, "and, therefore, no instances of it have come under my observation."

"If it be not common in England, it is in Holland and Germany," said Maerts Duytkin, "and of proof thereof, give me your attention, while I recount an adventure which took place, indeed, many years ago, but which was told me by a native of the very valley where it happened. He was a very honest and truth-speaking German, who came down the Rhine with a float of timber."

Of course, we all gave our attention to the

speaker, who promised something so extraordinary, and Maerts Duytkin, after smoking his pipe for a few minutes in silence, laid it down, and began as follows:

THE BOARWOLF.

"In that mountainous region called the Bergstrasse, which lies along the banks of the Rhine, it was formerly the custom for the young men, when they came to a certain age, to inroll themselves in a company of hunters, for the express purpose of pursuing and destroying wolves; for which reason the band was called the wolf-slaughterers. Indeed, that part of the country is so craggy, so full of caverns, and so crowded with woods, that it is the place in the world most fitted for the harbour of wild beasts, and accordingly, there were in former times a vast number to be found there; so many, in fact, that had not the wolf-slaughterers been very active, daring young men, it would have been almost impossible to have resided there; and it was only by their exertions, that the villagers of Fiendenheim were able to preserve any cat-

tle. Many ages ago, and long before the invention of fire-arms, there were at the head of this band two young men, who were particularly successful in their attempts against the wolves. They were both strong, fearless, and well skilled in the use of their weapons, and they were considered as chiefs of the troop, because each had destroyed more wild beasts with his own hands than any other two belonging to it, although, between themselves, the number was equal; for if Hendrick, (so one was called,) at any time had the advantage, Wolfgang, the other, never desisted from the chase till he had brought home the head of a wolf, to reduce their conquests to the same level. This rivalry was, however, not the occasion of any enmity between these young men; for, as they had been brought up from children together, they were accustomed to strive for the same prizes, and engage in the same undertakings, so that they were always most pleased when both succeeded in the same degree. Indeed, it is said, that when one had the superiority, he always relaxed his exertions, till the other came up with him, and that they retained this habit in the chace; for Wolfgang has been known, after he had killed one beast, to miss the next purposely,

that Hendrick might strike it, and Hendrick has done the same, when fortune was on his side. Another reason why there was no quarrel between them, perhaps, was, that they were both equally handsome. Not that they were alike in feature, though they were of the same height; for Wolfgang's beauty had a boldness in it, which Hendrick's wanted, but then Hendrick's countenance was calm and interesting, and as their tempers agreed with their persons, each thought his own exterior the best, so that envy did not threaten to render their friendship of short duration. There is, however, always some stumbling block in the way of perfect happiness, and this the friends met with.

"It chanced, one evening, whilst returning by themselves from the chace, bearing on the points of their spears the heads of two wolves, which they had just slaughtered, that they passed through a deep narrow glen, leading between high rocky banks, from the clefts of which grew out birch and mountain ash trees, in such numbers, as to overshadow their path, and give a wild gloom to the space beneath. They had not reached half way, when they heard a loud growl, and looking carefully round, espied a hideous monster, partly concealed amongst tall stones and low bushes.

Wolfgang cried out, 'a boar! a boar!' and Hendrick exclaimed, 'a wolf! a wolf!' both preparing instantly to attack it. But the brute, which was employed in devouring its prey, after displaying a frightful pair of jaws, and making shew of resistance, turned its tail, and fled through the underwood, hidden from their view, till it reached the mouth of the ravine, when springing suddenly out, it escaped into the more open country. The huntsmen, however, knowing that it must choose to fly through the gorge of the pass, or remain in the dell, had hurried that way, and were close at its heels, when it darted from the thicket. This gave them hopes, and giving full rein to their horses, they pursued it over a wide piece of heathy waste. They had now a good opportunity for ascertaining the nature of the animal they followed; but, notwithstanding their skill in the chase, they were unable to decide what kind of beast it was; for, though it had the straight back, bushy tail, and long gallop, of a wolf, still it had the thick, bristly, and snouted head of a boar, and its feet were not similar to those of any animal they had seen. They, therefore, supposed it might be some mongrel brute, or one of the wild beasts brought from Syria, which had

broken loose from the menage of the Archbishop of Mentz. But, be it what it might, they pushed after it with the greatest resolution, because, when they had started it from its lurking place, they perceived that it had been tearing in pieces the body of a child.

"The direction which the monster took led them across a small stream, that divided their district from the neighbouring one, and brought them at last into a place dangerous for horsemen, and difficult for the pursuit of game. It was an extensive level, reaching from the rivulet to a distant range of hills, and would have been a plain had it not been covered with huge masses of detached rock, scattered about it, as if a large mountain had been dashed to pieces, and strewed over its surface. Many of the fragments were so large, that they resembled small cliffs, and from their tops and sides grew out and hung down trees and shrubs of every description. Several lay as if fallen against each other, so as to leave caverns and arches between their sides, and the red glare of the sun, setting behind the hills, gleamed through these openings in a wild and beautiful manner. Other pieces were small and plentiful, lying in heaps, as well as separately, amongst the larger masses;

so that, though there were many roads and passages between these rocks, still they were rendered unsafe for horses by these lesser stones.

"The hunters had scarcely entered this region before they lost sight of their game; but, hoping to regain the scent, they dashed forward amongst the pathways, and, after a short time saw the brute turning round a corner. This tempted them still further, till, after bewildering themselves amidst the intricacies of this desert, they gave over the pursuit, having ceased for some time to see the monster, and, indeed, it was growing so dark, that they would not have been long able to view it had it been before them.

"They now thought of returning home to Fiendenheim, and turned their horses the way contrary to that which they had come, and, as they rode along, wondering what kind of beast they had chased, they found that their exertion had both fatigued them and made them excessively thirsty. Accordingly, they resolved to take a full draught from the stream when they reached it, and agreed to ask permission of the lord of that domain to bring their whole troop on the following day, to give full pursuit to so dangerous a monster. They were talking about the dogs and weapons they would bring

with them, when they caught a glimpse of a light at a short distance, and wishing to obtain, if possible, something better than a draught of water, to quench their thirst, they made towards it, and arrived at the door of a residence, half cottage and half cavern, which stood under the side of one of the largest masses of rock; and they recollected that this place was the habitation of a hermit, a recluse so austere that he hardly ever suffered himself to be seen by any body.

"They knocked at the door, however, and it was opened, not by an old man, with a white beard, as they expected, but by a beautiful girl, of about sixteen, whose face and figure far excelled those of all the daughters of their native hamlet, and, in truth, of any other place they knew. She blushed at first, and seemed inclined to close the door again, but Wolfgang asked, in a tone of compliment, that she would give him a draught of milk, and Hendrick seconded him, with such gentle supplication, that she felt almost compelled to speak; and, then, not liking to refuse so small a request, she brought out a large jug, not of milk but of true Rhenish wine, which she poured out into horns, and offered to each of the huntsmen. They accepted her gift with many thanks, which she

received with smiles; and, by way of prolonging the conversation, they inquired whether she had seen or heard of any strange beast near her habitation. She replied, that, within the few last days, her father had told her that he had seen an animal that he had never seen before, and had bidden her be careful that she was not surprised, for that it was very ferocious, and had carried off the child of one of the inhabitants of the village of Grifhausen. She then invited them to alight, saying that, perhaps, her parent could tell them more concerning it.

"The young men were both so fascinated with this beauty, that they would willingly have spent some hours in gazing at and conversing with her; but, for some reason or other, they obstinately refused, although she pressed them to enter the cottage. After a little more conversation, she wished them good night; and though they both intended to see her again, neither of them mentioned a word of his intention, either to her or to his companion. Indeed, from that moment they became so desperately jealous of each other, (which was the reason why they would not stop that night, each looking upon the other as a rival.) that they scarcely spoke all the way back to Fiendenheim; and the next day,

instead of summoning the troop to give the beast chase, each rode separately in search of the cottage, where they met, and quarrelled for the first time; and so bitter was their enmity afterwards, that it would have been a pleasure to either of them to have run the other through with a boar spear.

"Meantime the wild monster committed great ravages throughout the surrounding country, and it became unsafe for men unarmed, and women and children, to pass from one village to the other; so that there was a general alarm spread round about, for a great distance. The wolf-hunters made many attempts to destroy it, but in vain; for, though it did not keep out of the way by day, yet it was so swift, and so artful in eluding pursuit, that all their endeavours were fruitless. Even Wolfgang and Hendrick could gain no advantage over their companions, except getting a little closer to the beast than the rest. At length, the lords of three villages, which this animal infested, fancying that there might be some want of energy in the attempts to destroy it, or, perhaps, a little fear, offered a reward of a piece of land to the man who should produce its head, 'to belong to him and his heirs

for ever,' besides the privilege of choosing the fairest maiden within their domains as a wife, to whom they also promised a portion.

"This offer produced a great commotion among the young men of the three villages, as well as among the maidens; all of them being willing to obtain the reward; but upon Wolfgang and Hendrick it had a very strong effect. Since first beholding the young beauty among the rocks, they had both striven to gain her as a wife, but, though she gave them equal audience, she declared positively in favour of neither of them. But when the reward was offered for the head of the beast, she said that she would willingly give her hand to the huntsman who should obtain it. Thus, besides the hope of obtaining the reward, and the beauty, there was the fear that another should gain her, and Wolfgang said, that he would rather the beast should tear him to pieces, than that Hendrick should become possessed of her, and Hendrick said much the same of Wolfgang. Nevertheless, the monster continued his ravages, though all the country was in arms against him, and it was at length reported, that Count Albert of Fiendenheim was going to invite

all the knights and warriors of his acquaintance, to come and make a grand attempt to rid his lands of such a scourge.

"When it came to be known that Wolfgang and Hendrick had quarrelled, the inhabitants of their village were anxious to know the cause of disagreement between two such strict friends, and they soon found it out. But when the young men of Fiendenheim had seen the damsel, they said they could find nothing in her so enchanting, that there were many girls in their own hamlet far superior to her, and, in fact, that she was more disagreeable than pleasing. On the other hand, the two huntsmen had told their sisters that there could not be a greater beauty among women, that her countenance was delightfully fascinating; her eyes of the most brilliant black, her lips glowing coral, her nose finely formed, her complexion radiant with health, and her curling tresses of the loveliest auburn. This, of course, tempted many of the young women to make an opportunity of seeing her, and they agreed with the young men, that she was any thing but agreeable. They found her features sharp and vixen-like, her eyes too small, and glowing more like live coals than dia-

monds, her nose hooked, her complexion of a peculiar sallow, and her locks elfish, snake-like, and of a fiery red colour. Her shape, which they had been told was exquisite, they thought too flimsy, and her dress was so gaudy and scanty, that they agreed she resembled one of the lost girls who wandered about the streets of Mentz, to tempt young men to their ruin, more than a modest inhabitant of the district of Brockencragg; and, in fine, they all agreed that she had infused some philter into the wine she had given to Wolfgang and Hendrick, and thereby deprived them of the right use of their senses and understanding. But, what displeased them more than any thing else, was that she refused to tell from whence she came, or who her father was, nor would she listen to any inquiries about her family, saying, that those who liked her need not know her friends, and that those who disliked her should not.

"Wolfgang, as I have already said, was of a temper somewhat impatient, and when he heard that Count Albert purposed calling his friends to assist him, fearing he should lose an opportunity of at once acquiring the beauty, he mounted his horse, and set out on the chase,

swearing he would never return without the head of the monster; and, accordingly, he tried every art he was acquainted with, to surprise it unawares, for when it was conscious of being pursued, nobody had any chance of coming up with it. All his address and toil, through the heat of the day, was, however, of no avail to him. Twenty times had he been on the point of plunging his short sword between its ribs, and as often had it slipped aside, and disappointed him. At last, towards evening, when all the rest, similarly engaged, had given up the chase, he fancied that the animal appeared lame, and exhausted with fatigue. Although he was scarcely otherwise himself, this idea dissipated all his weariness, and hoping that he might now run it down, he borrowed a fresh horse from the nearest house, and returning to where it lay, hid in its lair, he forced it to rise, and betake itself to that same plain over which he had first pursued it, in company with Hendrick. He had now no doubt that it was maimed, for it ran with a limping gait, and with less speed than before. However, it managed to keep him at too great a distance behind to wound it, and, taking the same course it had formerly done, it led him

across the boundary stream, and amongst those wildly-scattered crags where it had once escaped before. But as Wolfgang had now more advantage than at that time, both in the freshness of his horse, and in the knowledge of the roads, which he had acquired by visiting the cottage, he was able to keep the boarwolf, (for so the monster was called by the peasantry,) in sight.

"The red glare of the setting sun was now again gleaming through the uncouth archways, and along the narrow passes of the rocks, as the impatient huntsman followed the brute into the centre of the great level. Here, entering upon a small sandy space, scattered over with fragments of stone and dead wood, Wolfgang lost sight of the animal, for, as it had reached the plain before him, he could not decide the way it had taken. His temper, which had long been giving way during the pursuit, now totally forsook him, and throwing himself from his horse, he rolled upon the sand, cursing and blaspheming every thing that came in his mind. He lay thus employed, at last with his face towards the ground, when, fancying that he felt a strange gust of heat pass over him, he turned his head, and beheld the figure of a being some-

what human, but more resembling a devil. It had horns and a tail, its horns curled round its ears, and its tail was short and turned up like a hook. It was hairy all over, and its feet ended in hoofs, like those of a hog.

"Wolfgang was in too great a rage to tremble.

"'Wolfgang,' said the being, 'if you will give me power over you for four and twenty hours, you shall cut off the head of the boarwolf.'

"'I agree,' said the huntsman, without stopping one moment to consider.

"'Then kiss my hand, in token of obedience,' said the stranger.

"Wolfgang kissed the hand held out to him, and whilst he started back, for the touch of the being burnt his lips, it vanished, saying, 'chace the boarwolf to-morrow.'

"The huntsman now remounted his horse, and without allowing himself to think of what he had done, he hastened to the cottage of the beauty, with whom he staid, conversing till day-light, for both she and her father treated him as if they could not treat him too well.

"At day-break he saddled his steed, and set off to dislodge the boar-wolf from its lurking place, impatient both to make sure of the

rewards and to return home, for, as he had vowed not to go back without the head, so he had kept his word.

"When Wolfgang reached the glen, where he expected to meet the boarwolf, he found Hendrick there with some companions, who had risen early that morning to try the powers of two large dogs, which they had procured from a great distance. These were blood-hounds of a fine breed, and were now engaged by Hendrick, because all the other dogs that had been employed in the chace of this monster refused to follow it, being so terrified, that, whenever they were put upon the scent, they howled and slunk away in fear. Wolfgang, elated with the kindness so lately shewn him by the beauty and her father, and relying on the promise that he should cut off the head of the boarwolf, could not refrain from uttering a loud laugh of contempt, when he saw the pains taken by his former friend and his associates. He even bid him, with a sneer, 'go home and look out for a wife, for that he meant to marry the beauty that night himself.' Hendrick was too intent on endeavouring to get scent of the wild beast, to reply to these insults, and having ascertained that it was not in the dell, he hurried over the

hills, in search of it; and his rival, notwithstanding his security, not being willing that he should first start the game, set off to another spot, where he once or twice had met the animal.

"About an hour after this, Wolfgang unearthed the boarwolf. It sprung from beneath the root of an old withered yew-tree, which grew over a low dark cave, in the side of a bank, just as the sun rose brilliantly from behind some opposite hills; and when the ferocious brute opened its jaws, to utter a hideous roar, its long tusks gleamed in the morning rays, and the white foam spirted from its mouth like flakes of snow, while its bristly hide seemed to glitter in the light, as if throwing out sparks of fire. The eager huntsman rushed forward after it, eyeing with joy the ghastly grinning head, which he expected soon to sever from its huge, ill-fashioned carcass, and which was to form the foundation of his fortune, and the pledge of his union with his mistress. He forgot that Hendrick was also in the field with his friends, and their unerring dogs, or, if he thought of him, it was only to enjoy the anticipated mortification of his former friend, when he returned to the village, bearing with him the spoil for which they both thirsted so ardently.

"The boarwolf, however, as if conscious that its existence was to terminate that day, seemed resolved to exercise the strength and perseverance of its pursuer. It took wider and more intricate circuits than it had ever done before, it turned more frequently to bay, and almost appeared to enjoy the eager onsets which the huntsman made to overcome it; but the horse of Wolfgang could only be brought to ride at it by the most strenuous endeavours of its master, exhibiting such evident marks of dismay at its glaring eye-balls, and erected bristles, that he could scarcely keep its head towards it; and when he offered to dismount, for the purpose of attacking it with his sword, the monster took the opportunity of making off at full speed.

"In this manner the chase continued till long past noon, by which time Wolfgang had become so faint, with hunger and exhaustion, that he could scarcely keep his seat; for he had been extremely fatigued the day before, and had not closed his eyes during the night, having been too much engaged with his mistress to think of sleep. Besides, he had scarcely tasted food since the morning of the day before, for he took nothing but wine at the hermitage, and this day he would not stop one moment to assuage his

hunger at the cottages of his acquaintances, near which he passed, lest the boarwolf should escape, or have time to renew his strength by rest. However, he recollected that his mistress, when she heard that he intended to renew the chase early in the morning, had given him a small cake, which she had prepared during his stay, for she said that she was certain his eagerness would not allow him to think of refreshment, and that her gift would quell his appetite, and support his strength, till he had slain the monster. Upon this he drew the loaf from his pocket, and ate it, with many mental thanks for the kind attention of the giver, and he felt his desire to slaughter the boarwolf increase with his wish to obtain the hand of so amiable a girl. As she had said, so the cake, though small, satisfied his hunger, and renewed his spirits, or, rather, made them more buoyant than before. Indeed, so much did he feel elated, that he spurred on his horse as if just set off in the pursuit, and the monster was obliged to fly more quickly than it had ever done. But the weather, which had hitherto been brilliant and enlivening, now suddenly altered; large masses of dark clouds rolled up from behind the distant moun-

tains, the wind rose, and swept along the edges of the woods with violence, full drops of rain fell at intervals, and the distant waters of the river were heard rushing along their rocky bed. Wolfgang was too much accustomed to the field not to know that these signs presaged a storm; but his ardour would not permit any idea of relinquishing the pursuit to enter his mind; besides, he fancied these signs were but preludes to the death of the boarwolf, and he gazed at it with exultation as, for the third time that day, it hurried through the dell where he and Hendrick had first discovered it. His spirits, now high, and free from fatigue, bore him along with a feeling of triumph, and though the wind shook the branches of the trees over his head, and sighed in the most threatening manner, he paid no attention to the impending tempest.

"At length, as he once more spurred along to the rocky level, the clouds burst above him, and a deluge of rain and hail surrounded him instantaneously; he seemed almost as if inclosed in a moving mass of water, and as the drops struck against the ground they broke into a fine mist, which rose up on the wind like a second shower, or as if the earth were heated and being

quenched by the rain, while large hailstones flew and danced about in every direction, causing his horse to start repeatedly.

"So thick and heavy was the shower, that Wolfgang lost sight of the boarwolf for a short time, though it still kept at the same distance before him. But an unusual darkness now began to add to the horrors of the storm, not like the approach of night, but a deep gloom, as if the sun were losing its light. Thunder burst in loud peals amongst the hills, and flashes of lightning at times shot along before him. Yet all these combined terrors had no effect on the mind of the huntsman; at least he laughed at them with the feelings of a man intoxicated, for the few mouthfuls he had taken had produced a state of idea almost similar to the effect caused by liquor, without impeding his capability of bodily action. A hundred times he blessed the providence of the beauty, in providing against his fatigue, and he heard the swoln waters of the boundary stream foam amidst the stony windings of its channel, without one impression of fear, or suggestion of prudence.

"The boarwolf chose the widest whirlpool over which to leap, and Wolfgang sprung boldly over the boiling vortex. He heeded not the

labouring breath and staggering limbs of his courser, but spurred him violently, as he entered the district of Brockencragg, along the path which led to the hermitage, for in that direction the monster proceeded before him.

"The storm raged with peculiar fury in this wild and desolate region. The wind roared hideously, as it rushed along the numerous passages amongst the rocks, and the summits of the tall trees, that grew upon them, were bent below the crevices in which their roots found nourishment. Twice did Wolfgang escape the fall of trunks, which were torn with harsh crashes from their beds, and many times was he nearly struck from his saddle by pieces of stone, broken from the margin of cliffs by the lightning, which now darted closely around him. But his spirit and his persuasion that the head of the monster would soon become his spoil, were unabated and unalloyed, till, just as he was approaching the cottage of his mistress, the boarwolf uttered a tremendous yell, which was answered by the distant bay of dogs. 'That fiend Hendrick!' muttered Wolfgang, as the idea that his hated rival might rush in between him and his reward glanced across his mind. He spurred on his steed, more unmer-

cifully than before, and was in an instant close by the hermitage. The beauty, as if fearless of wild beasts, of lightning, or of thunder, stood at the door, waving her hand in encouragement to her lover, and he thought she seemed to enjoy the flashes of fire that glanced along before her; her face was bright, and her eyes shone, her hair floated in the wind. He heard her say, 'Do you hear Hendrick?' and in a moment was out of her sight and hearing, for, having turned a corner, the brute led him directly to the centre of the level. All the fury of the storm seemed likewise to tend that way, for the violence of the wind, rain, and hail, behind him, was almost intolerable. His horse rushed along, as if borne by a rapid stream, striving more to keep itself steady than to maintain its speed; the lightning flashed round every crag, and the thunder seemed rolling along upon the earth, and jarring at every instant with the scattered fragments of rock.

"Even these he fancied tottered as he passed them, and shook their crumbling edges on his head;—tittering and grinning whispers seemed to mock his ears, as he listened to the deep mouthings of Hendrick's blood-hounds; and

the boarwolf growled and tore up the earth, as it fled before him. However, he gained upon it, and, only intent upon the accomplishment of his wishes, drew forth his short sword, to make a desperate attack, for he perceived by its agitation and furious howls that it would soon turn to bay. He was close at its heels, as it entered upon the sandy space in the centre of the level, and at the instant the monster turned and offered resistance, his horse fell dead close beside it. The boarwolf sprung upon Wolfgang, and ripped up his thigh with its tusk; but the huntsman, though writhing with pain, struck a tremendous blow at its brawny neck, which cleft the spine, and the head hung from its shoulders. Another blow severed it completely; but at that instant a dense smoke, mingled with flame, issued from the carcass, and the boarwolf was changed into that fiend-like being whom he had seen in that same place on the day before.

"'Wolfgang," it exclaimed to the terrified hunter, 'thou hast cut off the head of the boarwolf; for twenty-four hours thou art mine—Aye, and for ever!—Be thou now a boarwolf!'

"'Not now,' cried Wolfgang, gasping with horror at the thought, 'Hendrick is coming, he will slay me.'

"'I mean it,' replied the demon laughing ferociously, 'I brought him here, his dogs are mine—see he comes!'

"Wolfgang turned his head and saw Hendrick rushing towards him; he felt his figure change, his hands became feet, his head grew large and bristly, he sunk down towards the earth, and stood like a four-footed brute, but bewildered and unable either to fly or resist. The most bitter feelings of terror and despair overwhelmed his faculties. He sprung into the air, and attempted to scream with rage, but he only uttered a harsh hoarse roar, like a boarwolf. It was answered by Hendrick, who at that moment fixed his eye upon him, with a wild shout of joy; his friends also shouted, and the blood-hounds, giving a tremendous yell, sprung upon him and held him firmly with their teeth. Hendrick leaped from his horse, and raised his sword, and while Wolfgang vainly strove to exclaim, 'Spare me, Hendrick! spare me!' his rival and former friend smote off his head at a blow. His spirit fled with a groan, a dreadful clap of thunder shook the earth, a flash of

lightning enveloped the group, and scathed the bleeding body of the huntsman; but Hendrick nevertheless lifted up the head, and with his companions gave three victorious shouts; he then thrust the point of his spear into the neck, and, remounting his horse, rode away from the plain with his associates, bearing before him, unconsciously, the head of his once dearest friend.

"They made their way directly to Fiendenheim, and were received joyfully by the villagers, who ran to inform Count Albert. The lord received the spoil in form, admiring its ghastly look, and directed his seneschal to make out the deed of gift, of four acres of land, to Hendrick the wolf-slayer, to him and his heirs for ever. He then bade the fortunate huntsman choose the maiden he liked best for his bride, and bring her to him on the following morning, as he intended to bestow upon her a marriage portion.

"Hendrick, notwithstanding the fatigue he had undergone since day-break, could not resist the pleasure of communicating his success to the beauty, and of claiming her promise. He therefore quitted Fiendenheim, and took the direction of the Brockencragg level, with almost as much speed as if engaged in another chase. The

weather was now calm and serene, the wind had subsided, not a drop of rain fell from the unclouded sky, and a pure and beautiful evening had succeeded to the tempestuous afternoon; nor would it have been suspected that such a storm had so recently occurred, had not the swoln streams, that rushed amongst the rocks, and over the pathways, been unusually large, and their waters turbid, and loaded with fragments of branches, and the spoils of their banks.

"By the time the eager lover arrived within sight of the cottage of his mistress, the first stars of evening had appeared, and a gentle gloom had fallen on all the surrounding objects. A calm stillness was spread over the vast desert of shattered rocks, only interrupted by the croak of the raven, which sate among the overhanging trees, or by the shriek of the owl, which floated forth from the recesses amongst the cliff. But of a sudden, as Hendrick spurred his horse up to the door of the hermitage, a strange wild shout of mirth burst from within the dwelling, composed of sounds and voices he had never heard before. The chimney, too, smoked violently, and a bright gleam of light shot from the casement across the pathway, and small rays

issued from beneath the eaves and crevices in the walls.

"Impatient and alarmed, Hendrick, with a lover's privilege, hastily opened the door, and entered; but what was his amazement to find himself in the midst of a company of beings of the most appalling description. There sat in the old chair, which the beauty's father was wont to occupy, the same fiend who had tempted Wolfgang to his destruction. Before him, in the midst of the floor, was a large fire, blazing up to the ceiling in blue flames, mingled with green and yellow. Around this danced a circle of devils, of all figures and sizes, throwing themselves into the most distorted attitudes, and shrieking at alternate intervals. There lay on the floor a human carcass, the head of which was concealed by a black veil, and the old fiend had his feet placed upon it, while his hoofs, now lengthened into claws, penetrated the flesh, and when the demon contracted his talons, the body gave convulsive throes, and dashed its limbs about, to the great diversion of the assembly.

"Hendrick stood and stared aghast at this sight, for a crowd of fears and suspicions overwhelmed his soul. He looked around for the

beauty and her father, but in vain; till at length a tall slender fiend sprung from the circle towards him, and seizing his hand in her burning grasp, drew him forward, saying, 'Why, Hendrick my betrothed, do you not know your bride?'

"Hendrick gazed upon her, and saw in her sharpened features, parchment skin, and glowing eyes, some appearance of the girl who had been the sole object of his and Wolfgang's love; but with a shuddering start he endeavoured to free himself from her grasp. She, however, held him tightly, and drawing him to the circle, another fiend caught him by the hand, in the same manner, and he was thus forced to dance round the fire, as one of the group, whilst the demons grinned and chattered at him, with fearful and malicious joy.

"Although the heart of Hendrick sunk within him, at the hideous figures and grimaces of his companions, his senses still remained collected, and his thoughts were bent on finding some method of escaping from this detestable spot. His love and hopes were converted into the utmost disgust and dread, and his eyes wandered from side to side, to avoid the diabolical leers and hellish mockery of the fiend who pretended to be his bride. She, however, seemed

not to regard his hatred, but, telling her crew that he was impatient for the conclusion of his nuptials, stopped opposite to the frightful demon who sat in the chair—

"'Father,' said she, 'this is my bridegroom, he wishes you to unite us for ever.'

"'Have you the ring?' said the old fiend, in a harsh and hollow voice.

"'This is the one he gave me,' said the pretended bride, holding forth one which Hendrick knew he had presented to her, some days before.

"'Is he willing to bind himself to you and yours?' said the presiding devil of this infernal ceremony.

"'You shall hear him promise,' answered the bride. 'Speak, Hendrick, love, speak,' continued she to the astonished huntsman, whose hair now stood on end, and whose limbs quaked beneath him, whilst the sweat stood cold upon his brow, although the room felt like a furnace.

"'If he will not speak, let him kneel and do homage,' exclaimed Satan.

"At this the fiends on either side of the terrified hunter, strove to pull him down; but Hendrick, aware that by that prostration he

should yield up his soul to the powers of darkness, resisted with his utmost strength, whilst he groaned loudly and wrestled with the demons.

"'Shew him, then,' cried the arch-demon, stamping with passion, 'shew him what he shall become, unless he obeys. Let him see! let him see!—up Wolfgang up!' continued he, shouting hideously. Upon this the corpse that lay at the foot of the chair started from the floor, and as the black cloth fell from its head, Hendrick recognised the pale and bloody corse of his friend Wolfgang. The head was resting on the shoulders, but there was a deep red gash round the neck, as if it had been divided.

"'Dost thou know him?' cried the fiend-bride, as she saw her lover tremble involuntarily.

"'Yes, he knows him,' cried the old demon, 'and shall be like him, unless he joins in the chase.' He then vociferated, 'the boarwolf! the boarwolf!' and the body of Wolfgang was changed into the resemblance of that monster, and began to run round the cottage, whilst all the imps and demons, uttering tremendous yells, pursued it, darting fire from their nostrils, and piercing the howling brute with their burning claws. Hendrick's two companions en-

deavoured to pull him forward after the rest, and the principal fiend exclaimed, 'Force him! tear him! drag him!'—but the huntsman's feelings were wound up to a pitch of horror, and struggling violently, he exclaimed, 'God and St. Hubert protect me!' The fiends instantly screamed, and let him go, and he sprung through the fire, his only way to escape, and out at the door. In an instant he was on his horse, and in good time, for the whole legion of devils poured out of the cottage, with the boarwolf at their head.

"Hendrick dashed his spurs into the sides of his beast, and fled, and the frightful crew followed, filling the air with their vociferations. At every instant one or other of the demons seemed on the point of pulling him from his horse; they snatched at him, at his arms, at his neck, at his legs, and at his long flying dress, that floated on the air behind him. They called on him to stop; his bride offered to throw her arms round him, she shrieked in his ears, and blew fire from her mouth, she cursed and reviled him. But the huntsman still fled, and called on the saints to assist him, till reaching the boundary stream, he leaped his horse over its rapid current, and found himself free from his hateful

persecutors. Nevertheless he checked not his bridle, but kept on his way till he reached the village of Fiendenheim, where he rushed in dismay up to a crowd of the inhabitants.

"The men of Fiendenheim shouted when they saw the successful huntsman, who had ridden forth in the anticipation of happiness, return so terrified, and the women screamed as they gazed at the man and horse, black with smoke, and dripping with perspiration. 'Is this the bridegroom?' cried they. 'Where is the bride?' Hendrick, for a long time, could not speak; at length, after drinking a deep and long draught to clear his throat, he told what he had seen. All the hamlet was in agitation. They ran to the castle of Count Albert, and clamoured to see the head of the boarwolf. The warder called for torches, and led the way into an inner court; but instead of the grim visage of the rapacious monster, they beheld the pale and withered features of Wolfgang the huntsman, slowly dropping gore, as it stood on the end of a pike. Hendrick fainted, and lay long in a trance, and when he did recover he retired into the monastery of St. Hubert, where he shortly died.

"Ages have passed away since this event is said to have occurred, and generation after

generation has sunk into the tomb, but the tradition survives, and the peasant of the Berg-strasse, when he hears the howls of the wolf, redoubled and prolonged by the echoes of his mountains, starts with horror, and recollects the fate of Wolfgang the hunter; and it is still asserted that, on the anniversary of the fatal night, when he was slain, the boarwolf is seen to run, yelling amid the hills, pursued by the demons to whom he so unhappily bound himself."

CONCLUSION.

"Now, as I am a Dutch Greenland skipper," cried Mynheer, when the doctor had finished his tale, "thou hast told a most excellent story, Maerts Duytkin, my little pestle-bearer, and I drink thy health, as well out of honour to thee, as for the sake of the good liquor to which thy name gives passport."

"Upon my word, Mr. Dodkin," said Mr. B——, earnestly, "I like your tale very much, and I really believe you to be a man of sense, Sir."

"You do me much pleasure to hear you say so, Sir," replied the doctor drily, "and I wish I could return the compliment."

"Oh, Sir, Sir," exclaimed Mr. B——, "I desire no compliments, I assure you, Sir. I only

expressed my genuine feelings, Mynheer Bodkin; I really think so, Sir—indeed, Sir."

"Hum!" said Doctor Maerts Duytkin, who, perhaps, did not discover so readily as he should have done, that the horn of abundance had shed its offuscating influence over the clairvoyance of Mr. B——'s perceptions.

"Hum!" said Doctor Maerts Duytkin; and our worthy commander, who wished to maintain the good understanding that had hitherto prevailed among us, immediately changed the subject, assisted by Mr. Shipley and Mynheer, who seemed equally desirous of preserving unanimity.

"I think," cried Shipley, "that out of a dozen of us we ought to find one song, at least, to-night."

"Why, friend Shipley," said the Dutch captain, "that is what I have been looking for for some time, but I cannot see so far into millstones as some people. I cannot penetrate your heads, and see whose brain is most musical."

"I should think," replied the second mate, "the most empty skull would produce the greatest sound, therefore the less brain the better."

"I fear, then," observed Ridgway, "that

none of our heads will be of much service, for though I wish not to say that they are all full of brains, I think they are brimful of liquor."

"Your liquor, maty," said Mynheer, "is no obstacle to vocal music, take my word for it; and, indeed, experience proves it. The fumes of liquor act upon the brain like steam upon the piston of a steam-engine, it sets it to work, and whatever be its faculties they begin to shew themselves."

"From your position, then," said Captain Shafton, "it would be fair to conclude that no one among us is gifted with 'the organ of tune or music,' since we have heard no indications of the influence of liquor upon it."

"I don't believe there is one of you can sing a song," cried Mynheer, in a piquant accent, looking with one eye at those who were approaching towards happiness, and winking with the other at the more sober remnant of the party.

"Do you hear what he says?" whispered Mr. B—— to the Dutch mate, who was sitting near him, in a tone which he meant to be inaudible to any other person.

"Can't say I do very distinctly," replied

Caspar, knocking out the ashes from his big-bowelled pipe, and leaning his ear towards the speaker; "what was it?"

"He says we can't sing," answered the other, "which you know is not the thing at all. Not sing, eh!—Not sing! what does the man mean by that, I wonder? Blazes, what does he mean?"

"Why," returned Caspar, leisurely filling his pipe again, "he means I should think—I should think, that is, I should think, he means——"

"What do you think?" interrupted Mr. B., in a whisper—"what do you think, eh, maty?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Caspar, slowly taking his pipe from his mouth, to which he had applied it to draw in the flame from a lighted taper, "why, I think—that is, when I do think—I scarcely know what I think."

"Hum—I think so too," answered Mr. B——, looking as if he had heard a sapient speech. "But yet there's more in it than you seem to think," continued he. "He says we can't sing—what does he mean by that, eh! Not sing, eh!—Not sing!—I'd soon put him down if singing were all, and I will put him down too,—that I am determined:" and here Mr. B—— rose upon his legs as quickly as he

could, and tapping his knuckles on the table, cried out, while he nodded repeatedly—'Mr.—— that is Captain Mynheer,—You know I heard you say I could not sing, you know—Now you know that's not quite the thing, you know, by blazes, it is not.—You know, and so does my friend Captain W——, who sits there, know, and he'll tell you any day—(He's not one to flinch at the truth I'd have you to know)—He'll tell you I can sing, that he will—Ay, and a devilish good song, too, I can sing d'ye know—A devilish good long melodious one, faith—Not sing, why—

"I've scarcely been three months away
From home and friends, upon the sea,
Yet every man on board will say
There's not a lighter lad than me.
I am not one to sculk below,
When waves run high, and squalls blow strong;
O'er rough and smooth alike I go,
And drink my grog, and sing my song.

"There now,! and yet you say I can't sing—Not sing, indeed!"

The 'kind creature' had relaxed the reins of prudence too freely, to allow the company to suppress their desire to laugh at this demonstration of Mr. B——'s powers of singing; but,

fortunately, the songster, who was a good-natured fellow at most times, mistook their object, and whispered exultingly to his neighbour, as he reseated himself, "I knew I should turn the laugh against him. What do you think now, friend, eh?"

"Why," replied Caspar, deliberately blowing a stream of hoarded smoke from his mouth, "I think—I think—I should like to hear another."

"So you shall, maty," cried Mr. B——, rising, mightily pleased with this oblique compliment, and looking round upon us as contemptuously as a public speaker glances over a cockney deliberating club. "And what will you have, my boy," continued he, to his friend elect, "a sea song or a fresh-water song, or a song of neither kind; for I am the man to give it you. Come now, speak."

"Oh! I don't know," muttered the Dutch mate, laying down his pipe and scratching the side of his head with one hand, while he lifted his horn to his mouth with the other. "I don't know, I'm sure—any thing out of the common way."

"Shall have it, lad!" exclaimed the melodious gentleman; "shall have it! what shall it be? Oh!

> "Safe moored in dock, and all hands paid,
> Farewell a while—ay—Farewell———"

"But that's not out of the common way, as I think you wished, so it's not worth remembering—Let's see—Charming Nancy—ay—it might be fancy—ay—Sweet little cherub—no—no—that won't do—Hem—oh!

> "As long as the fish in the rivers do swim,
> So true to my love will I be,
> For there's none but thee my bride shall be,
> When I do return on shore.

"When I do return on shore—ay—ay—well—So true to my love—but you won't like that, I know—Let me think. Something uncommon—not common—I should have a hundred ready, but can't think of one—oh!

> "Out waddled old Davy, and asked who was come,
> But says they we can't speak, for you've struck us quite dumb."

"No, d——n it, now, you've put that out of my head also—I'll not sing any more, I'm determined, if I'm to be treated thus—no, not

I," and looking unutterable vexation, the songster dropped himself into his seat, and putting his pipe, (which was empty,) to his lips, puffed away as though he had been really drawing in volumes of smoke.

Although most of the guests were a little benighted, their senses were not so much overshadowed with the vapours of tobacco and brandy but that they could view this ridiculous scene in its genuine light, and let loose peals of laughter at its conclusion. Mynheer, however, after recovering his exhausted respiration, made the most extravagant compliments to Mr. B——, on the power of his voice, and the beauty of his songs; and although the melodist was for some time sulky, he suffered his vanity to be tickled at length, and became as good humoured and as noisy as ever.

After this regular sally, a general and more orderly display of vocal powers ensued, and "Cease rude Boreas," and "Black-eyed Susan," and every other standard sea song, were 'given in style' to an admiring audience. These songs are, of course, generally well known to every Englishman, as being the favourites of a maritime nation; but there was one, sung by Mr.

Ridgway, which I conceive, though he would not allow it, to be one of his own composing, and with his leave I took it down as follows :

"Pipe all hands, all hands to the bowl,
  All hands come fill your glasses,
Ere yet we let our thunders roll,
  We'll pledge our wives and lasses.
But he who'd shrink from pike or shot,
Let him not drink our liquor hot,
True girls would rather take his post,
Than be a sculking coward's toast.

"Look out, my boys, see there she goes,
  A fairer prize ne'er led us chase;
The deck that's lined with Britain's foes
  For Britons 'twere a fitter place.
Up stencils, lads—up skysails, too,
Unfurl our ancient full in view;
The sight of that alone will make
Their courage sink—their timbers quake.

"Fill up once more, brave boys, and then
  About ship, each man to his gun;
Around this bowl we'll meet again,
  When yonder gallant bark is won.
Three cheers for England, lads—for king
And country—let them loudly ring;
One round for all true hearts of blue,
Now fire, and bring the Frenchmen to."

The jovial schipper and his mate Caspar, who no longer showed the drowsiness he had assumed to escape Mr. B——'s questions, roared out Dutch melodies, of which I could only guess the import, for to me the words were heathen Greek, and even I was compelled in turn to make myself ridiculous. But where every one is insane, it is folly to be wise, or rather I shou'd say, it is a question whether wisdom dwells with gravity or merriment.

Be this as it may, I went with the current, and surely the stream of life never flowed more joyously along than it did on that evening. Mynheer, after imbibing about four times as much liquor as any other individual, arrived at a pitch of jollity, delightful in itself, and, like the warmth of fire, diffusible to all around, for every one seemed to catch a ray from the focus of his comic humor, and their faces waxed more merry in proportion as his grew more facetious. It was, indeed, a jovial sight to behold his bright twinkling eyes, glittering above his broad rubicund cheeks, while his wrinkling nose shone with a slight empurpled blush, like the summit of a mountain reddening in the morning sunshine. It was impossible to look on his truly bacchanalian countenance, without feeling a

sympathetic expression stealing over one's own features, though it was equally impossible to give utterance to witty speeches and drolleries in his ludicrous manner. He had the happy art of saying two words in a way which excited more mirth than twenty from any one else, and all his songs and quotations had a turn in their delivery, which induced one to laugh, though one knew not at what.

During such gaiety as this, the reader will excuse, should he regret it, my not having made such diligent use of my note-book as when less mirthful scenes were present. It is, indeed, scarcely to be expected, that I could preserve one twentieth part of the "quips and quirks," that occurred after the guests had regularly delivered themselves over to singing and jocularity, and though I have inscribed many passages of wit and frolic in my manuscript, which were partially noted at the time, and enlarged afterwards from memory, I will not insert them here.

And, alas! my dear reader, I see I must now quit you, at least for a while! Convenience, not to say necessity, obliges me to drop my pen, (it is indeed a very bad one), even now, when I am frozen up in the midst of an island of ice, in the arctic ocean; and you will be compelled to

leave me exposed to the chance of never returning to the dear friends and cheerful firesides of my beloved city. But, lest your grief at my perilous situation should deprive you of appetite for your dinners, and drive sleep from your pillows, I will tread hard upon the heels of time, and make him scamper over the space of several months in the twinkling of an eye. He shall mow ye down weeks and days, with one sweep of his scythe, and let you see that I did return to my native country, although not till I had beheld various wonders, encountered sundry giants, and undergone many hardships, marvellous to relate. In good sooth, I did not escape from the Greenland seas without experiencing many of the difficulties and dangers almost inevitable to a wanderer over that desert of ice and water, nor without some personal encounters with the monsters that inhabit it. After breaking through a formidable barrier of ice rocks, however, we regained the open sea, with a pretty fair cargo of the spoils of the deep, and bore away for Shetland, which we reached not till after we had first made the Ferro isles, and been beaten about for a week by rough winds, between Norway and our destination. In the Zetlands I passed several days, and en-

larged my store of information respecting their condition. I climbed the high head of Brassa with William, and two or three other companions, one of whom cut his own name and the other that of his mistress on the flag-staff that ornaments it. To these inscriptions I added the date, that I might leave a token of my presence behind me for the recognition of future ages; and shortly afterwards I bade adieu, I fear for ever, to those hospitable islands.

Sumborough and Fitful Heads I saw, while passing along the coast, in all their solitary loftiness, and beheld the aspiring waves beat up their shelving bases with ambitious perseverance. But near Orkney a storm arose, which, had it continued much longer, would have put a period to my observations, and a seal upon my notebook. Thank heaven, no such catastrophe closed my young career, and after the loss of certain sails and yards, a topmast, and a portion of her bulwarks, the Leviathan ran along the coast of England with a fair breeze, and bore us safely up the Thames about the middle of September. It is true that, after the storm, the pumps were kept going night and day, and that when we grounded in Yarmouth roads, we did not expect otherwise than to be beaten to pieces

by the waves; but it fell out wide from our conclusions, and I propose, should I live, to indulge ye, dearly beloved readers, with a full and particular narrative of my adventures, from the breaking up of the ice, in which the good ship Leviathan was enclosed, to the moment of her arrival at the Dock-gates at Rotherhithe; and that ye may also partake of my pleasures, as well as of my perils, I will call from my note-book another selection of tales and anecdotes, to solace ye during your fireside travels on board your sofas.

THE END.

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